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ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

or

Useful & Entertaining

PASSAGES

in

POETRY.

Book Third & Fourth.

Suit the Action to the Word & the Word to the Action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature.

Shakespeare.

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27/5/11

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE THIRD:

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; truſt a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will [down,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere,
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

A paraſitical, vain Coward

I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

The Remedy of Evils generally in yourſelves.

Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to Heaven. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
To day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere thy can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonſtrate them
But goers backward. [now
Would I were with him!—He would always ſay—
(Methinks I hear him now) his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear;—'Let me not live'
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime, [he,
When it was out—'Let me not live, quoth
'After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
'Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
'All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are [ſtancies
'Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe con-
'Expire before their faſhions.—This he wiſh'd

I, after him, do after him wish too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

Idolatrous Worship.

——Thus Indian like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more!

Mean Instruments often successful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up you rest 'gainst remedy,
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown [dry'd,
From simple sources; and great seas have
When miracles have by the greatest been de-
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there [ny'd.
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whose colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand
In diff'rences so mighty. If she be [off
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
—A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name.—But do not so——
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour; good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

Self-accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.

Custom of Seducers.

As, so you serve us, [roses,
Till we serve you; but when you have our
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Chastity.

Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeath'd down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world
In me to lose.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more:
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am [gart,
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live [thrive
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry
There's place and means for every man alive.

The Rashness of Youth excused.

I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.

What's lost most valued.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Against Delay.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike,

At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorned a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

Impediments stimulate.

As "all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of mere fancy."

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKSPEARE.

Playfellows.

WE have ſtill ſlept together; [together;
Roſe at an inſtant; learn'd, play'd, eat
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Fond youthful Friendſhip.

Celia. O my poor Roſalind, whither wilt thou go? [mine.
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
Roſalind. I have more cauſe. [I am.
Celia. Thou haſt not, couſin. [Duke
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the
Has baniſh'd me, his daughter?
Roſalind. That he hath not. [the love
Celia. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be ſundered? Shall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dreſs.

Wer't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adverſity.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile and ſay,
"This is no flattery;" theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, except from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!
Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.
1ſt Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind ſwears, you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother who hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool;
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke, ſ. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?
1ſt Lord. O yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt inveCtively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.
D. ſ. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting
Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.
D. ſ. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he is full of matter.

Conſpicuous Virtue expoſed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young maſter? O my gentle maſter,
O my ſweet maſter! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous duke? [you.
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle mas-
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. [ter,
Oh! what a world is this, when what is come-
Envenoms him that bears it! [ly

Rightful Anger.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities. [appears

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty——
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Lover described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd——

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No Sir,' quoth he, [fortune.
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world
''Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motly fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [a courtier,

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that hath been
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit: [ments
Provided that you weed your better judg-
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they
The why is plain as way to parish-church: [so?
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave [through
To speak my mind, and I will through and
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou wouldst do. [but good?

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all th'imbossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free-foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech? [wherein
There then, how then? What then? let me see
My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Distress prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True it is that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd. [while,

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose and pouch on's side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, [things,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: [down;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee.
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.

Sylvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress! hope not after it.
Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well.—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—but sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference.
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be devoured by a Snake and a Lioness.

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir; for
The royal disposition of that beast ['tis
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

Conversion.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phœbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. [tears;

Sylvius. It is to be all made of sighs and
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes:
All adoration, duty, and observance:
All humbleness, all patience and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all observance.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety. [boy

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; [fear.
As those that fear, they hope, and know they

Song. On Matrimony.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

§ 3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expressed.

Herself almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Cheats well described.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the master of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience easier taught than practised.

Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched

A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But, were we burdened with like weight of pain, [plain.
As much or more we ſhould ourſelves com-

Defamation.

I ſee, the jewel beſt enamelled
Will loſe its beauty; and tho' gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold. And ſo no man that hath a name,
But falſehood and corruption doth it ſhame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Huſband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [wouldſt vow,
The time was once when thou, unurged,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat ſweet ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. [comes it,
How comes it now, my huſband, Oh, how
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy mayſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate!
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face.
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt,
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.

A Reſpect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th'inviolated honour of your wife,
Once this—Your long experience of her wiſ-
Her ſober virtues, years, and modeſty, [dom,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, [you.
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout
Againſt your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion; [dead
For ever hous'd where it once gets poſſeſſion.

Document for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealouſy.

Abbeſs. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea. [eye
Buried ſome dear friend! Hath not elſe his
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adriana. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt?
Namely, ſome love that drew him off from home. [ed him,
Abbeſs. You ſhould for that have reprehend-
Adriana. Why ſo I did.
Abbeſs. But not rough enough. [let me.
Adriana. As roughly as my modeſty would
Abbeſs. Haply in private.
Adriana. And in aſſemblies too.
Abbeſs. But not enough. [ence:
Adriana. It was the copy of our confer-
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbeſs. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hindered by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.

Sing, Syren, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs:
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think [die!
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to

Deſcription of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-Teller.

A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as 't were outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possest.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory;
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4. LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little academe.
Still and contemplative in living art.
Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet though the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dumain. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of the world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all these living in philosophy.

Vanity of Pleasures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others books:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame,
And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the things it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Frost.

An envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within these three years space:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

A Wit.

In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath pow'r to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

A merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour 's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;

A very

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Julio's giant dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th'anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise— [kill,
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to
And, out of question, so it is sometimes; [kill.
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill [ill.
The poor deer's blood that my heart means no

Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
Persuade my heart to this false perjury; [ment)
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punish-
A woman I forswore; but I will prove [ment.
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is: [shine,
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
- - - - - - -
When would you, my liege,—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r;
Above their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
For valour, is not love a Hercules. [taste.
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. [gods
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire:
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wise Men greatest Fools in Love.

Ri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [note,
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit, worth in simplicity.

Keenness

Keenness of Women's Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ladies mask'd and unmask'd.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud;
Dismask'd their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs.
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show,
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

\- - - - - - -

See where it comes! Behaviour what wert thou
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet
With eyes best seeing Heaven's fiery eye.
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Humble Zeal to please.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how;
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party coloured presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit: [brain,
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, [be,
T'enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot,
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's noſe looks red and raw:
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, twere all alike [touch'd,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

Diſlike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe and ave's vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of Heav'n: On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

The Conſequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio,
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt [liberty:
So every ſcope, by the immoderate uſe,
Turns to reſtraint. Our natures do purſue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor,
Awakes me all th'enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour hung by the wall [round,
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act [name,
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a
Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſide ſhe hath a proſp'rous art,
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade:

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd:
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.

Licentiouſneſs the Conſequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws. [ſteeds,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-ſtrong
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, [ſleep;
That goes not out to prey: now as fond fathers birch,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight
For terror, not for uſe; in time the rod [crees,
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; ſo our de-
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe:
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedneſs.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

A ſevere ſaint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee.
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

A Virgin addreſſed.

Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs!

A religious profeſt.

I hold you as a thing enſky'd and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit,
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time,
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is ſhe your couſin? [their names,
Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchoolmaids change
By vain though apt affection.

Reſolution.

Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, [and kneel,
Men give like gods; but when they weep
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing;
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure
And pull'd the law upon you. [him,

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny, [lus,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws [pregnant,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
The jewel that we find, we stoop, and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. [death,

Mercy frequently mistaken.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so:
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him, [stern.
But he, like you, would not have been so

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

—— Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once, [took,
And he that might the vintage best have
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! spare him, spare him: [kitchens
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister [ven
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet shew some pity. [tice;

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
Lives not to act another. [wrong,

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent [nous
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyran-
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder, [quiet;
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
For ev'ry pelting, petty officer [but thunder!
Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing
Merciful Heav'n! [bolt
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal. [

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation. [
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Conscious-ness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, [others,
That skims the voice o' the top: go to your bosom:
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you! Good my
Ang. How! bribe me? [Lord, turn back.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exit *Isab.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine? [ha!
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, [on?
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dange-
Is that temptation, that does goad us on [rous
To sin in loving virtue: n'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.———

True Repentance. [carry?

Duke. Repent you fair one, of the sin you
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful
Was mutually committed? [act
Jul. Mutually. [than his.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
Jul. I do confess it, and repent, father:
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves, not Heaven;
Shewing we would not spare Heaven, as we
But as we stand in fear—— [love it,
Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray [words:
To sev'ral subjects: Heav'n hath my empty
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n 's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's creft.

A Simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

———O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness [love
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
Must needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie, these filthy vices!—It were as good,
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy [image
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Lowliness of Mind. [good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
But graciously to know I am no better. [bright,
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
When it does tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshiel'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd.

Heroic

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the last of question), that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as ru-
And strip myself to death as to a bed [bies,
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd
My body up to shame. [yield

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the
That you have slander'd so? [sentence

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free par-
Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure, [don,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oft falls out, [what we mean:
To have what we would have, we speak not
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Woman's Frailty.

Ang.——Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar, [frail;
In profiting by them: nay call us ten times
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsull'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the
Will so your accusation overweigh, [state,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [with life:
That none but fools would keep: a breath
Servile to all the skiey influences, [thou art,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant:
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grosly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains:
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou hast none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, sciatica, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms [rich,
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty, [this,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy? [head,

Isab. None but such remedy as, to save a
Would cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

- - - - - - - -

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms! [ther's grave

Isab. There spake my brother; there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice.

A fainted Hypocrite.

Isab. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life [puty
In base appliances. This outward fainted de-
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

His

His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Iſab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards!
The Terrors of Death.
Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!
- - - - - - - -
Claud. Ah, Iſabel!
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful. [[where;
Claud. Ah, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded cold; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.
Cowardly Apprehenſion of Death reproached.
Iſab. O, faithleſs coward! O, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of inceſt, to take life [think?
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs [ance—
Ne'er iſſued from his blood—Take my defi-
Die, periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould pro-
Oh, fie, fie, fie! [ceed—
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Twere beſt thou dieſt quickly?
Virtue and Goodneſs.
Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful.
A Bawd.
Fie, firrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.——
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkinglydepending? Go, mend; go mend!
Calumny unavoidable.
No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
Good Example neceſſary in Rulers.
He, who the ſword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More or leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf offences weighing:
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide!
How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Mocking practice on the times,
To draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings,
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
A beautiful Song.
Take, O take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again;
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.
Hide, O hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow
Are of thoſe that April wears;
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.
Guilty Diligence.
With whiſpering and moſt guiltydiligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.
Greatneſs ſubject to Cenſure.
O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtruck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.
Execution finely expreſſed.
By eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal!
Sound Sleep.
As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones.
Upright Governor ſuppoſed.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others: where he meal'd
With that which he corrects, than where he
But this being ſo, he 's juſt. [tyrannous
Good Jailor.
This is a gentle provoſt; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled jailor is the friend of men.
Confort from Deſpair
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.
Complaining uſeleſs.
Iſab. Injurious world! moſt damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to Heaven!

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible [ſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſ-
But one, the wickedeſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: truſt me, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more names for badneſs.

Reſpect due to Place. [devil

Reſpect to your great place!—and let the
Be ſometimes honor'd for his burning throne,

Impoſſibility of Interception.

Againſt all ſenſe you to importune her.
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would
And take her hence in horror! [break,

Reformed Man ſometimes beſt.

They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad; ſo may my huſband.

Intents more excuſable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be buried but as an intent;
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no
Intents, but merely thoughts. [ſubjects;

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. SHAKSPEARE.

Natural Preſentiment of evil finely pointed out; with a Contraſt of a cheerful and melancholy Man.

Ant. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo bad;
It wearies me: you ſay, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean,
There where your argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſignors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,——
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know were ſits the wind; [roads;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone, [rocks,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream:
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks:
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this? and ſhall I lack the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd, would make me
But tell not me; I know Anthonio [ſad?
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize. [it,

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad,

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie.

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us ſay you are ſad, [eaſy
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as
For you to laugh, and leap, and ſay you are merry, [ed Janus,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two head-
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time: eyes,
Some that will evermore peep through their
And laugh like parrots at a bag piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect, [ſmile,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The Imprudence of ſetting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much reſpect upon the world;
They loſe it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part;
And mine a ſad one!

Cheerfulneſs and affected Gravity contraſted.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warm within
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter? [in,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice [nio,
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antho-
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,

That

That therefore only are reputed wife,
For faying nothing; who, I am very fure,
If they fhould hear, would almoft damn thofe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fifh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocofe Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable [dible.
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not ven-

Generous and difintereſted Friendſhip.

Ant. I pray you good Baffanio, let me knowit:
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight [ſhaft,
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt. [time,
Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt, [wrong,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

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—Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake.

A Jew's Malice.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.
Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian: [*Aſide.*
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocriſy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would
Directly intereſt; mark what Jacob did: [ſay,
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings, which were ſtreak'd and py'd, [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes being
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between thoſe woolley breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtruck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of Hea-
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good! [ven.
Or is your gold and ſilver ewes and rams?
Shyl. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:
But note me, ſignior.—
Ant. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſehood hath!

The Jew's Expoſtulation.

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances:
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me miſbeliever cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gabardine,
And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you ſay,
"Shylock, we would have monies;—you ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard.
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger-cur
Over your threſhold:—Monies is your ſuit.—
What ſhould I ſay to you?—Should I not ſay,
"Hath a dog money?—Is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats?"—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on Wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

A Villain's fair offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass.——But hear thee, Gratiano: [voice;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they shew
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.——Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely:
Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica: [drum,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears;—I mean my casements:——
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me:
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pegions fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont
——Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbaited fire [are,
That he did pace them first? All things that
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

——Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. [hath."
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire." [meant
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach: [martlet,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
Builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casuality.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable [fume
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices [honour
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd!

Love's Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To shew how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music. [choice!

Let music sound, while he doth make his
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—— [love,
——Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, [on
The seeming truth which cunning times put
T' entrap the wisest—Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge [lead,
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair, [lousy!
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jea-
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar [hairs
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one [this,
Methinks it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's
Hearing a pause and universal shout, [eyes,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady stand I even so.

An amiable Bride.

Portia. ——Tho' for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this; she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lover's Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all [words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Expressed and not expressed.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble? [man,
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
The best conditio'n'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair thro' my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee [speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no
more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this
honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and
boy, [steps
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint
lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
'em!——
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my
mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affectation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heav'nly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude
Hath not her fellow. [world

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom:
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rend'ring none?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmigration.

Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tenderness.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd——
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom.—It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end!
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine Music.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And

And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan's wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid' lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

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How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings, [hold'st,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears.
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumstances, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam,
The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions needless, where intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. SHAKSPEARE.

Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better their Fortunes by rich Wives.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me——
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

A valuable Woman loved for her own sake.

——Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Punishments.

Cricket, to Windsor's chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Go you, and where's Pede? you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; [sins,
But those that sleep, and think not on their
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides and shins.

§8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM. SHAKSPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. How slow [my desires,
This old moon wanes! she lingers
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, [fengers
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats mes-
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and
To whom you are but as a form in wax [one
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's
You can endure the livery of a nun; [choice)
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever crossed.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both Heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

Her. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross, [sighs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Assignation.

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves, [loves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay:
Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye; [melody.
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd:
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere.

Cowslip's, and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their favours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In every likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale:
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tails on crabs, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field.
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose:
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
And odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockry, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west; [bow,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
And the imperial vot'ress passed on, [moon;
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme [blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Sense of Hearing quickened by Loss of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Female Friendship.

I call the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate, so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;

Our

Our ſex as well as I may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lover's Hate the greateſt Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Day-break.

Night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards.

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine the ſweet honey ſuckle
Gently entwiſt—the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell; like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.

Hunting, and Hounds.

Theſ. We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Theſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confuſed Remembrance.

Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenſy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleneſs and modeſt Duty always acceptable.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Our ſport ſhall be to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes; [ed
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiſed accents in their fears,
And in concluſion dumbly have broke off.
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty.
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity,

Clock.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Night

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcreech-owl ſcreeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-yard paths to glide,
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe;
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace inſpires Love.

BUT now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friend-

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own
Let every eye negotiate for itself, [tongues,
And trust no agent: beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny.

Favourites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

——Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Angling, &c.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on: and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

\- - - - - - - - -

I never yet saw man, [turn'd
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward; if fair
[faced
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister,
If black, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to destroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders,
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt farewell! and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

Dissimulation.

O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But as a brother to a sister shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Clau. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! [well,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she——O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

——I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
(If ever love had interest in his liver) [mourn
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience: [mine,
Measure his love the length and breadth of
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure [sel;
The like himself: therefore give me no coun-
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. [blood.

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag [would do,
What I have done, being young, or what
Were I not old. Know Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo.

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daſſe me? thou haſt kill'd my child:
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me: [fence:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foyning
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leo. Brother—— my niece:
Ant. Content yourſelf. God knows, I lov'd
And ſhe is dead; ſlandered to death by vil-
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed, [lains;
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-ſops!—
Leo. Brother Anthony— [them; yea,
Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple: [boys,
Scambling, outfacing, faſhion-mongring
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlan-
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs, [der,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
And this is all. [durſt:

No Valour in a bad Cauſe.

In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by ſland'rous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies!
So the life that died with ſhame
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey.

Time of Slander a temporary Death.

She dy'd, my lord, but while her ſlander liv'd.

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SHAKSPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee Adonis, painted by a running brook; [ſtraight
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid, [breath,
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of phrenſy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, [ment,
And frame your mind to mirth and merri-
Which bars a thouſand harms and lengthens life.

The Uſes of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleaſant garden of great Italy; [arm'd
And, by my father's love and leave, am
With his good will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoics, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Muſic and poeſy uſe to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphyſics, [you:
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves
No profit grows where is' no pleaſure ta'en!—
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Love at firſt Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me—is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?
Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, It is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart: [ſo,
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
Redime te captum quam queas minimô.

Travel.

Such wind as ſcatters young men thro' the world,
To

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

Extremes cure each other.

Where two raging fires meet together, [fury;
They do consume the thing that feeds their
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Music.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

——When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoopt again to take it up,
This mad brain'd bridegroom took him such
a cuff [and priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tran. What said the wench when he rose
up again? [stamp'd and swore,

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: [aboard,
"A health," quoth he, as if he had been
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask his sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish!—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it: come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
And not till then. [one too,

Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else, my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true: it is a paltry
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pye: [cap,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay, come taylor,
let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-can-
non: [tart?
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: [slash,
Why, what, o'devil's name, taylor, call'st
thou this? [gown.

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor

Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, more commend-
able:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and cryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew;
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happineſs attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs.

Others meaſured by ourſelves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me for his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Wife's Submiſſion.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right ſupremacy; [happy?
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and

The Wife's Duty to her Huſband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds,
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes a prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare; [are,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt
Then veil your ſtomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready—may it do him eaſe!

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§ 11. THE TEMPEST. SHAKSPEARE.

Miranda and Proſpero.

Mir. O I have ſuffer'd [veſſel,
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! A brave
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in
Daſh'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock [her,
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they pe-
Had I been any god of power, I would [riſh'd,
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Proſp. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck which
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee, [touch'd
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul—
No not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel [ſink.
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt

Caliban's Curſes.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

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I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother.
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt, [would'ſt give me
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me:
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have, [ſty me
Who firſt was mine own king; and here you
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland.

Caliban's Exultation after Proſpero tells him he ſought to violate the Honour of his Child.

Oh, ho, ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Proſ. Abhorred ſlave!
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not ſavage, [like
Know thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With

With words that made them known: but thy vile race, [good-nature
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock, [thou
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't [you
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid
For learning me your language!

Muſic.

Where ſhould this muſic be? in air or earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waits upon
Some god of th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With its ſweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth ſuffer a ſea change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on firſt View of Ferdinand.

Proſ. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd [call him
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt
A goodly perſon——
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!

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Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with 't.

A Lover's Speech.

My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but thro' my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.

Reſignation and Gratitude.

Beſeech you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: our hint of woe
Is common; every day ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant [racle,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the mi-
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir,
Our ſorrow with our comfort. [weigh

Deſcription of Ferdinand's ſwimming aſhore.

I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him; his bold head [oar'd
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too ſevere Reproof animadverted upon.

The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore [ſore
When you ſhould find the plaiſter.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; riches poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contracts, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: [none;
No occupation; all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:
All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth
Of its own kind, all foiſon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow: when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apoſtopeſis.

They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—no more. [and
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curſes.

All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch, [mire,
Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i' th'
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me: [me,
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

Do

Do hiss me into madness——Lo; now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get the wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.—— [grow;
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get
Young sea-mels from the rock. [thee

True and unbiassed Affection. Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful; but then labour [ness
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of base-
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but [dead,
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; [move
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must re-
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
Had ne'er like executor. I forget; [baseness
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy-less when I do it. [labours,

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Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage [tues
Brought my two diligent ears; for several vir-
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down, [that,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me
I'll carry it to the pile,

And afterwards, how innocent!

——I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Punishment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. [it;

Guilty Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. It did bias my trespass.
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Prof. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before-
All sanctimonious ceremonies may [hand
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take
As Hymen's lamps shall light you. [heed,

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
Or night kept chain'd below. [founder'd,

Passion too strong for Vows. [liance

Prof. Look thou be true; do not give dal-
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of Human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended: these our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuffs
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground

For

For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic: ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſkins: at laſt I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Proſ. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel.——The king, his brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charms ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Proſ. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Proſ. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply, [art?
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is [nitent,
In virtue than in vengeance: they being pe-
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Faries and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory [up
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers; oped and let them forth
By my ſo potent art.

Senſes returning.

The charm diſſolves apace:
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon—— Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſunſet merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Proſ. I rather think, [grace,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT YOU WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

Muſic and Love.

If muſic be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.——Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Love, in Reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart:
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones, are all ſupplied, and fill'd
(Her ſweet perfections) with one ſelf-king!

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

——I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself (tice)
(Courage and hope but to their branching him the prac-
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Allusion of the Great always talked of.

You know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee [wall
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The nonpareil of beauty. [crown'd

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love

Oliv. ——Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt
In the sweet pangs of it remember me: [love,
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Women should be youngest.

Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord. [thyself,
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
A thousand, thousand sighs to save, [thrown:
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know; [owe;
Vio. Too well what love women to men may

In

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? [love,

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; [wit.
But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was call'd compliment.

Unsought Love.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Ignorance of ourselves:—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin,
I hate a drunken rogue. [pavin,

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SHAKSPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness:
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu!

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans, [moment's mirth,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights,
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Love froward and dissembling.

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that [Ay.
Which they would have the profferer construe
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy baby, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away:
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his
In having known no travel in his youth. [age

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry achiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accompliſhed young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love puniſhed.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans, [me
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love, [eyes,
Love hath chas'd ſleep from my enthralled
And made them watchers of my own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praiſe:

——Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel, [own:
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

WNow my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Oppoſition to Love increaſes it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return. [my ſoul's food?

Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, [hot fire;
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth
But when his fair courſe is not hindered, [rage;
He makes ſweet muſic, with the enamell'd
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge [ſtones,
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And by ſo many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wide ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love:
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

A faithful and conſtant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's —mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praiſe, commend, extol their graces; [faces.
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay they have angels'
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's Baniſhment.

And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die is to be baniſh'd from myſelf: [ment?
And Sylvia is myſelf: Baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly puniſhment!
What light is light, if Sylvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Sylvia be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no muſic in the nightingale:
Unleſs I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Perſon petitioning (in vain.)

Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offered to the doom
(Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them;

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-sheddingtears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that;
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: [in hate.
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews; [stones,
Whose golded touch could soften steel and
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there:
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And, at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Women sacred, even to Banditti.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man! [mine eye
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me. [hand
Who should be trusted, when one's own right
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit
To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord,

§ 14. THE WINTER's TALE.
SHAKSPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

We were, fair queen, [behind.
Two lads that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. [fun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th'
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood we should have answer'd
Heaven
Boldly—"Not guilty," the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince
Do seem to be of ours? [as we
Fol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more
swift? [eyes
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
only [thing?
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this no-
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is
nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing: nor nothing have these
If this be nothing. [nothings,

King-killing detestable.

——To do this deed
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
Let villainy itself forswear it. [one,

The Effects of Jealousy.

This Jealousy
Is for a precious creature! as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his know-
Is not infected: but if one present [ledge,
Th'abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
With violent hefts. [sides,

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door
form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech)
and straight [brands,
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty
That calumny doth use:—O! I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's, [tween,
When you have said, she's goodly, come be-
Ere you can say she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honesty and Honour.

Here's a do,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself!
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling its Father.

Behold my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead: nay the
valley, [smiles;
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his

The

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: [made it
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

An Infant to be exposed.

Come on, poor babe: [vens
So me pow'rful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who will seem least to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, [ing,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here stand-
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it [honour,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I [yond
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot be-
The bound of honour: or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

A Wife's Loss of all Things dear and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats; [seek,
The bug, which you would fright me with, I
To me can life be no commodity: [vour,
The crown and comfort of my life, your fa-
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die; therefore proceed,
But yet hear this, mistake me not;—no; life,
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemned,
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier [thee
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white
Like very sanctity, she did approach [robes,
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita, [babe
I pr'ythee call it: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, [toys;
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

——Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like
A lullaby too rough: I never saw [to have
The heavens so dim by day.

Deities transformed for Love.

The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;

No

Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook:
Both dame, and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all: [now here,
Would sing her song, and dance her turn:
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come quench your blushes and present yourself [on,
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: come
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Fol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flow'rs o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather:
The art itself is nature. [but

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards. [flowers,

A Garland for a middle aged Man.

Per. ——I'll not put [them;
The dibble in the earth, to set one slip of
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, t'were well; and only
Desire to breed by me. [therefore
Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marygold that goes to bed with th'sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for Young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing. [flock,

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now my fairest friend
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might [yours;
Become your time of day; and yours, and
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:—O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st
From Dis's waggon! daffodils [fall
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, [dim,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er. [

Fol. What like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms.

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing, [
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honest Wooing.

Per. O Doricles, [youth,
Your praises are too large: but that your
And the true blood which peeps so fairly thro' it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True

True Love.

They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol.——How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as those are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear my breathe my love,
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a Father
Is, at the nuptials of his son a guest,
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable more;
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid hear?
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else fon,
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afeard: for once or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.——

Selfish old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Loofer, of Love.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Self-Conceit.

Ant. Howblest are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Self-Reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last, [evils;
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your
With them forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er
Bred his hopes out of. [man

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now,
Say so but seldom. [good now,

Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eye;
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

——This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches

Will

Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods,
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we were mock'd with art.
——Still, methinks, [sel
There is an air comes from her: What fine chi-
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man
For I will kiss her. [mock me,

Affliction to a penitent Mind pleasing.

Pan. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
But I could afflict you further. [you;
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compar'd to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle, [there
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. SHAKSPEARE.

Antony's Softness.

His captain's heart, [burst
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath
The buckles in his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Lover's Praise.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

Great Minds respect Truth. [teller
Mes. The nature of bad news infects the
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On: [thus:
Things that are past are done, with me—'tis
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd. [tongue;
Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my
faults [lice
With such full licence, as both truth and ma-
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring
forth weeds [told us,
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills
Is as our earing.

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.—
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire
What our contempts do often hurl from us, [it:
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going, [stay-ing,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes; [poor,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it;—
That you know well: something it is I would
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your
sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness:
There are evils enough to darken all his good.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot
Than what he chooses [change,
Caes. You are too indulgent. Let us grant
it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this
becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must
Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His

His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

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Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa, conſuls at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fault'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſedſt; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the Abſence of Antony.

O Charmian, where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he? or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely horſe! for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring. "Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?"
For ſo he calls me; now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon: think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black;
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæſar,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Meſſengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Diſpoſition.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs." So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Ale. Like to the time o' th' year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad or merry.

Cle. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.

The Vanity of human Wiſhes.

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit,
By loſing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wiſh for Antony's Captivity in Pleaſure.

Pom. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs.

Antony's Soldierſhip.

Pom.——Menas, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

Antony's ingenuous Acknowledgment.

Ant. The article of my oath—

Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; and then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greateneſs, nor my pow'r
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Deſcription of Cleopatra's ſailing down the Cydnus.

The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that

The

The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver: [made
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
It beggar'd all description: she did lie [person
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, [seem
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
And what they undid, did. [cool,

Agr. O rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which but, for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy [ry,
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungWhere most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy
Bless her when she is riggish. [priests

The unsettled humour of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
Of us that trade in love. [food

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone: let's to billiards: come, Charmian

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd, [me, sir.
As with a woman; come—you'll play with,

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho' it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray [pierce
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
Their slimy jaws; and as, I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times! [night
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

O Silius! Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by our populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
Perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. [perjure

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty, well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear. [rious

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furIs to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. [A master

A master taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't.

Early rising the way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra at his return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world, [all,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
Thro' proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon
That life, a very rebel to my will, [me;
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion, [ish;
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and make it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did brake
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death, [men?
Ere death dare come to us? How, do you wo-
What, what? good cheer! Why how now, Charmain?
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart: [what's noble,
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change; [dung,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Anto-
O, such another sleep, that I might see [ny;
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you— [in stuck

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there-
A sun and moon; which kept their course,
The little O, the earth. [and lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature— [arm

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket. [

Firm Resolution.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more

The

The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T'excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:—
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch, [*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O, eastern star.

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp.*
What should I stay——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

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§ 26. CORIOLANUS. Shakspeare.

Mob.

What would you have, you curs!
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!—trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

——Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Against the hospitable cannon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

An imaginary Description of Coriolanus warring.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus,—and call thus,—
"Come on, ye cowards! ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virgc. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can! induced
As you have been: that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought [tor,
Beyond the mark of others; our then dicta-
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this
Before, and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the flyers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries; alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Michief of Anarchy.

My soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth; [vent;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there!

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them) [ness
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such busi-
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling: or, say to
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils, [fess,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus, his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boy's tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And, by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
But own thy pride thyself. [from me;

His Detestation of the Vulgar. [hate,

You common cry of curs! whose breath I
As reak o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I
As the dead carcases of unburied men, [prize,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels
Making no reservation of yourselves
Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows!

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

——You were us'd
To say, extremities were the triers of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows, [ed, crave
When most struck home, being gentle wound-
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With

With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On common Friendships.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

——Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
One more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn! I melt, and bows,
Of stronger earth than others!—my mother
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

——Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

——The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

——Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -
- - - - We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish which side should win: for either thou
Must as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till these wars determine: if I cannot persuade son,
thee,
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark you;
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.

§ 17. CYMBELINE. Shakspeare.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broken mine eye-strings; crack'd 'em, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good
When shall we hear from him? [Pisanio,
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I would make him swear,
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him, [night,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father, [north,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the
Shakes all our buds from growing.

The Baseness of Falsehood to a Wife.

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek [touch,
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose
Whose every touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the capitol, join gripes with
Made hard with hourly falsehood (as [hands
With labour), then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imogen's Bed-chamber; in one part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo. ——Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'y thee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech ye! [*Sleeps.*

Iachimo rises from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that [taper
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopied [lids,
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd;
With blue of Heaven's own tinct—but my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures; there the window: such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above, ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify t' enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en [what end?
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been read-ing late [down,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up?—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heavenly angel, hell is here,
[*He goes into the Trunk; the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold [makes
Which buys admittance: oft it doth; yea, and
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to the stand o'er the stealer: and it 's gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay sometimes hangs both thief and true man:
Can it not do, and undo? [what

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
. . . Could I find out [tion
The woman's part in me!—for there's no mo-
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers; [dain,
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disNice-longings, slanders, mutability: [hers;
All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why,
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—
O, let me bate—but not like me:—yet long'st
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; [thick,
For mine's beyond, beyond)—say, and speak
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense)—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: But first of all,
How may we steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, [hence?
And our return, t' excuse: but first, how get
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, [wagers,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say, [sently
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.
Pis. Madam, you 've best consider. There,
Imo I see before me, man; nor here, nor
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away! pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such [gate
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens!—and bows you [narchs
To morning's holy office. The gates of moAre arch'd so high that giants may jet thro'
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun—Hail thou fair Heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Guid. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven! [hill:
Bel. Now for our mountain sport up to yon
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is a place which lessens, and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble!
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd [know not
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is [ing
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey:
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage

We

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries, [court,
And felt them knowingly: the heart o' the
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that [war,
The fear's as bad as falling; The toil of the
A pain that only seems to seek our danger
I' the name of fame, and honour: which dies
i' the search;
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sie at the censure: O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree [night,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather. [leaves,
Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft)
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
But that two villians, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd [line,
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe-
I was confederate with the Romans: so [years,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty
This rock, and these demesnes, have been
my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains;
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the moun-
This is not hunter's language: he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to th'king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and though train'd
up thus meanly [do hit
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts
them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats, [posture
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure [more
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much
His own conceiving.

Slander.

——No, 'tis slander, (tongue
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed?

Woman in Man's Dress.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd
thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lasse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on
thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to seek for food.—But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to it:—'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards: hardness
Of hardiness is mother. [ever

Labour.

——Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmless Innocence.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
good truth, [had found
I have stolen nought; nor would not, tho' I
Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for
my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Braggart.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
A arm as big as thine? a heart as big? [not I
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool-hardiness.

——— Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

Infant Royalty.

O, thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing, below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd!

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age, to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guid. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might easiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' the floor:
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud. [rudeness

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock
would
With charitable bill (O bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corse.—— [none,
- - - - ; - -
Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty
Together have one dust; yet reverence [rotting
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guid. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more, to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes,' Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the
way?—
I thank you—by yond bush?—pray how far
thither?—
'Ods, pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?—I sleep.
I have gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and
But soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses! sleep
[*Seeing the body.*
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the
world; [dream;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which

Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes [Good faith,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I awake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, Sir: for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Thro' a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd [living
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards
To die with lenghthen'd shame.

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd, [groan;
Could not find death, where I did here him
Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster. [beds,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' the war.

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§. 18. HAMLET. SHAKSPEARE.

Prodigies.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightest Julius fell, [dead
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock; and the Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense.
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day;
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on! and yet within a month—
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle, [ther,
My father's brother; but no more like my fa-
Than

Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more——

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Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid due of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose paths of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischiefs it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness! Think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O Heaven! murder.
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And dull'er ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt, [gifts,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt queen:
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of Heaven;
So luſt, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: ſleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quickſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once diſpatch'd:
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. O, all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by Heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables—meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Adieu, adieu! Remember me.

Ophelia's Deſcription of Hamlet's mad Addreſs to her.

My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors—he comes before me.
Pol Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo;—
At laſt—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Old Age.

Beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Happineſs conſiſts in Opinion.

Why, then, 'tis none to you;
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it ſo:
To me it is a priſon.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himſelf.

O what a rouge and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,

But

But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wann'd!
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that
He ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I—
A dull and muddy mettled raſcal, ſpeak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe, gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I ſhould take it:—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave;
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab—
A ſcullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brains! Humph!
I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſo ſtruck to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he do blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs and melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this, the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.

Hypocriſy.

We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's viſage
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. O, 'tis too true! how ſmart
A laſh that ſpeech does give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.

Life and Death weighed.

To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them; To die—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to;—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die;—to ſleep:
To ſleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe:—there's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life;
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will!
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow,
Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.

A noble Mind diſordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's eye, tongue, ſword;
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt dejected and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with extaſy.

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf: for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe, [mingled,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well com-
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me the man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breaths out [hot blood,
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mo-
O heart, loſe not thy nature: let not ever [ther.
The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

The King's deſpairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves
But to confront the viſage of offence? [mercy,
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force
To be foreſtalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul mur-
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd [der!
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice:
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul! that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is pray-ing;
And now I'll do't; and ſo he goes to heav'n:
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heaven!
Why this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread; [May;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave Heaven?
But in our circumſtance, and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No.
Up ſword; and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing; or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't: [ven;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at hea-
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and
As hell whereto it goes. [black,

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me? [wag thy tongue
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes of the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul! and ſweet religion makes
A rapſody of words.
Queen. Ah me, what act! [this,
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man; [follows;
This *was* your huſband. Look you now, what
Here *is* your huſband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Queen. O, Hamlet, ſpeak no more;
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen.

Queen. Alas! he's mad. [chide,
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O, say——
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, Lady?
Queen. Alas! how is it with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him! look you, how
pale he glares! [stones,
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for
Queen. To whom do you speak this? [blood.
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Pointing to the Ghost.
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it
steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal. *Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not mad-
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test, [ness
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-
night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.
Queen. What shall I do? [do;
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his
mouse;
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-
Make you to ravel all this matter out, [gers,
That I essentially am not in madness, [know.
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two
schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge; What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large dis-
Looking before, and after, gave us not [course,
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one
part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame I see
The imminent danger of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent
To hide the ſlain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely ſingle.

O Gertrude! Gertrude!
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in batalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Act little of his will.

Deſcription of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtic garlands did ſhe make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes ſpread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A ſpotleſs Virgin buried.

Lay her i'the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madneſs:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When firſt her golden couplets are diſcloſ'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet."

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace after civil War.

So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces: Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred—
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way: and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter.

King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove the very ſtraighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promis'd;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.

Hotſpur's Deſcription of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dreſt:
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtuble land at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again:—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.—And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd,
And, as the ſoldiers' bare dead bodies by,

He call'd them--untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, [cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what;
He should or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!),
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Danger.

I'll read your matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Honour.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why doth thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou hast
Of sallies, and retires, of trenches, tents, [talk'd
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets, and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd--tho' yourself had ne'er been born.

\- - - - -

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and mossy-grown towers.

On miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry--mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to Sleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry the IVth to his Son.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark or likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at: [he."
That men would tell their children; "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolinbroke?".
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er

Ne'er seen but wondered at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned: 'carded his
Mingled his royalty with capering fools; [state;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries; [full.
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

——God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet:
For ev'ry honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes: and on my head
My shames redoubled; for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities. [Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A Gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

——Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
O, that Glendower were come! [corse.

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

——Tell your nephew, [world
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant, young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy:—fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive, so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself,
For doing these fair rites of tenderness. [vent
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

Life demands Action.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

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§ 20. THE SCOND PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Prologue. —Rumour.

I, FROM the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in ev'ry language I pronounce;

Stuffing

Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war.
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

——Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Poſt-Meſſenger.

After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

Meſſenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ſtrond whereon th'imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation. [cheek
Thou trembleſt: and the whiteneſs in thy
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd:
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye: [ſin,
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear or
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Greater griefs deſtroy the leſs.

As the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves: Hence therefore thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove his hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring
To frown upon th'enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead;

The Fickleneſs of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many; with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be!
And, being now trimm'd in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.

On Sleep.

——O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, ſleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee, [ſlumber;
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody;
O thou dull god, why lieſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congeal'd in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope:
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working.

On

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach—ſuch the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

——Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
Exit Lords.
P. H. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. Hen. Thy wiſh was farther, Harry, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair, [nours,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine ho-
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtolen that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine without offence; and, at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it,
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my life. [hour?
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyſelf;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm, to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity;
Down, royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region apes of idleneſs; [ſcum:
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licenſe plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withold thy riots,
What will thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. H. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe [rit
(Which my moſt true and inward duteous ſpi-
Teacheth), this proſtrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my preſent wildneſs die!
And never live to ſhew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were),
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee depending,
"Hath fed upon the body of my father; [gold:
"Therefore, thou beſt of gold, art worſt of
"Other, leſs fine in carat, is more precious,
"Preſerving life in med'cine potable: [nown'd,
"But thou moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt re-
"Haſt eat thy bearer up." Thus, my moſt royal
Accuſing it, I put it on my head; [liege,
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did, with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head:
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it. [love,
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very leaſt counſel [ſon,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered:
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death

Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort: so has'd,
So thou the garland wear'st successively. [do,
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
green; [thy friends,
And all thy friends, which thou must make
Have but their stings and teeth new ta'en out.
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I might well lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land; [look
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds [out,
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
Their bones with industry; [brains with care,
For this they have engross'd and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought:
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
Be now the father, and propose a son [yours,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V. SHAKSPEARE.

Prologue.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword,
Crouch for employment. [and fire,

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th'offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his
study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Commonwealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor: [home
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air;

And

And hides a ſword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward great-
Like little body with a mighty heart—[neſs,
What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills [out
With treach'rous crowns.

Falſe Appearances.

O! how thou haſt with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! ſhew men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: ſeem they grave and learned? [mily?
Why, ſo didſt thou: come they of noble fa-
Why, ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet;
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted, didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt endued,
With ſome ſuſpicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Conſtable of France.

You are too much miſtaken in this king:
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy:
How well ſupplied with noble counſellors—
How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Deſcription of a Fleet ſetting Sail.

Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea
Breaſting the lofty ſurge.

Deſcription of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fix'd ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And the third hour of drowſy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miſeries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth!
What is the ſoul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing?
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great great.
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp.

That beats upon the high shore of this world—
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse:
And follows to the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, [sleep,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
Hath the fore hand and vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
And faintly thro' a rusty beaver peeps. [host,
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and the poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips; [eyes,
The gum down-roping from their pale dead
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
And their executors, the knavish crows, [less;
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars:
Old men forget: yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths, as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Earl of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
"Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck [lips;
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckses,
Losing both beauty and utility. [burs,

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKSPEARE.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought,

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
- - - - - - - - - -
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKSPEARE.

A resolved ambitious Woman.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks, [necks,
And smooth my way upon their headless
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ster, when doing Penance.

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Silent Resentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,

Of

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is stick-[ing;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them? [groan,
Would-curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
A curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding scrich-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——
\- - - - - - - -
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone——
O, go not yet! even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves.
Loather a hundred times to part than die.——
Yet, now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world!
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying, with the Person beloved, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess——
Alive again? Then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24 THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—Do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanc'd them:
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
"A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again: but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

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That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young:
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Smile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Glouceſter's Diſſimulation.

Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. on his own Lenity.

I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why aſk I that? My mangled body ſhews;
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart
That I muſt yield my body to the earth. [ſhews
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept;
Whoſe top-branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree, [wind.
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful
Theſe eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchers;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkeſbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My tears gainſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eyes. [reign,
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your ſove-
Is priſoner to the foe, his ſtate uſurp'd,
His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this ſpoil:
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckleſs tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's
To wit—an indigeſt, deformed lump, [hope.
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt
To ſignify—thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt "into the world with thy legs forward."

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII. SHAKSPEARE.

Anger.

——To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot horſe; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Reſolution.

——If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fiſhes, do a veſſel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cried up
For our beſt act. If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here, where we ſit, or ſit
State-ſtatues only.

New Cuſtoms.

——New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

——May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Dependents not to be too much truſted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counſels, [friends,
Be ſure you be not looſe: for thoſe you make
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye.

A good Wife.

——A loſs of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her

That

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

——'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

——Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, [sorry
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire, [friends
Or made it not mine too? Which of your
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd: Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

——You are meek, and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours, [mounted,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i'the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern-
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts ment,
Sovereign and pious else, could but speak thee
The queen of earthly queens. [out)

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affection
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
one that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet I will add an honour—a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lily.

Like the lily, [rish'd,
That once was mistress of the field, and flou-
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

——Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

——Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion [him;
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

——Nay, then farewell! [greatness;
I have touch'd the highest point of all my
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, [him:
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he think, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride me,
At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention [thee;
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not:
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, [Cromwell,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all [well,
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and, had their faces [joy
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "this is my wife," there; all were
So strangely in one piece. [woven

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
"Give him a little earth for charity?"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still! and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrow,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity—he was a man [him,
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he went to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Malicious Men.

——Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.——

A Church-Man.

——Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

——'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.——

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

——Let me speak, Sir, [utter
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth, [her!)
This royal infant (Heaven still move about
Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises Upon

Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her.
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. [when
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd, Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name [rish,
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flou-
And, like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children's
Shall see this, and bless Heaven. [children

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. SHAKSPEARE.

New Titles.

"Good-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy fellow," [ter:
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess:
And when my knighthly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pick'd man of countries:—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC book:
"O Sir," says answer, "at your best command,
"At your employment, at your service, Sir:"—
"No, Sir," says question, "I, sweet Sir, at yours." [would,
And so, ere answer knows what question
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po),
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the
That water-walled bulwark, still secure [main,
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd;
And all the unsettled humours of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made [mother,
Much work for tears in many an English
Whose sons he scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day! [bright,
Their armours that march'd hence, so silver
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That

That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A complete Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

——Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itself is poised well
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool! to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven: and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
But ah, I will not.

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:

I am

I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven.
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Danger lays Hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

\- - - - - -

Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and, where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, and if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?—

\- - - - - -

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly: [you,
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
Whatever torment you do put me to.——
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

\- - - - - - - - -

In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience,

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear; [heads,
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whiles he that hears makes fearful action.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers (which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet),
Told of many a thouſand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings' evil Purpoſes too ſervilely and haſtily executed.

It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody houſe of life; [rant
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadſt not thou been
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,
Quoted, and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off, [in me.
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears

Hypocriſy.

Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocency.

Deſpair.

If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam [thyſelf,
To hang thee on: or, wouldſt thou drown
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt. - - - - - - - - Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madneſs occaſioned by Poiſon.

Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

- - - - - - - -

Poiſon'd—ill fare—dead, forſook, caſt off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Thro' my burnt boſom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did (nor never ſhall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them:—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true.

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKSPEARE.

Patriotiſm.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And'

And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cæsar, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink,"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [Tyber
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend do thaw the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus; and we petty men [world
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name?
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
That what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Conspiracy.

O, conspiracy! [night,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conHide it in smiles and affability; [spiracy;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometimes hath his hour with ev'ry man!
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan:
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? fare thee well!

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Revenge.

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funreal Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I am come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambitious?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, [him?
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuse

To

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony. [will.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors:—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:—
See what a rent the envious Casca made;—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge;
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

——Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of. [case.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That

That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman!

Caſ. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no far-
ther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is 't poſſible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O ye gods! ye gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true.
And it ſhall pleaſe me well: for mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I ſaid an elder ſoldier, not a better.
Did I ſay better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not?

Bru. No.

Caſ. What! durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me as the idle wind
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like
Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counter from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Daſh him to pieces.

Caſ. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote;
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt;—within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar: for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lovd'ſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O Brutus!

Bru. What is the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus:
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

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Bru. O, Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Caſ. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing; when I croſs'd you ſo?
O, inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.

Caſ. And died ſo?

Bru. Even so.

Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her—Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*

Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be ſeized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

The parting of Brutus and Caſſius.

Bru. No, Caſſius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work the ides of March began:
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Caſſius!
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. Shakspeare.

An alienated Child.

Let it be ſo—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;
The myſteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be:
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom.
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.

Baſtardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom; and permit
The curioſity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines
Lag of a brother? Why baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe! with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, ſtale, tired bed
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween aſleep and wake?

A Father curſing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddeſs, hear! Suſpend thy purpoſe, if
Thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude? thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter!

Flattering Sycophants.

That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty! ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrince t' unlooſe: ſoothe ev'ry paſſion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods:
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

——— This is ſome fellow, [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain—he muſt ſpeak truth,
And they will take it ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Deſcription of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,

That

That ever penury, in contempt of man, [filth ;
Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with
Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified bare arm,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bands, sometime with
Inforce their charity. [pray'rs,

The Fault of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery ? the fiery duke ? tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet :—may be, he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not our-
When nature, being oppress, commands the mind
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp tooth'd unkindness like a vulture, here.
[*Points to his heart.*

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood ; but I'll not chide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the deed : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall———I will do such
things—
What they are, yet I know not : but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wilful Men.

O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his
white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strive in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.

Blow, wind ! and crack your cheeks ! rage !
You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout [blow !
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks !
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man !
Rumble thy belly-full ! spit, fire ! spout, rain !
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here ! Things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves : since I was a
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot
carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes, [hand,
Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life ! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure,
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar disguised like a Madman.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
- - - - Didst thou give them all?
Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your pow'r quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove [seen
Which should express her goodliest. You have
Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes! which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Description of Lear distracted.

Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocs, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers;
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Description of Dover Cliff.

Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Gloster's Farewell to the World.

O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning to watch (poor perdu!)
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog
Tho' he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; where did you die?

Cord. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I?—Fair day-light! [pity
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with
To see another thus.—I will not swear
These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cord. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Gent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cord. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

List a brief tale:—
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives sweetness!
That with the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!), taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, tho' hoping, of his good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and, from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there in a
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate, [man,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but, then, finding
Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which, in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet ſounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack.—O, ſhe is gone for ever:
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.
This feather ſtirs; ſhe lives! If it be ſo,
It is a chance which does redeem all ſorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good maſter!
Lear. Pr'ythee away.——
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; but ſhe 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia! Cordelia! ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt!—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

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§ 29. MACBETH. Shakspeare.

Witches deſcribed.

——What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you ought
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips:—You ſhould be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: thou wouldſt be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That would thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances [night,
You wait on nature's miſchief! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold! hold!"——

Macbeth's Irreſolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 't were
It were done quickly: if the aſſaſſination [well
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on the other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee——
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw——

Tho

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—Whiles I threat, he lives— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire:—Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is about it:—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us!—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.——My husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owls scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak? [Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight! [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought! to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried "murder!"
That they did wake each other! I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
"Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
"The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
"Chief nourisher in life's feast." [course,

Lady. What do you mean? [house:

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
"Cawdor [more!"
"Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no

Lady. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I dave done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me!
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
Thy multitudinous seas incarnardine [rather
Making the green one red.——

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame [*Knock.*
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark! more knocking: [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [myself.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would thou couldst!

Macbeth's

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy; nothing
Can touch him farther!
- - - - - - - - - - - -
O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note. [done

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the
Makes wing to the rooky wood: [crow
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full! [*Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friend:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion!
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man? [*To Macb. aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear: [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back—our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame! [olden time,

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die;
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:——
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to us all;
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full:
I drink

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
[*The Ghost rises again.*
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone,
[*The Ghost vanishes.*
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
[*The Lords rise.*
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady. A kind good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magpies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth,

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me;
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up: [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
Of nature's germins tumble altogether, [treasure
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them: but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting in many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, [thee,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air, [seems
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it. [babes
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!——
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
Macd. My children too? [break.
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife
Ross. I have said. [kill'd too?
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all! O hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, [Heaven,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This time goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

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§. 30. OTHELLO. Shakspeare.

Preferment.

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he is old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
But when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Love

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For I know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. - - - - - -
Her father
Lov'd me; oft invited me; still question'd me
The story of my life, from year to year;
The battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travel's history.
- - - - - - - - - - - -
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man;—she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death,
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shewn. — Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now—thou lik'st not that—
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like;
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing: thou cried'st
"Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath— [more:
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
For such things in a false, disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that 's just,
They are close denotements working from the heart.
That passion cannot rule.

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: if I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years; yet that 's not much—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me? [that.

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord? [lust?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this? [prove it,

Oth. Make me to see it; or, at the least, so
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! [fool,
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and I think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I 'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, [her
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could matter.——
——There's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir—O well painted passion!
I am commanded home:—get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!
[*Ex. Desd.*
Cassio

Caſſio ſhall have my place. And—Sir, to night,
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkies! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Deſ. Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows
That thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. O, Deſdemona, away! away! away!
Deſ. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorn
To point his ſlow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Deſ. I hope my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. O, ay; as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee; would thou hadſt ne'er been born! [ted?
Deſ. Alas! what ignorant ſin have I commit-
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon! what committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: what committed!
Impudent ſtrumpet!
Deſ. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
Oth. Are you not a ſtrumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is it poſſible?
Deſ. O Heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Deſdemona's Faithfulneſs.

O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again? [ven,
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of hea-
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel—
[*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much,
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona is diſcovered aſleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excellent nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.
[*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither: I'll ſmell it on the tree.
[*Kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, thou doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice herſelf to break her ſword! One more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow 's heavenly;
It ſtrikes where it doth love.
Othello's Confuſion after having murdered his Wife.
Yes, 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—ſhe 's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;

The

The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I 've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast,
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
E'n like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go. [it;
I have done the state some service, and they know
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. SHAKSPEARE.

Reputation.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment, Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee:—Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
Suppose the singing-birds musicians; [com'st:
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
As were our England in reversion his, [friends;"
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;

This

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands.
- - - - - - - - - -
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.

Grief.

Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; eyed awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——

Hope deceitful.

I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

The Prognoſtics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change:
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child [ing;
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meet-
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun riſing after a dark Night.

——— Know'ſt thou not,
That, when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?

On the Vanity of Power, and Miſery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and covering to our bones
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives; ſome ſleepingkill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit;
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walls, and, farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Deſcription of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cried, God ſave thee, Boling-
broke! [ſpake,
You would have thought the very windows
So many greedy looks of young and old
Thro' caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.

Duch.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: [eyes
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience— [steel'd
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
The hearts of men, they must perforce have
And barbarism itself have pitied him. [melted,

Violets.

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented——
- - - - - - - - - - -
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better than when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

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§ 34. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III. Shakspeare.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph; [jesty;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this meek piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, [him;
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
I never sued to friend, nor enemy; [weeping.
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, [words;
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me. [Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [ing,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and, in fall-
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, [holes,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? [death,

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul! [life;
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—
"That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
"Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd: and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O prepostcrous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrate-
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt, [ful,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes!"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one ano-
"Within their alabaster innocent arms; [ther
"Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, [other.
"Which in their summer beauty, kiss'd each
"A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [mind;
"Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my
"But, O the devil!"—there the villain stopp'd.
When Dighton thus told on—"We smothered
"The most replenished sweet work of nature,
"That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Exprobration.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd ahigh to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [thers?
Where is thy husband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious; [turous;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings; [kings.
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set;
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds:
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

Conscience.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

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§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

On Dreams.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellow shews.

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
[*Juliet appears above at the Window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame these stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye, in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—
- - - - - - - - - - - -
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither? tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls;
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight.
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet were thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewel, compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay Ay,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou mayſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou overheard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all—
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolary,
And I 'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear: altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadviſ'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens—ſweet, good night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—a ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? For what purpoſe love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within: dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and ſee;
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!]
I come anon——But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by I come——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul.
Jul. A thouſand times good-night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo! hiſt! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my ſoul that calls upon my name:
How ſilver ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. Madam.—
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company,
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. [gone:
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights not laſting.

Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume.

Lovers light of Foot.

O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamers,
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
To Phœbus' manſion, ſuch a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-aways' eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen!
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Baniſhment.

Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death, much more: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then baniſhment
Is death miſterm'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutt'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is baniſhed! [knife,
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp ground
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?
Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but ſpeak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment!
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.
Fri. O then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes ſet.

Jul. Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it;
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house; [bones,
O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
And bide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that to hear them told have made me
And I will do it without fear or doubt, [tremble;
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewel--God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, phial—what if this mixture do not work
at all?
Must I of force be married to the County?
No, no! this shall forbid it—lie thou there.
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marrige he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

Joy and Mirth turned to their Contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change:
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men?
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut,
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? [poor;
Rom. Come hither, man—I see that thou art
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
Is death to any he that utters them. [law
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing

Doing more murders in this loathſome world
Than theſe poor compounds that thou mayſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none——.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Par I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*
Par. O, I am ſlain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith I will:—let me peruſe this face,
Mercutio's kinſman, noble County Paris:
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris ſhould have married Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book!

Romeo's laſt Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O,
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt; [here
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars [laſt!
From this world-wearied fleſh. Eyes, look your
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!—
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick, weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
[*Drinks the Poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiſs I die.
[*Dies.*

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§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Painting.

THE painting is almoſt the natural man; [ture,
For ſince diſhonour traffics with man's na-
He is but outſide: theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philoſopher.

Immortal gods! I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a-ſleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen! Amen! ſo fall to 't,
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt [wept
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have
With drunken ſpilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock, [ſtrelſy;
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—you are ho-
nourable— [not—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity—
And, ſo, intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.
Tim. You gods reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Againſt Duelling.

Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they
labour'd [relling
To bring manſlaughter into form, and ſet quar-
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world,
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs [eareleſsly;
His outſides; to wear them, like his raiment,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.
Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity! [fast;
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel? Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to [men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy; breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here? [gods:
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? why this [lides;
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck thick-eyed sleep from below their
This yellow slave [heads:
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here's gold—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest, [tron;
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,
That thro' the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe, [mercy,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent, [erst
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, begone.

To the Courtezans.

Consumption sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the gen'ral weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enear thy fertile and conceptious womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected:
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune? Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?—will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——
Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, men
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen,
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots!
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks, I must you con,
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves.
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob; take wealth and lives together:
Do villainy; do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough pow'r
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

On his honeſt Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs rashneſs,
You perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray—and he is a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck.

Wrong and Inſolence.

Now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mercy.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thanks.

Thanks, to men
Of noble mind, is honourable meed.

An Invitation to Love.

The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind.
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit;
And—whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict—ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber!
Whilſt hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one deſcribed.

A barren detested vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſeltoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they ſhow'd me this abhorr'd pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.

A Ring in a dark Pit.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on a Lute and ſinging.

Fair Philomela, the but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands,
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

A Perſon in Deſpair compared to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wildneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.

Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother!
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmleſs fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt kill'd him!

Revenge.

Lo, by thy ſide, where rape and murder ſtands;
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a ſervile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfall in the ſea.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides) [too.
Should lose their names, and so should justice
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

——Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought:
Put the protractive trials of great Jove, [else
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclius,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer! he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to be pitied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just!
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration."
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right? Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport

Sir

Sir Valour dies; cries—"O! enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might weaken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

Pleasure and Revenge.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is it not strange?

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any
In will peculiar, and in self-admission,

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, [ness;
He makes important: possest he is with great-
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of
Cry, "No recovery." [it

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit. [les:
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achil-
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
And say in thunder "Achilles, go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! *Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride: let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? [*Aside.*

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind— [*Aside.*

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so;
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it? [*Aside.*

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. He is not yet through warm; force him
With praises; pour in; his ambition's dry. [*Aside.*

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face— [I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that shall paulter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulys. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times—
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But

But pardon, father Neſtor; were your days,
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles
Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Keeps thicket: pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war; [friends,
Freſh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt,
And here's a lord; come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, tho' greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus; I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid'!
I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. - - -
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.

Conſtancy in Love proteſted.

Troilus. True ſwains in Love ſhall in the world to come [rhymes,
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles: truth tried with iteration—
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.
Creſ. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they have ſaid—as
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth, [falſe
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon—
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as Creſſid'.

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride: for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatneſs contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatneſs, once fallen out with fortune, [is,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer:
And not a man, for being ſimply man, [nours
Hath any honour; but honour for thoſe ho-
That are without him, as place, riches, and fa-
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [vour,
Which, when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them is ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour: continued Acts neceſſary to preſerve its Luſtre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes: [vour'd
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are de-
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: perſeverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way,
For honour travels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt—
Or, like a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'ertop yours,
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt, [hand:
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the
And with his arms outſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer: welcome ever ſmiles, [ſeek
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſervice, [wit,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gawds
Tho' they are made and moulded things of paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than guilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.

Love ſhook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Creſ. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love
With wings more momentary ſwift than thought.

Lovers Farewel.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing.
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelty may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas! a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Outſwell the cholic of puft Aquilon:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes pour blood;
Thou blow'ſt for Hector.

Diomedes's Manner of Walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Deſcription of Creſſida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirit looks out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight.
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Thro' ranks of Greekiſh youths: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have ſeen the pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling.

Achilles ſurveying Hector.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, there, there;
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heavens!

Honour more dear than Life.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be diſcarded in War.

For the love of all the gods
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords!

Raſh Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

PATHETIC PIECES.

§ 37. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an European Habit.

Dor. Now do you know me?
Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And, that once clear'd, eternl sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier. [me;
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done
Then, tho' I loath this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, honour, be thou judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware! I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince!
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, tyrant! [back;
Dor. Tyrant!
Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade. [rant,
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou ty-
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Efface'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this, [more:
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and cen-
For want of courtly style: related actions, [sur'd
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie, [sites.
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him,
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below.
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before);
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first.
Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb.

Seb. Thy insolence hath cancell'd all thy ser-
To violate my laws, even in my court, [vice;
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by pow'r,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own!
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy

Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it public: but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me:

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back:
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it:
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that lie I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to retrieve it, for my own revenge
I have that out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st
Beware of such another vile excuse. [not:

Seb. O, patience, Heaven!

Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long. [pose.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind: and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou should never know,
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee? he died in fight:
Fought next my person, as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, ap-
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee. [pears:

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:
Ill suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb.

Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confeſs, proud ſpirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whither wouldſt thou drive me? I muſt grant,
Yes, I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling ſoul,
Henriquez had your love with more deſert:
For you he fought and died: I fought againſt you:
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your ſacred life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my ſoul; my ſoul 's a regicide.
Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
Thou mean'ſt to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didſt thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I ſpeak?
Alas, I cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that bleſt age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And loſt, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Seb. Nay if thou canſt be griev'd, thou canſt repent:
Thou couldſt not be a villain, tho' thou wouldſt:
Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd:
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. O, ſtop this headlong torrent of your goodneſs;
It comes too faſt upon a feeble ſoul,
Half drown'd in tears before; ſpare my confuſion,
For pity ſpare, and ſay not, firſt you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
To throw myſelf beneath your royal feet.
Now ſpurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou ſhouldſt not aſk forgiveneſs firſt,
But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill in all that 's noble.
Yes, I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my ward,
Her ſoul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing courtſhip,
Effect the conſummation of his love:
So ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.
Dor. Have I been curſing Heaven, while Heaven bleſs'd me!
I ſhall run mad with exſtaſy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love:
But pity is my friend, and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, my Alonzo, ſaid you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot ſpeak;
And if I could, mine.
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as
Seb. Thou canſt not ſpeak, and I can ne'er be ſilent.
Some ſtrange reverſe of fate muſt ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bleſs me thus. 'Tis gold ſo pure,
It cannot bear the ſtamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With eaſe the gifts of fortune I reſign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

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§. 28. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs.
'Tis what the day deſerves which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt downwards
To be trod out by Cæſar?
Vent. [*Aſide.*] On my ſoul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains;
Now, Antony, wouldſt thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Haſt ſtarv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aſide*] How ſorrow ſhakes him!
So now the tempeſt tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himſelf down.*]
Lie there, thou ſhadow of an emperor;
The place thou preſſeſt on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then it will be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold aſhes: then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæſar.
Cæſar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To ſee his rival of the univerſe
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I 'll think no more on 't.
Give me ſome muſic; look that it be ſad;
I 'll ſoothe my melancholy, till I ſwell
And burſt myſelf with ſighing——
'Tis ſomewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I 'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady foreſt's ſylvan ſcene;
Stretch'd at my length beneath ſome blaſted oak,
I lean my head upon the moſſy bark,
And look juſt of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like miſſetoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myſelf there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearleſs quench their thirſt while I look on,

And

And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Staring up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you laſt.
Ant. I 'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me? [I?
Where have you learnt that anſwer! Who am
Vent. My emperor: the man I love next Heaven.
If I ſaid more, I think 't were ſcarce a ſin:
You 're all that 's good and godlike.
Ant. All that 's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfied?
For, if a friend, thou haſt beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept theſe forty years; but now
My mother comes afreſh into my eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old man! he weeps!
The big round drops courſe one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or ſhall I bluſh to death; they ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I 'll do my beſt. [friends;
Ant. Sure there 's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine,—nay, father—
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! why that 's the ſtyle of victory.
The conqu'ring ſoldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general ſo; but never more
Shall that ſound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! O——
Vent. It ſits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly ſlumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Vent. Out with it: give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my ſhame—
I loſt a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'ſt;
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half
For Julius fought it out, and loſt it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. Antony—
(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,
Fled while his ſoldiers fought; fled firſt, Ventidius.
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I 'll help thee—I have been a man, Venti-
Vent. Yes, and a brave one: but—— [dius.
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have loſt my reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The name of ſoldier, with inglorious eaſe.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other hands.
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years.
When firſt I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wiſh of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd againſt my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe: yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now ſhe 's gone;
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me, ſoldier,
To curſe this madman, this induſtrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pry'thee curſe me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too ſenſible already [ings
Of what you 've done, too conſcious of your fail-
And like a ſcorpion, whipt by others firſt
To fury, ſting yourſelf in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd mind, and heal your for-
Ant. I know thou would'ſt. [tunes.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to ſee officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be loſt then!
Ant. I am.
Vent. I ſay you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate
Without juſt cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.
Vent. Cæſar thinks not ſo:
He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæſar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myſelf; and ſo reſolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve:
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, Ventidius. [hours
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you ſleep away your
In deſperate ſloth, miſcall'd philoſophy. [you,
Up, up, for honour's ſake; twelve legions wait
And long to call you chief. By painful journies
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to ſee their ſun-burnt faces,
Their ſcarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there 's virtue in 'em;
They 'll

They'll ſell thoſe mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I ſay, in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didſt thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my deſpair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Moſt firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. O trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
Ant. I am beſieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way ſhut up—how came I hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.
Vent. They would perhaps deſire
A better reaſon.
Ant. I have never us'd
My ſoldiers to demand a reaſon of
My actions. Why did they refuſe to march?
Vent. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was 't they ſaid?
Vent. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why ſhould they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a ſlave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiſs, at your next midnight feaſt,
You'll ſell to her?—Then ſhe new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond ſuch or ſuch a tax;
Each pendant in her ear ſhall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: ſhe deſerves
More worlds than I can loſe.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entruſted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Aſia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthleſs woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but waſteful hands.
Ant. You grow preſumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to ſpeak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain inſolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under ſeeming honeſty, haſt vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the firſt Cæſar was, that I might kill thee
Without ſtain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For ſhewing you yourſelf,
Which none elſe durſt have done. But had I been
That name, which I diſdain to ſpeak again,
I needed not have ſought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conq'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' band? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been ſo call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, ſoldier;
I've been too paſſionate.
Vent. You thought me falſe;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindneſs
Has left your ſword no work.
Ant. I did not think ſo;
I ſaid it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didſt thou tempt my anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that ſincerity I us'd
Nor durſt another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love miſled your wand'ring eyes,
Were ſure the chief and beſt of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boaſt of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my paſſion; but thou mayſt:
Thou only lov'ſt, the reſt have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's bleſſing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praiſes were unjuſt; but I'll deſerve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee do not curſe her,
And I will leave her; tho' Heaven knows I love
Beyond life, conqueſt, empire, all but honour;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal maſter.
And ſhall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old ſoldier:
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!
Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that day;
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. O, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I've done. In that laſt ſigh ſhe went;
Cæſar ſhall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds moſt dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another ſoul; your looks are more divine;
You ſpeak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me! my ſoul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerneſs of fight has ſeiz'd me;
That eagerneſs, with which I darted upward
To Caſſius' camp. In vain the ſteepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of ſpears
Sung round my head, and planted all my ſhield;
I won the trenches, while my foremoſt men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 30. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?
Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods; when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquest thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the lofs
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.
Theo. How, Marcian!
Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With flames they dash the windows of their temples, [gods;
Pull down their altars, break their houshold
And still the universal groan is this—
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he his gone that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory!"
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners:
Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life——
Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings: like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.
Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.
Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd:
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the other's cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I scape but scorn.
Theo. Pr'ythee no more.
Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?
Mar. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a spirit,
However fierce avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods!
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty?
Now in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus!
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, begone, I say——
Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at this empire's cost let navies meet;

Adorn

Adorn your ſtarry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to caſt ambroſian oils upon you:
Conſume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous diſtillations,
Of ſeſterces at once four hundred millions;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor ſoldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why let 'em ſtarve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy——
Or by the gods——

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face, ſhould 'ſcape unpuniſhed,
I'll write myſelf a coward; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for ſo bad a man,
By Theodocius' hand.

Marcian diſarms him, but is wounded.

Mar. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman ſpirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commiſſions, ſham'd me to the earth,
Baniſh'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the ſoldiers hourly aſk it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, beſides, this purple youth my footſtool?
The armies court me: and my country's cauſe,
The injuries of Rome and Greece, perſuade me,
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for leſs than this, the latter Brutus,
Becauſe he thought Rome wrong'd, in perſon
Againſt his friend a black conſpiracy, [head
And ſtab the majeſty of all the world?

Theo. Act as you pleaſe: I am within your pow'r.

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And ſhall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawleſs pleaſures,
Raviſh from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happineſs, and ancient glory?
Go on in this diſhonourable reſt?
Shall he, I ſay, dream on, while the ſtarv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And like pin'd birds, for want of ſuſtenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its conſtant loyalty! I would but ſhake him,
Rouſe him a little from this death of honour,
And ſhew him what he ſhould be.

Theo. You accuſe me,
As if I were ſome monſter moſt unheard of!
Firſt, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commiſſion: but by Heaven
I ſwear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it; nor ſay I this
To alter thy ſtern uſage; for with what
Thou'ſt ſaid, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid uſage of the ſuffering ſoldier:
But why will not our Theodoſius know?
If you entruſt the government to others
That act theſe crimes, who but yourſelf's to blame?
Be witneſs, O ye gods! of my plain dealings,
Of Marcian's honeſty, howe'er degraded,
I thank you for my baniſhment: but alas!
My loſs is little to what ſoon will follow!
Reflect but on yourſelf and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your eſpouſals ſhould be ſolemniz'd;
When on a ſudden here you ſend your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudoſia,
Should loſe her head.

Theo. O heaven and earth! What ſay'ſt thou
That I have ſeal'd the death of my Eudoſia!

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and ſignet: yet I ſwear,
Tho' you have given to female hands your ſway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curſe all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as ſhe was doom'd,
And on the ſcaffold, for that purpoſe rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army——

Theo. What; on a ſcaffold! ha! before the army?

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To ſoft compaſſion, and relenting tears!
But when the axe
Sever'd the brighteſt beauty of the earth
From that fair body——had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of diſtant thunder, ran
Through all the armed hoſt, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkneſs that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at ſuch a ſuff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel, ambitious ſiſter! this muſt be
Thy doing. O, ſupport me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike: behold,
I offer thee my breaſt; with my laſt breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'ſt my blood.
Were I to live, thy counſel ſhould direct me;
But 'tis too late——

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudoſia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, ſhe calls you to the temple.
O, Lucius, help?——I've gone too far; but ſee,
He breathes again.——Eudoſia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudoſia?

Mar. Yes, ſhe lives:
I did but feign the ſtory of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!

Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wife Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to ſtartle you:
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal maſter:
Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh words,
And was a madman. By the immortal gods
I love you as my ſoul: whate'er I ſaid,
My thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe tears,
Which do not uſe to flow: all ſhall be well.
I ſwear that there are ſeeds in that ſweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee firſt for my Eudoſia's life.
What but my love could have call'd back that life
Which thou haſt made me hate? But, O, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear ſo harſh a meſſage! But no more;
We 're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not riſe,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
Firſt let me wed Eudoſia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's paſt: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!

Mar. Let her not reſt, then;
Eſpouſe her ſtraight: I'll ſtrike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods:
O what a ſight will this be to the ſoldier,
To ſee me bring you dreſs'd in ſhining armour,
To head the ſhouting ſquadrons! O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The ſounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I ſee each ſtarving ſoldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with ſobbing raptures;
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and ſleeping,
Faſting or praying? Come, come, you ſhall be merry:
And for Eudoſia, ſhe is yours already: [Marcian has ſaid it, Sir; ſhe ſhall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian! O my brother, father, all!
Thou beſt of friends! moſt faithful counſellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I reſt,
To make thee love me. For, when thou art with me,
I'm ſtrong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

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§ 40. *Gloſter and Haſtings.* ROWE.

Gloſt. My lord, y'are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, ſhe has won me much to pity her:
Alas her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adverſity. I told her
How worthily her cauſe you had befriended;
How much for your good ſake we meant to do;
That you had ſpoke, and all things ſhould be well.

Haſt. Your highneſs binds me ever to your ſervice.

Gloſt. You know your friendſhip is moſt potent with us,
And ſhares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear;
The ſtate is out of tune: diſtracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counſels;
Amidſt the wealthy city murmurs riſe,
Lewd railings, and reproach on thoſe that rule,
With open ſcorn of government; hence credit,
And public truſt 'twixt man and man are broke,
The golden ſtreams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artiſans,
Who therefore curſe the great, and threat rebellion.

Haſt. The reſty knaves are over-run with eaſe,
As plenty ever is the nurſe of faction;
If in good days, like theſe, the headſtrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Becauſe the reins of pow'r are held too ſlack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than juſtice.

Gloſt. Beſhrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The ſource of theſe diſorders. Who can wonder
If riot and miſrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown ſits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to ſpeak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And ſum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern. [of that?

Haſt. 'Tis true the king is young; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloſter's valour and moſt princely wiſdom
So well ſupply our infant ſovereign's place,
His youth's ſupport, and guardian to his throne.

Gloſt. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant ſceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and ſubject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and uſeleſs to my friends.
O worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I ſhould not ſuffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by diſcord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt diſputed titles.

Haſt. Of this I am to learn; as not ſuppoſing
A doubt like this——

Gloſt. Ay, marry, but there is;
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occaſion, Doctor Shaw [neſs
Has mov'd the people much about the lawful-
Of Edward's iſſue? by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A baſtard ſcion never ſhould be grafted
Upon a royal ſtock; from thence, at full
Diſcourſing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before

His

His jolly match with that fame buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him——
Haſt. Ill befal
Such meddling prieſts, who kindle up confuſion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain ſcruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect ſpite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal maſter, Edward, in concurrence
With his eſtates aſſembled, well determine
What courſe the ſovereign rule ſhould take henceforward?
When ſhall the deadly hate of faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long-divided land have reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſeleſs rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with ſome fantaſtic giddy change?
Gloſt. What if ſome patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your ſcheme, new-mould the ſtate? [it!
Haſt. Curſe on the innovating hand attempts
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blaſt the traitor,
And his pernicious counſels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatneſs, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Gloſt. You go too far, my lord.
Haſt. Your highneſs' pardon——
Have we ſo ſoon forgot thoſe days of ruin,
When York and Lancaſter drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her ſons,
And caſt beſide ſome common way, a ſpectacle
Of horror and affright to paſſers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and maſſacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When inſolence and barbariſm triumph'd,
And ſwept away diſtinction; peaſants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend croſier and the holy mitre,
And deſolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to ſheath a dagger in his heart
Whoſe damn'd ambition would renew thoſe horrors,
And ſet once more that ſcene of blood before us?
Gloſt. How now! ſo hot!
Haſt. So brave, and ſo reſolv'd.
Gloſt. Is then our friendſhip of ſo little moment,
That you could arm your hand againſt my life?
Haſt. I hope your highneſs does not think I meant it; [ſon
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely per-
Should come within the ſcope of my reſentment.
Gloſt. O noble Haſtings! Nay, I muſt embrace you;
By holy Paul, y' are a right honeſt man;
The time is full of danger and diſtruſt,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealouſy and light ſurmiſe,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's beſt ſupport:
For me, I aſk no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends. [ſhould pay.
Haſt. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
O princely Gloſter! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and inſolent of ſpeech,
If, when the public ſafety is in queſtion,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Gloſt. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much againſt the plainneſs of my nature;
I judge you by myſelf, a clear true ſpirit;
And, as ſuch, once more join you to my boſom.
Farewel, and be my friend. [*Exit.*
Haſt. I am not read,
Nor ſkill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatneſs,
To kindle thus, and give a ſcope to paſſion.
The duke is ſurely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'reſt point, the maſter-ſtring
That makes moſt harmony or diſcord to me.
I own the glorious ſubject fires my breaſt,
And my ſoul's darling paſſion ſtands confeſs'd;
Beyond or love's or friendſhip's ſacred band,
Beyond myſelf, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleaſure for my country's good.

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§ 41. *Guſtavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

1ſt Dale. LET us all ſee him!
2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.
3d Dale. Let us be ſure 'tis he himſelf.
4th Dale. Our general.
5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found.
6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.
7th Dale. Get on the bank, Guſtavus.
Anderſon. Do, my lord.
Guſ. My countrymen!——
1ſt Dale. Ho! hear him!
2d Dale. Peace!
3d Dale. Peace!
4th Dale. Peace! [hearts,
Guſ. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your
And joy for that your loſt Guſtavus 'ſcap'd
Thro' wounds, impriſonments, and chains, and deaths, [ye.
Thus ſudden, thus unlook'd for, ſtands before
As one eſcap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no muſic but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my ſiſter's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody one remorſeleſs hour
Swept my great ſire and kindred from my ſide;
For them Guſtavus weeps not; tho' my eyes
Were far leſs dear, for them I will not weep.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberleſs, thy nameleſs, ſhameful infamies,

My

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy deſolation, ſpite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.
And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to ſtab and ſmile, to ſtab the babe
That ſmiles upon them.
Arn. What accurſed hours
Roll o'er thoſe wretches who to fiends like theſe,
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for!
Guſ. O Liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou ſocial ſoul of property,
Thou breath of reaſon, life of life itſelf!
For thee the valiant bleed. O ſacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the ſummer's ſnare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold ſtork you ſeek the wintry ſhore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to ſlaves,
Cleave to the cold and reſt upon the ſtorm.
Upborne by thee, my ſoul diſdain'd the terms
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I ſought this fav'rite ſoil; with thee
Theſe fav'rite ſons I ſought: thy ſons, O Liberty!
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.
All. Liberty! Liberty!
Guſ. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great ſtake the laſt effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirſt, the food,
The ſcope and bright ambition of your ſouls?
Why elſe have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
From the proud ſummit of their glitt'ring thrones
Caſt down the mightieſt of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but liberty,
Thro' the fam'd courſe of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invaſion from your hills,
And ſanctified their ſhade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours ſtoop to foreign inſult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harveſt of a thouſand years of glory?
1ſt Dale. No,
2d Dale. Never, never.
3d Dale. Periſh all firſt.
4th Dale. Die all!
Guſ. Yes, die by piece-meal! [umph!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may tri-
Now from my ſoul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To ſee ye fear'd; to ſee that e'en your foes
Do juſtice to your valours! There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, ſumm'd in yonder hoſt,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to aſſail ye.
And, O, when I look round and ſee you here,
Of number ſhort, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart ſwells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from oppoſition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thouſand ſlaves,
Match'd to the ſinew of a ſingle arm
That ſtrikes for liberty—that ſtrikes to ſave
His fields from fire, his infants from the ſword,
His couch from luſt, his daughters from pollution,
And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What, doubt we then? Shall we, ſhall we ſtand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's froſt,
And nerve the coward's arm, ſhall poorly ſerve
To wake us to reſiſtance?—Let us on!
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You ſhall not be withheld; we willruſh on them——
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And puſh yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain?
3d Dale. On, lead us on, Guſtavus; one word more
Is but delay of conqueſt.
Guſ. Take your wiſh.
He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And ſo be furniſh'd. You, moſt noble Anderſon,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And ſkirt the foreſt down: then wheel at once,
Confeſs'd to view, and cloſe up all the vale:
Myſelf, and my moſt valiant couſin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and theſe hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onſet.
Joy, joy, I ſee confeſs'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breaſts beat high!
Thin tho' our ranks, tho' ſcanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, juſtice, fame, and freedom cloſe,
Each ſingly equal to an hoſt of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high [eye!
Thunder within his graſp, and lightning in his

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§ 42. *Guſtavus and Criſtiern.* BROOKE.

Criſt. TELL me, Guſtavus, tell me why is this,
That, as a ſtream diverted from the banks
Of ſmooth obedience, thou haſt drawn thoſe men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterpriſe,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my miſguided people held ſo light, [buke
That thus thoud'ſt puſh them on the keen re-
Of guarded majeſty; where juſtice waits,
All awful and reſiſtleſs, to aſſert
Th' impervious rights, the ſanctitude of kings;
And blaſt rebellion!
Guſ. Juſtice, ſanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,
If wrongs give right, O then ſupreme in miſ-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!

Too

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'ſt
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the ſpeciality of luſt,
And ſenſual attribution; if thou think'ſt
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall diſenfranchiſe all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral iſſue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the truſt
Of frank election,
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authoriſe oppreſſion, give a law
For lawleſs pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reaſon build miſrule, or juſtly bind
Allegiance to injuſtice. Tyranny
Abſolves all faith; and who invades our rights
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an uſurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou haſt abjur'd mankind,
Daſh'd ſafety from thy bleak, unſocial ſide,
And wag'd wild war with univerſal nature.

Criſ. Licentious traitor! thou canſt talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poiſe of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, diſjointed muſt'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne againſt the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And ſhiver in the toil.

Guſ. Miſtaken man!
I come impower'd and ſtrengthen'd in thy weakneſs;
For tho' the ſtructure of a tyrant's throne
Riſe on the necks of half the ſuff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs, and tears,
And ſecret curſes, ſap its mould'ring baſe,
And ſteal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a ſingle arm but dare the ſway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon deſtruction.

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of heaven!
Art thou ſtill harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'ſt thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, caſt out,
Made an anathema, a curſe enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As ſacred to damnation?

Guſ. Yes, I know,
When ſuch as thou, with ſacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apoſtolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To ſhut out virtue, and unfold thoſe gates
That heaven itſelf had barr'd againſt the luſts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and ſweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Chriſtian meekneſs! miſſion all divine!
The law of love ſole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swediſh prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of ſweet, but indigeſted peace,
To wrath and bitterneſs. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice ſanctifies, whoſe precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heaven but with a downward eye,
That turns your ſouls to droſs! who, ſhouting, [looſe
The dogs of hell upon us. Theſts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
Receive your ſanction. O, 'tis glorious miſchief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Aſſumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of ſaintly elevation, bleſſeth ſin,
And makes the ſeal of ſweet offended Heaven
A ſign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would ſhrink to own.

Criſt. No more of this.
Guſtavus, wouldſt thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the ſphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Guſ. Imperial ſpoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred!
Give me the fathers of ten thouſand orphans,
Give me the ſons in whom thy ruthleſs ſword
Has left our widows childleſs. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whoſe patriot breaſt
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canſt not! [then
Thou haſt outſinn'd all reck'ning! Give me
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And ſpare yon little trembler.

Criſt. Yes, on terms
Of compact and ſubmiſſion.

Guſ. Ha! with thee? [country,
Compact with thee? and mean'ſt thou for my
For Sweden? No, ſo hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the ſight my ſtraining eyes ſtart forth—
They both ſhall periſh firſt.

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§ 43. *Brutus and Titus.* Lee.

Brut. WELL, Titus, ſpeak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempeſt were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So huſh'd a ſtillneſs, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſay-
Speak then, and tell me, O my beſt belov'd,
My ſon, my Titus, is all well again? [thing?

Tit. So well, that ſaying how muſt make it no-
So well, that I could wiſh to die this moment,
For ſo my heart, with powerful throbs perſuades
That were indeed to make you reparation, [me;
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die:
And that for Titus too would be moſt happy.

Brut. How's that, my ſon? Would death for thee be happy?

Tit. Moſt certain, Sir; for in my grave I'ſcape
All thoſe affronts which I in life muſt look for,
All thoſe reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily caſt upon me;

From

From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine, [ing:
Each single horn would be far worse than dy-
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Calling my blotted honour in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous thro' the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! O thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Grown an eternal farewel to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus on his child:
For thou must die, my Titus, die my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Lowers his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
your sorrow? [me?
Why should the god like Brutus shake to doom
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus;
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark: the deeper that I search,
My horrid soul returns the more confirm'd;
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that it is not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heaven! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon
See thy head taken by the common axe, [thee,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ah! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail!
The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O, Sir! O, Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death!
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion.
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth can move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice, [men,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hang-
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and
For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust, [fall,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods, I greedily resign it!

Brut. No more—farewel, eternally farewel!
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heaven. One last embrace!
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it,
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings!
Farewel for ever!

Tit. O Brutus! O my father!

Brut. Canst thou not say farewel?

Tit.

Tit. Farewel for ever!
Brut. For ever then! but O, my tears run o'er;
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more.

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§ 44. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. How fares my Lord?
Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death:
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attacked me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp [low,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.
Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril— but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank,
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?
Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliverer is.
[*To the Stranger.*
Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.
Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings; thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.
Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles: and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.
Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliv'rer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?
Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valour but oblivion.
Now, grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.
Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts! [way.
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.
Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude I am
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.
Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shall be

My

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.
Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

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§ 45. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War.* Home.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire [shake
His speech struck from me, the old man would
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
——— Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and, with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
——They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

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§ 46. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* Home.

This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood:
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

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§ 47. CATO. Addison.

ACT I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!
Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,

Some

Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?
Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſuff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and pow'r uſurp'd,
Drew all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em,
Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Againſt a world, a baſe degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs;
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Por. Remember what our father oft has told us.
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.
Marc. Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe;
O Portius, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou couldſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpitied, and ſucceſsful love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—
Por. Thou ſeeſt not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul.
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy Cato's ſon.
Marc. Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high ambition, or a thirſt of greatneſs:
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulſe:
I feel it here: my reſolution melts.
Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter Marcia, greatly loves her:
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him:
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What? ſhall an African, ſhall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's ſon, and ſhew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman ſoul?
Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, ſhew
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?
Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well.
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A brother's ſuff'rings claim a brother's pity.
Por. Heaven knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak—do they not ſwim in tears;
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?
Por. O Marcus! did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
Pardon a weak, diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions. But Sempronius comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me.
[*Ex. Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aſide.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms.
This ſun, perhaps, this morning's ſun, 's the laſt
That e'er ſhall riſe on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman ſenate,
The leavings of Pharſalia, to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to Cæſar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majeſty of Rome
Can raiſe her ſenate more than Cato's preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make e'en Cæſar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father.
Would but thy ſiſter Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bleſt indeed!

Por.

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merits sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh the events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire,
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready.
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Sy. Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius! all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive,
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern [art.
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Sy. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba:
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods,
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought; till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.
[*Exit.*

Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world!
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Amidst

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Sy. Gods! where 's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand!
Or guides in troops th' embattl'd elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Jub. These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Sy. Patience, kind Heavens! excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us.
Jub. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There mayst thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practices these boasted virtues:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throws the weight upon him! [soul;
Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Sy. O that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?
Sy. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Sy. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brim-full of tears); then sighing, cried,
Pry'thee be careful of my son!——His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Sy. Alas, my prince! I'd guide you to your safety. [how.
Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me
Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Sy. And therefore died.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Sy. Rather say, your love. [temper.
Jub. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy.

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easier to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it; or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks,
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon for-
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North. [get.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features or complexion.
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
True, she is fair—O how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.
[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence [arms,
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorous cause of virtue,
The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
O lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit Juba.*

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe;
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms.

Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both beheld thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither,
And yet for both.—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem:
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd; O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 't were Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius! thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves,

And

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm: his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Luc. Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.
Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times and kinder moments.
Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe;
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.
Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows;
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Senate.* *Lucius, Sempronius, and Senators.*

Sem. ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark, he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly; while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted

(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe. Our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whiſpers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius,
[*Aſide to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us.
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not diſtruſt the gods:
But wait at leaſt till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No: let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty:
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd in my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

Cato. By your permiſſion, fathers——bid him enter. [*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend; but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæſar ſends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

Dec. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he ſave Cato, bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Diſdains a life which he has pow'r to offer.

Dec. Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and denied his triumphs
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

Cato. Thoſe very reaſons thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it.
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours;
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar,
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I muſt not think on life on ſuch conditions.

Dec. Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom——

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A ſtile like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a ſtyle like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Conſider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

Cato. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Did'ſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black

With

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By Heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into such a rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel.—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time gives better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou 'lt shun misfortunes, or thou 'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value:
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba.
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince, make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Jub. O, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?
Jub. I fear to name it:
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What wouldst thou say?
Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.
[*Exit.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone.
Sy. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Sy. And so will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
Sy. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!
Jub. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?
Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.
Sy. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.
Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might still be yours.
Jub. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By Heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
Sy. Marcia might still be yours.
Jub. As how, dear Syphax?
Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?
Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Jub. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Sy. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape:
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.
Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Sy. Go, go; you're young.
Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Sy.

Sy. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!
[*Aside.*
Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions!
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this: to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?
Jub. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you talk.
Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty.
Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.
Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
Sy. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor;
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?
Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with.
Sy. By Heavens,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince.
Jub. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.
Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I shan't support it.
Jub. Syphax, farewel. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*
Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate! [fer'd
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were of-
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.
Sy. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at his feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Sy. But, what's this messenger?
Sem I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.

But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
Sy. Yes——but it is to Cato:
I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again:
Lard safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Sy. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend:
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.
Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?
Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.
Por. Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——
Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.
Por. What should I do! if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*
Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
Por. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Por. O Lucia! language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for [love
To make such ravage in a noble soul?
O Lucia! I'm distrest; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.
Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock [Portius,
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats about us——
Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said? I'm thunder-struck—recal
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me if I break it!
Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my severest part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But, O! I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Luc. O stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But, O! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Thro' all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.
Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.
Por. Name not the word: my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other: thou art all divine.
Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewel, my Portius:
Farewel, tho' death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel— O, how shall I repeat the word, for ever! [flame

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits, And falls again, as loth to quit its hold. [thee, —Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er And can't let loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shakes To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met The common accidents of life; but here Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me, It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it. We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part! Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made? Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us? —But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way; I sicken at the sight. Once more farewel, Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine! [*Exit Lucia.*

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doom'd To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts Tell me my fate. I ask not the success My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart, My aching heart, and triumph in my pains? That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs; Lucia, though sworn never to think of love, Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me! What is compassion, when 'tis void of love? Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains! Pr'ythee, what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me! To one that asks the warm return of love, Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O Portius, O, forgive me! A soul exasperate in ills falls out With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, ha! What means that shout, big with the sounds of war? What new alarms?

Por. A second, louder yet, Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. O, for some glorious cause to fall in battle! Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high: Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up In its full fury, and direct it right, Till it has spent itself on Cato's head. Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem One of the number, that whate'er arrive, My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*

1st Leader. We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend. Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato. But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him; Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast. This day will end our toils, and give us rest: Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war That greatly turn their backs upon the foe, And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour Your past exploits, and sully all your wars? Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome, Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour, Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces? Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners. Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage, And all the fiery monsters of the desert, To see this day? Why could not Cato fall Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men, Behold my bosom naked to your swords, And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow. Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd, Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato? Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils, Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares? Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop! Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste, Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand, Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison? Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path, When life was hazarded in ev'ry step? Or, fainting in the long laborious march, When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream

You

You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow,
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:
First let 'em each be broken on the rack;
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.
Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?
Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*
1*st Leader.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Sem. Villain, stand off! base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2*d Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.
Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.
1*st Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this——
Sem. Dispatch 'em quick; but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Sy. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Sy. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admisison? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Sy. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seis'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ill than Lucia suffers?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
But which of these has pow'r to charm like Portius?
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero [ness;
Adds softest love and more than female sweet-
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guard—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.
Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.
Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[*They fight. Sem. falls; his Guards surrender.*]
Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*
Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.
Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills;
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.
Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I shall forget my own.
Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart? [charms!
Mar. O, he was all made up of love and
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight

Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Jub. I shall run mad!—— [*Aside.*
Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
Jub. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?
Mar. Why do I think on what he was? he's dead! [him.
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Jub. Where am I? do I live! for am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
[*Aside.*
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus——
Jub. See, Marcia, see
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke thro' all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Jub. I am lost in extacy: and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.
Jub. O fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. O, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*
Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
[*Exit.*

A March at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius, [triots,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of pa-
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness——
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?
Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch:
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see [*Exit Por.*
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Jub. I'm a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a Roman soul
Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young prince!
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Jub. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joys. I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass? [him
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfied!
Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax,
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep asunder! [ence;
Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patiSee where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the Corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse and count those glorious wounds
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears;
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Jub. Behold, that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's;
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands? Our great forefathers [try.
Had left him nought to conquer but his coun-
Jub. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.
Cato. Cæsar asham'd! has he not seen Pharsalia?
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.
But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul—How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.
Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
And, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?
Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field, [hands,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.

A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
This longing after immortality? [sire,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being, [pass?
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th'unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heaven: Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But ah! how's this, my son? Why this intru-
sion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. O, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up,
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

Por. O Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
O, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my con-
duct;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

He

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
[*Exit.*

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd [bless'd.
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought. [sorrow?

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun [mets,
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd hel-
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father,
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan? O, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul, [groan—
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second
Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—

Luc. O, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him, [ing,
Demands to see his friends. His servants, weep-
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heaven! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father. [*Jub.* These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato brought in on a Chair.

Cato. Here set me down— [bark'd?
Portius, come near me—Are my friends em-
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
O, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia,
A senator of Rome, while Rome survir'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs, that search
The heart of man and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
The best may err, but you are good, and—O!
[*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

§ 48. *The Happiness of a free Government.* S. Johnson.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements of peace.

§ 49. *The killing of a Boar.* Otway.

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 50. *Description of a populous City.* Young.

——This ancient city, [smiles!
How wanton sits she amidst nature's
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight;
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
——Various nations meet
As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 51. *Rural Courtship.* Dryden.

——He preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love.
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 52. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* Thomson.

——Next night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.
Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before; when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 53. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* Rowe.

——So the Eagle, [Jove,
That bears the thunder of our grandsire
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now, like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 54. *The true End of Education.* Rowe.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul, [sions,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery pas-

To

To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once,
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the gods are just.

---

§ 55. *Filial Piety.* Mallet.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night:
- - - - - - - - - -
But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as were I a father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son,
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

---

§ 56. *The same.* Thomson.

Have I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue! Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be! —thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial pity! and firm my breast:
Yes! let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

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§ 57. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* Rowe.

With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

---

§ 58. *Despair never to be indulged.* Philips.

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

§ 59. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* Thomson.

—He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe; [it,
No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

---

§ 60. *Description of a Hag.* Otway.

In a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

---

§ 61. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* Rowe.

—To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th'avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness.
And find the height of all their heaven is good-

---

§ 62. *Honour superior to Justice.*

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

---

§ 63. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* Mallet.

Let truth and virtue be their earliest teachers;
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who spread in every court their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct them,
Superior rank demands superior worth; [them,
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering dust;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd

By

By the same cold, torn by the same disease, [gar-
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beg-

§ 64. *True End of Royalty.* Mallet.

—O witness, Heaven!
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores,
That if not to perform my regal task;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more, if not to build the public weal
On that firm base, which can alone resist
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 65. *The real Duty of a King.* Rowe.

—'Tis true, I am a king:
Honour and glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

§ 66. *Character of a good King.* Thomson.

—Yes, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred!
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children,
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad: [ed
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn reject-
Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness,
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts and labours;
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 67. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* Mallet.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And show'rs profusely pow'r and splendour on them, [they,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 68. *The true End of Life.* Thomson.

Who, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 69. *The same.* S. Johnson.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 70. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* Lee.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gantlets.
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The flames which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death.
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast descried
His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus,
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt, and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm and all, into his throat:
Then with Herculean force tore forth by the roots
The foaming, bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier [pieces.
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to

§ 71. *Character of an excellent Man.* Rowe.

—How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!

How

How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man, in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 72. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* Thomson.

I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our honours?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 73. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* Thomson.

——If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 74. *A Description of the Morning.* Otway.

Wish'd morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 75. *Another.* Lee.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from the ear his dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

§ 76. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.* Lee.

Thus, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail:
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 77. *The same.* Rowe.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow:
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 78. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* Rowe.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue.
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 79. *The Love of our Country the greatest of Virtues.* Thomson.

His only blot was this: that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country:
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him
Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed:
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason and her course controul;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulph with horror fly,
On whose wide wave, by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.

Then

Then be this truth the star by which we steer:
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 80. *The same.* W. Whitehead.

Learn hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 81. *In what Philosophy really consists.* Thomson.

—Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten;
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 82. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* Thomson.

—What with admiration [ble virgin,
Struck every heart, was this:—A no-
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and
blush'd, [eye,
Young, fresh and blooming like the morn. An
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through
them;
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on pur-
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind [pose
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and
then
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. E'en their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the dang'rous sight, and chiding
His officers, if by this gift they meant [ask'd
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn?
- - - - - - - - - -
She question'd of her birth, in trembling ac-
cents,
With tears, and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive-parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Ro-
Felt all the great divinity of virtue. [man
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
pow'r
Restrain'd by kind humanity—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he
meant; [lay
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief;
Anxiety, and love, in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions: when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The
"right of war
"Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r;
"With whom I could in the most sacred ties
"Live out a happy life: but know that Ro-
mans
"Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
"Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
"Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
"I ask but this:—when you behold these eyes,
"These charms, with transport, be a friend to
"Rome."

§ 83. *The Blessings of Peace.* Thomson.

—O beauteous peace!
Sweet union of a state! what else but
thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy
ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each
vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 84. *Providence.* Thomson.

—There is a pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,

Thou must have learnt when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

§ 85. *Prudence.* Thomson.

—Let us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep, [clear,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 86. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* Dryden.

Guiom. As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gathered all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.
Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guiom. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 87. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* Rowe.

What tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants: [more
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me
Than e'er a king did when he made a lord.

§ 88. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.* Congreve.

—'Tis dreadful! [pile
How rev'rend is the face of this tall
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable!
Looking tranquillity; it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.

§ 89. *Description of a Triumph.* Lee.

—He comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with stars.
Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile; [ers,
And climbing boys stood on their fathers' shoulAnswering their shouting sires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 90. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.* Hill.

Th' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens, [him,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in by cares, and shook by storms of treason.

§ 91. *Virtue its own Reward.* Rowe.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 92. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent and Brave.* Rowe.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN POETRY.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS.

CONSISTING OF

ODES, Sonnets, Classical Songs, Ancient and Modern Ballads, Comic Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, various amusing little Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues.

§ 1. L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell, [wings,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Tow'rs and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And by the friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend:
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

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§ 2. IL PENSEROSO. Milton.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,

And

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song,
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will sit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may out-watch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage

But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till silver-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a show'r still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings an airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heaven doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

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§ 3. LYCIDAS. Milton.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhime.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Tow'rd heaven's descent had slop'd his west'ring wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtis lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change! now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays,
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weaning herds that graze;
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream! [done?
Had ye been there—for what could that have
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil,
Set off to th' world; nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes.
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippodates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire! went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain.

Enow

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold [least
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What wrecks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye vallies low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid' lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead; [more,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, [ore
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorio lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

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§ 4. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.* Milton.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

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§ 5. *Meditation and Beauty.* Milton.

Musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

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§ 6. *Chastity.* Milton.

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do you believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian' her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, [stone,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

§ 7. *Philosophy.* Milton.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns!

§ 8. *True Liberty.* Milton.

——True Liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free.

§ 9. *Prowess of Body and Mind.* Milton.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men, long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

§ 10. *On Shakespeare.* Milton.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 11. *Song: on May Morning.* Milton.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 12. *Virtue and Evil.* Milton.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd:
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change

Self

Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

§ 13. *Patience.* Milton.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com- [plaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 14. *Sonnet: on his deceased Wife.* Milton.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave, [faint.
Rescued from death by force, tho' pal- and
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
Purification in the old law did save, [taint
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd, [night.
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my

§ 15. *Spirits.* Milton.

—Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 16. *Pain.* Milton.

—What avails
Valour or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 17. *Hypocrisy.* Milton.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, thro' heaven and earth:
And oft tho' Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to simplicity [till
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems.

§ 18. *The Lady reproving Comus.* Milton.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity, [know
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, [thize,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympa-
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

§ 19. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* Milton.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 20. *Echo: A Song.* Milton.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

§ 21. *Adonis's Garden.*

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie..
- - - - - - - - - -
Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie bowrs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop;
But, like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight!

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could thro' them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

§ 22. *Affections.*

How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!
The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks;
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.
Then 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon, through suffrance, growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry bend
'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'squire have laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus decay;
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and decay.

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§ 23. *Ambition.*

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great uprore preassed, to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enchaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
Thro' the dim shade, that all men there might see:
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art; and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold-chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preasse did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine thereby.

To

To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie,
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor laws of men, that common weals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine,
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

§ 24. *Anguish.*

What equal torment to the griefe of minde,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
What medicine can any leache's art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart.

§ 25. *Arbour.*

And over him, art striveing to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dissprede,
Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Thro' which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colours shew.

§ 26. *Avarice.*

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wronge ylike in equall ballance waide.

At last he came into a gloomie glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been sear'd
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like claws appear'd.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring gloss, darkened with filthy dust,
Well it appear'd to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turn'd up-side down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange and rare.

§ 27. *Bashfulness.*

The whiles, the fairie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a plight:
Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,
And her became as polish'd ivorie,
Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discrue) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,

That

That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth case:
Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself is shee.

Another.

And next to her sate goodly Shame-fac'dness;
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her dress,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheek made roses oft appeare.

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§ 28. *Beauty.*

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
By envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately thro' her brightness blind,
Or thro' allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.
Eftsoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Thro' goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their sight:
In them the blinded God his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's love-bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
So also did the great Cetean knight,
For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight:
And so did warlike Anthony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wond'rous pow'r has women's fair aspect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

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§ 29. *Boar.*

And then two boars with rankling malice met,
Their goary sides, fresh bleeding, fiercely fret,
Till breathless both, themselves aside retire,
Where foaming wroth their cruel tusks they whet,
And trample th' earth the while they may respire:
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

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§ 30. *Bower of Bliss.*

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate;
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious yvory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit:
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First thro' the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent:
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermill-like the boyes blood therein
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled.
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all

Which

Which thither came; but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblaunce which he makes us see,
He of this garden had the governall,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spatious plaine on ev'ry side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempred and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repaire,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
Or Eden, if that anght with Eden mote compare.

Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare devise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine laughing, sweetly red,
Some like fair emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happiness envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the crystall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which wrought it all appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striveing each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running, one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
A trayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Lowe his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

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§ 31. *Bower of Proteus.*

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which do rave
The roring billoes in their proud disdaine;

That

That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, [keen,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine
Had long while laboured it to engrave: [seen,
There was his wonne, ne living wight was
Save an old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it clean.

§ 32. *Bull.*

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once begore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
That in chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder.

§ 33. *Calumny.*

It is a monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroy'd.
Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
Ill sore doth wound, and bite and cruelly torment.

§ 34. *Cannon.*

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor hear, at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt his stroke.

§ 35. *Charity.*

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold, [fair,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 36. *Concord.*

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fait friendship breedes; [does increase,
Weake she makes strong, and strong things
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Brave be her warres, as honourable deedes,
By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.

§ 37. *Contemplation.*

There they doe find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd, his carcasse long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body lowe and chaste.

§ 38. *Cupid.*

Like a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoils and bloudie prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

First, she him sought in court where most he used
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And ev'ry one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired;
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired,
And false venim thorough their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which late
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hired;
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads thro' heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list:
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts behold).
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth could draw, ne no man remedy.

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did survey his goodly company:
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho' binding him againe, his way he forth did take.

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§ 39. *Danger.*

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of a beares skyn, that him more dreadful made:
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need.
Strange horror, to deform his grisely shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was: this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dredful to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spatious stride;
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forstall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty heroes, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternness of his look abide;
But soon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

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§ 40. *Day-break.*

By this, the northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill;
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

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§ 41. *Death.*

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,

Such

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's scull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

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§ 42. *Defamation.*

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wralling still did cry;
And some of bears, that grovnd continually;
And some of tygers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gére
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things,
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

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§ 43. *Desire.*

And him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swaine;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet sate awry;
Twixt both his hands flew sparkes he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

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§ 44. *Detraction.*

The other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree;
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceaved,
Did spread abroad, and throw in the open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was men's good names to have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to till the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companys frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hagg, and Envy's self excelling
In mischiefe: for, her self she only vext:
But this same, both herself and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw among the good, when others had disprad.

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§ 45. *Discord.*

Firebrand of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out-thrown,
Into this world, to work confusion,
And sett it all on fire (by force unknown),
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkles once blowne,
None but a god, or godlike man, can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

§ 46. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss,
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same way may out-win;
Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which, the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
To her for bread, and yield a living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Thro' mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed,
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways entended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended,
And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchless eares deformed and distort,
Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th' one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The one did make, the other marr'd againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that concord wrought.

So much her mallice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty self she did maligne
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

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§ 47. *Dolphin.*

As when a dolphin and a sele are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadful battaile 'twixt them to darraine:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with some above the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

§ 48. *Doubt.*

NEXT after him went Doubt, yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
That at his back a brode cappucio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese wise:
He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did advise,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay,

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and the other backward bent;
Therein resembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whoes cause did not appeare.

§ 49. *Dungeon.*

DEEP in the bottom of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers, which would have her reft.
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the clift in pieces would have cleft:
Besides, ten thousand monsters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping grisely, all begor'd.

§ 50. *Eagle.*

LIKE to an eagle in his kingly pride
Soaring through his wide empire,
To weather his broad sayles; by chance hath spide
A goshaulk, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare:
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from high,
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie plaine,
A second fall redoubling back againe.

§ 51. *Ease.*

PROCEEDING to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand
In signe of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he began bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away:
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease on his robe in golden letters ciphered.

§ 52. *Envy.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous toad,
That all the poyson ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He doth back-bite, and spightful poyson spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes, did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foul haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew, [read;
And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue:
And as she spake, therewith she slaver'd;
Yet spake she seldome, but thought more the less she said.

Her hands were foule and dirty, never washt
In all her life, with long nailes over-raught,
Like puttocks claws, with the one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched nought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungerly,
As that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudy gore and poison dropping lothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whoes nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen praise worthily:
Whoes sight to her is greatest cross may fall,

And

And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other things to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural, [meat;
And of her own foul entrailes makes her
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diat.

And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid, [teare
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and
Her flesh for felness, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

§ 53. *Error.*

This is a wandring wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate.
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filty, foul, and full of vile disdaine.

As she lay upon the dirtie grownd,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

§ 54. *Excess.*

But young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd herself to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhood.
In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoes sappy liquor with that fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so faire wine-press made the wine more sweet;
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 55. *Faith.*

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal face, [sight,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's
And round her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

§ 56. *Falcon.*

As a falcon faire
That once has failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune does herself prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood dismaid with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which she first, whoes force her first doth bring,
Her self quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to grownd like sensless thing;
But th' other not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

§ 57. *Fancy.*

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing eyes
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that imp of Troy,
Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,

Or the same dainty lad that was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphes eke Hylas cride.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare:
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

§ 58. *Fear.*

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;
And his own armes when glitt'ring he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

§ 59. *Ship.*

As when a ship that flies fair under saile,
And hidden rock escaped hath unawares,
That lay in wait her wrack to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At peril past, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over sight.

Another.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whome raging winds, threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her self doth save.

§ 60. *Feeling.*

But the fift troupe most horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,
And some like ugly urchins, thick and short;
They cruelly assailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasure, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwark they continued fight.

§ 61. *Fire.*

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been underkept and down suppresst,
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that earst it hinder and molest, [heat.
It now devours with flames and scorching
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

§ 62. *First Age.*

The antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then man's happy case;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-swoln encrease,
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed [need.
The measure of her meane, and natural first

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to inspire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

§ 63. *Flood.*

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth his swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitfal plaine,
That all the country seems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne,
The woful husbandman doth loud complaine
To see his whole yeares labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle boon.

§ 64. *Fury.*

But Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull looks and dreadfull drery head,
For fro n her back her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deere in chace embosst,
Forgetful of his safety hath his right way lost

§ 65. *Giant.*

——————His monstrous enemy.
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant horrible and hie,

That

That with his talness seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

§ 66. *Gluttony.*

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyene:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy girlond had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
On which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be a councel to a king,
Whoes minde in meat and drink was drowned so;
Full of disease was his carcasse blue,
And a dry dropsy thro' his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 67. *Greediness.*

That is the Gulfe of Greediness, they say,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey:
Which having swallowed up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluitie,
That all the seas for fear doe seem away to fly.

§ 68. *Grief.*

Next him went Grief and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet inly being more than seemly sad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

§ 69. *Griffon.*

As when a griffon seized on his prey,
A dragon fierce encountreth in his flight:
Thro' wildest ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away;
With hedious horrour, both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray.
The wise southsayer seeing so sad a sight,
The amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

§ 70. *Grove.*

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spatious plaine,
And in the midst a little river plaid [plaine
Emongst the pumy stones which seem'd to
With gentle murmur that his course they did restraine.

Enforc't to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not farre away they spide,
That promis't ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whoes lofty trees yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre: [entred are.
Faire harboure, that them seemes; so in they

§ 71. *Harmony.*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote be:
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
The angel call soft treambling voyces made
To the instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind lowe answering to all.

§ 72. *Hearing.*

The second bulwarke was the hearing sense,
'Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some having heads like harts; some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late rous'd out of the breakes,

Slandrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,
All those against that fort did build their batteries.

§ 73. *Hermitage.*

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,
Farre from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and even tide:
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be seene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtisies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 74. *Hippolitus.*

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charot chase the foaming boar,
He all his peers in beauty did surpass,
But lady's love, as loss of time, forbore;
His wanton step-dame loved him the more.
But when she saw her offer'd sweet refused,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accused,
And with her jealous terms his open eares abused.

Who all in rage his sea-god sire besought
Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast;
From surging gulph two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast
Both charot swift and huntsman overcast;
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattred on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

§ 75. *Honour.*

Whoso in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does wast his daies in darke obscurity
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abounds, it's easie to doe amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss.
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

§ 76. *Hope.*

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samile she was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always smil'd, and in her hande did hold
An holy water sprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which she sprinkled favours manyfold,
On whome she list, and did great liking shewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngest sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well,
Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

§ 77. *Hydra.*

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine,
That great Alcides whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater numbers grew.

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long foster'd in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.

§ 78. *Hypocrite.*

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And

And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went, [pent.
And often knockt his breast, as one that did re-

§ 79. *Idleness.*

Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of nevotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise
For every work he challenged effoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise:
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 80. *Ignorance.*

At last, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him failed long ago;
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unused, rust did over-growe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore:
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 81. *Inconstancy.*

For those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them shonne; [wight
For they have oft drawn many a wandring
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparelled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 82. *Incontinence.*

The wanton lady with her lover rose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin, [be:
But rather shewd more white, if more might
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th'air more lightly flee.

§ 83. *Lechery.*

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness,
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secrett lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

§ 84. *Life.*

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

§ 85. *Lion.*

LIKE as a lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunter's toil, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him sore.

Another.

Like as a lion, whoes imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T'avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

§ 86. *Love.*

O SACRED fire that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That ever mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might;
And stirredst up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whoes idle thoughts alway,
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call.

§ 87. *Madness.*

WITH hundred iron chains he did him bind,
An hundred knotts that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloudy strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 88. *Mastiff.*

LIKE as a mastiffe, having at a bay
A salvage bull, whoes cruel hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whilst the beast doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 89. *Mediocrity.*

OF second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seen, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthful years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In braided trammells, that no looser hares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Betwixt them both the fair Medina sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall measure she doth moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward pair she ever would asswage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herself in heed.

§ 90. *Mercy.*

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the pressance of that gratious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flowre delice.

And over all her cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide unfold;
Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames, [glittering gleames.
'Mongst which crept the little angels thro' the

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimbless bold,
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whoes long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde, [maide.
She could it sternly draw, that all the world dis-

And round about before her feet there sate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis: those they say
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay, [stay.
They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend;
Those did upon Marcillæ's throne attend:
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And sacred Reverance, yborne of heavenly strene.

Some clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This will I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spoils the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth for doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save, than spill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 91. *Minerva.*

Like as Minerva, being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosetrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his spear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

§ 92. *Morning.*

At last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light.
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away did fly

Another.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,

Had

Had spred her purple robe thro' deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royal virgin shook her drowsy head.

Another.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his deawy heare:
And hurles his glistering beams thro' gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery streakes with purple beames
Disperse the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with springing light:
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 93. *Mountain.*

IT was an hill plac'd in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in the lowly branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring haulke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did sofily tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
There to approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faeries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spatious plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight [faine,
Either to dance, when they to dance would
Or else to course about their bases light:
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to overlook the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

§ 94. *Mutability.*

SUCH is the weakness of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings;
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Cæsars and of kings.
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

§ 95. *Night.*

WHERE griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearfull face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth comeing from her darksome mew
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the door her iron charot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their nasty bits did champ, as they were wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Doth light the world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearied rove,
Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
Which was begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Coeytus slowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doest lead in horrour hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drowne his baser mind.
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep,
Calls thee his goddess, in his errour blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid chearing every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling tears,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the warie spirite thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent:
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear being shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, doe hate the light to see.

For

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed;
The prayses of high God he fair displayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed,
Days blessed children be the blessed seed,
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

§ 96. *Occasion.*

And him behind, a wicked hagg did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold, [old.
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles

And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne evil means she did forbeare, [tion reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indigna-

§ 97. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread,
Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver over-cast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly, [deep,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft, [sound
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but carelesse quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 98. *Tyger.*

As when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoyle,
On which they ween their famin to asswage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell 'twixt themselves do make.
Whiles neither lets the other touch the spoyle,
But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and lyoness
Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness:
But first the tyger clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond
To which the lyon strongly gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in hond:
And therefore ought it have, where ever she it found.

§ 99. *Winds.*

——Like as a boist'rous wind, [been hid,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and sky doth overcast.

§ 100. *Sun.*

As when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright

§ 101. *Phaeton.*

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest childe,
That did presume his father's fierie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine,
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While

While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the skyen [shine.
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 102. *Sight.*

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like owls, with beakes uncomely bent,
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bowe and arrowes beare.
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the fight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

§ 103. *Slander.*

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell:
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For shee was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe:
Whome she with leesings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly back-bite: her name men Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;
With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame,
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done so well alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T'express the meaning of the inward minde:
But noisome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde;
Which passing thro' the eares, would pierce the heart,
And wound the soul it self with grief unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
Her sprightful words did prick and wound the inner part.

§ 104. *Storm.*

Her cryde, as rageing seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the rugged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulph does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

Another.

Like to a storm that hovers under skie [flie,
Long here and there, and round about doth
At length breaks down in raine, and haile, and sleet, [dry:
First from one coast, till nought thereof be
And then another, till that likewise fleet: [weet.
And so from side to side, till all the world be

§ 105. *Superstition.*

Where that old woman day and night did
Upon her beades devoutly penitent; [pray
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont to say,
And to augment her paineful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he stroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
There forth issued from under the altar smoake
A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,
That strecht itself, as it had long lain still;
That her long taile and feathers strongly shook,
That all the temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh filled all the place,

And

And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kind:
For of a maide she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greediness;
A lyon's clawes with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppress;
And dragon's taile, whoes sting without redress
Full deadly wounds, when so it is empight;
An eagle's wings for scope, and speediness,
That nothing might escape her ravening might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulness and deformitie
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herself for very heart's despight,
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one, which came into her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a fool.

§ 106. *Suspicion.*

But he was foule, ill-favour'd, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking still asconnce;
And ever as dissemblance laught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walkt each way for fear of hid mischance,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Thro' which he still did peep as forward he did pass.

§ 107. *Venus.*

Right in the midst the goddesse self did stand,
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was unneath to understand:
For neither precious stones, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and precious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chrystall glass;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likest glass did seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore;
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with slender veile afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whoes head and taile were fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she had both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She sire and mother is herself alone; [none,
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other
And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay
Great sorts of lovers pitiously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cause of good or ill.

§ 108. *Temple of Venus.*

The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whose height all Ephesus did over-see,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,
One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Jurie framed,
With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
Nor all that else thro' all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be claimed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open stood,
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant show'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Danish hood,
Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;

Yet

Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Than th' elder, and him mastred still in all debate.

Nath'less that dame so well them tempred both
That she them forced hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face away as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might, [stand,
That her commandment he could not with-
But bit his lips for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tusks at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did shew: [lends,
For strength, and wealth, and happiness, she lends,
And strife, and war, and anger, does subdue:
Of little, much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankencense I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame;
Upon an hundred marble pillers round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
A thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers as fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which roul'd in clondes, to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzells, in soft linnen dight.

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§ 109. *Wrath.*

After that varlet's fight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide
One in bright arms embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and foamed ire,
When with the maist'ring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast!

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life,
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

SPENSER's FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 110. *Duessa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Description of Night.*

As when a weary traveller, that strays [Nile,
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmless guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

So wept Duessa until even tide, [light:
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were
Then

Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slumb'ring swoon nigh void of vital spright,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight
To wail his woful case, she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way,
Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue:
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new:
And cole-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

\- - - - - - - - -

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unusual sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shricks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

\- - - - - - - - -

———On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

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§ 111. *Description of Lucifera's Palace.*

A stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them display'd;
That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:
High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

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§ 112. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

Suddain upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glittering light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden wide.

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§ 113. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habiliments of War.*

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little blast that under heaven is blown.

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§ 114. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chase, and preparing to bathe.*

Shortly unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereat she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embreeded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders long undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,

Well,

Well, as she might, and then the goddess rose:
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 115. *Description of a Garden.*

Eftsoons they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony; [agree.
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 116. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

There is continual spring and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 117. *Devastation which Time makes in this Garden.*

Great enemy to it and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 118. *Description of Jupiter.*

So having said he ceas'd, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to check
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.
- - - - - - - - - -

——With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 119. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

At length they came into a larger space
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Thro' which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign;
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie, [eye.
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living

And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 120. *Description of Despair, and her Speech.*

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baneful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And, all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcasses were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen, [near:
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: thro' which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold;
And to the villain said: Thou damned wight!
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man! that grieves at neighbour's good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
And he that 'points the centinel in his room,
Doth licence him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by distiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Thro' strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dared warlike deed
More luckless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call:
And tho' good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy face with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

Is not he just that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?

Is not his law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run? Death is the end of woes. Die soon, O Fairy's son.

The knight was much enmoved with this speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail:
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain,
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it in his hand; his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspin green,
And troubled blood thro' his pale face was seen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been:
At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said: Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight!
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art? Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the earl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet natheless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

FAIRFAX's TASSO.

§ 121. *Description of the Vision conjured up by Alecto.*

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately spoil'd;
The left-hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defil'd,
Yet spake, tho' dead; with those sad words the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd—
Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
Whose guide a traitor, captains murd'rers are.

§ 122. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enraged at Rinaldo's hewing down the Myrtle to dissolve the Charm.*

He* lift his brand; nor ear'd, tho' oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giantess before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cried, and fought:
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls to death nigh brought; [hell,
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong: the whirlwinds blow:
The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look;

* Rinaldo.

But

But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down
Nor of that fury heed or care he took, [bended:
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 123. *Description of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

With party-colour'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew, [shrill;
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and
Here Leden was like human language true;
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill, [knew:
That strange it seem'd how much good she
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;
Nor seems the same that decked bed and
Of many a lady late and paramour. [bow'r

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast!
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou mayst,
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke;
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew:
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd, the land, the sea, and heaven above, [love.
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out

GLOVER's LEONIDAS.

§ 124. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

——He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with
The gods allow to many! but to die [fame
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 125. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

Return to Xerxes; tell him, on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 126. *Pathetic Farewel of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I see, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.

Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;
Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame; for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who inclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

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§ 127. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

Amid the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And thro' the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd; nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse!
Mæonides, whose strains thro' ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes, generous and good;
And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness, oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Not yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort; but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

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§ 128. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian Camp.*

In sable pomp, with all her starry train,
The night resum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Her long protracted labours Greece forgets,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat,
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breast the wind
The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear:
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud: What feet are those,
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.
He said: and thus return'd a voice unknown:
Not

Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.
The Spartan answers: Thro' the midnight shade [broad?
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps a-
To whom the stranger: We are friends to Greece,
And to the presence of the Spartan king
Admission we implore. The cautious chief
Of Lacedæmon hesitates again:
When thus, with accents musically sweet,
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd:
O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd! whom grief alone hath led
In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
In servile garb attir'd; but near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood;
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms
Of love's soft queen; but such as far excell'd
Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind which wisdom rul'd,
And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine;
Yet could not sooth remorseless fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane:
Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great Leonidas to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.
He spake; and gently to the lofty tent
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad
His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd:
Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the god-like man.
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
Benevolent and hospitable thus:
Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread:
Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke:
If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched, may deserve
Commiseration from the good, behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
He fought, he fell! A passion long conceal'd
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
——Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,
From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.
Fix'd on the weeping queen with stedfast eyes,
Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd:
Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence!—then inclin'd
His head, and sigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge
His friend, the gentle Agis, thro' the straits
The Persian princess to attend and aid.
With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.
The Greeks remember'd, where by fate re-press'd
His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down;
And from beneath a mass of Persian slain
Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.
To Agis high pavilion they resort.
Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Thy soul involv'd! what horror clasp'd thy heart!
But love grew mightiest; and her beauteous limbs
On the cold breast of Teribazus, threw
The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,
When forth in groans her lamentations broke:
O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her who now in agony unfolds
Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing anguish? Does that heart,
Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,

Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs?
——O bitter unsurmountable distress!
Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to listen with enchanted ears
To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!
She could no more: invincible despair
Suppress'd her utt'rance. As a marble form
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe;
So pass'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,
Drew forth a poniard, with her garment veil'd,
And, sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

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§ 129. *The History of Porsenna, King of Russia.* H. L. Bowles.

In Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Enlarged their trade, the liberal arts improv'd,
Made nations happy and himself belov'd;
To all the neighbouring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings who vainly seek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise;
And if one bloodless sun should steal away,
Cry out with Titus they have lost a day.
Who to be more than men, themselves debase
Beneath the brute, their maker's form deface,
Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;
On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.
Far different praise, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porsenna claim;
For by that name the Russian king was known,
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd a throne:
In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
And sought the thickest dangers of the field;
A bold commander, but the storm o'erflown,
He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again restor'd,
Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.
All needless pomp, and outward grandeur spar'd,
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard.
No private views beneath a borrow'd name,
His and the public interest were the same.
In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative.
Porsenna there without a rival stood,
And would maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his person less attraction wear,
Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;
Heaven with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A proper mansion for so fair a mind;
Each look, each action, bore peculiar grace,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
And lost to glory loiter'd life away;
But active rising ere the prime of day,
Thro' woods and lonely deserts lov'd to stray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouze the tawny lion from his laire;
To rid the forest of the savage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.
One day, as he pursu'd the dangerous sport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the forest fled.
The ardent prince impetuous as the wind
Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind;
Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day
Now wasted, nor how intricate the way;
Nor till the night in dusky clouds came on,
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
Missing his train, he strove to measure back
The road he came, but could not find the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
The bugle-horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;
In vain, no voice but echo from the ground,
And vocal woods made mock'ry of the sound.
And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade,
And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
Silence awhile ensued,—then by degrees
A hollow wind came muttering thro' the trees.
Sudden the full fraught sky discharg'd its store
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled shower;
The active lightning ran along the ground,
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide forests trembled at the sound.
Amazement seiz'd the prince, where could he fly,
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh?
Pensive and unresolv'd awhile he stood,
Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
But drove from hence, soon sallied forth again
As chance directed on the dreary plain;
Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
Thro' many a loathsome bog, and thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;

Nor

Nor wine to chear his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return;
Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
He bade it pass, not worth his farther care;
When suddenly he spied a distant light,
That faintly twinkled thro' the gloom of night,
And his heart leapt for joy, and bless'd the welcome sight.
Ofttimes he doubted, it appear'd so far,
And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the sky;
But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye;
Till much fatigue, and many dangers past,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last. [knees,
There lighting from his horse, on hands and
Grop'd out the darksome road by slow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way,
The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play.
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light;
And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had still to meet;
Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him, to prevent surprise;
Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind;
Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
Or bravely perish as a monarch should.
While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood;
But more deform'd, than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd,
Like mouldy records seem'd, her eyes were blear'd;
Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook,
Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
From the dark nook outerept the filthy crone,
And propt upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.
The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,
And till Aurora should the shades expel,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
And as she spake a deadly horror ran [sook,
Thro all his frame; his cheeks the blood forChatter'd his teeth, his knees together shook:
Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude,
Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,
And without licence in our court appear,
Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.
But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought
More by thy fortune than thy own default;
Thy crime, tho' great, an easy pardon finds,
For mercy ever dwells in royal minds. [hand
And would you learn from whose indulgent
You live, and in whose awful presence stand;
Know farther, thro' yon wide extended plains,
Great Eolus, the king of tempests, reigns,
And in this lofty palace makes abode, [God.
Well suited to his state, and worthy of the
The various elements his empire own,
And pay their humble homage at his throne;
And hither all the storms and clo[illegible]resort,
Proud to increase the splendour of his court.
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of Winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!
She scarce had ended, when with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came rushing in amain,
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boisterous train;
And close behind them on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majesty the blust'ring God.
Their locks a thousand ways were blown about,
Their cheeks, like full-blown bladders, strutted out;
Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And when they kindly turn'd them to accost
The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their frost.
The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,
And at the close of every tale cried—good!
Blessing, with outstretch'd arms, each darling son,
In due proportion to the mischief done.
And where, says she, does little Zephyr stray?
Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day;
In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
Grant heaven no evil has befall'n my boy;
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.
Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern door
Came lightly tripping, in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When fir'd with love, he tries his utmost art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.
A satin vest his slender shape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flowers of every kind,
Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove
To win the little wanderer to her love.
Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.
Around his temples, with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his shoulders negligently spread,
A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.
Such his attire, but O! no pen can trace,
No words can shew the beauties of his face;
So kind! so winning! so divinely fair,

Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there;
There all the little loves and graces meet,
And every thing that's soft, and every thing that's sweet.
Thou vagrant, cried the dame, in angry tone,
Where could'st thou loiter thus, so long alone?
Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are labouring in a mother's breast;
Well do you shew your duty by your haste,
For though all my sons art always last:
A child less fondled would have fled more fast.
Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
Where best they love, the least and worst return.
My dear mama, the gentle youth reply'd,
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide;
Nor wound me with your words, for well you know
Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe.
How great must be his sorrow then to learn
That he himself's the cause of your concern!
Nor had I loiter'd thus, had I been free,
But the fair Princess of Felicity
Intreated me to make some short delay,
And ask'd by her, could I refuse to stay?
Surrounded by the damsels of her court,
She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort;
Fresh rose the grass, the flowers were mix'd between
Like rich embroidery on a ground of green;
And in the midst, protected by the shade,
A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;
While in its banks, the trembling leaves among
A thousand little birds in concert sung;
Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please,
Her head upon her snowy arm at ease
Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd;
Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.
Eager I flew to that delightful place,
And pour'd a shower of kisses on her face;
Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
Like bees o'er flowers, and tasted all their charms;
And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
And fann'd, and wanton'd round on every side.
O Zephyr! cried the fair, thou charming boy,
Thy presence only can create me joy;
To me thou art beyond expression dear,
Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
Excuse my weakness, madam, when I swear
Such gentle words, join'd with so soft an air,
Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know
How long I stay'd, or when, or where to go.
Meanwhile the damsels, debonair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
And warbled out so sweet 'twas heaven to hear;
And those in rings, beneath the green-wood shade,
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made;
Some, studious of themselves, employ'd their care
In weaving flowery wreaths to deck their hair;
While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd
Refreshing show'rs, and chear'd its drooping head:
A joy so general, spread thro' all the place,
Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,
The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.
Porsenna like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And wrapt in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard.
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
And dwelt on every word, and griev'd to find it o'er.
O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell
In what fair country does this princess dwell;
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast,
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?
To whom the winged god, with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answer'd kind: These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;
Their name—the Kingdom of Felicity.
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;
Tho' in the search all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain;
In different parties, different paths they tread,
As reason guides them, or as follies lead:
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
Debating those, if such a place there be;
But not the wisest or the best can say
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few, by Fortune favour'd, for her sport
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port;
In thought already seized the bless'd abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,
Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death;
Short-sighted Envy there maintains her post,
And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the coast:
These on the helpless crowd their fury pour,
Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore,
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn. [bear,
But say, young monarch; for what name you
Your mien, your dress, your person all declare,
And tho' I seldom fan the frozen north,
Yet have I heard of brave Porsenna's worth;
My brother Boreas thro' the world has flown,
Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown:
Say, would you choose to visit this retreat,
And view the world where all these wonders meet?
Wish you some friend o'er the tempestuous sea
To bear you safe? behold that friend in me.
My active wings shall all their force employ,
And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy;
As once, to gratify the god of love,
I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove;

Or

Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,
'Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.
There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share,
'Scap'd from the busy world, and all its care;
There in the lovely princess thou wilt find
A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.
All ecstacy, on air Porsenna trod,
And to his bosom strain'd the little god;
With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmest words, millions of thanks bestow'd.
When Eolus in surly humour broke
Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke:
Enough of compliment, I hate the sport
Of meanless words; this is no human court;
Where plain and honest are discarded quite,
For the more modish title of polite;
Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
And kindly kill with specious shew of love.
For us—my subjects are not us'd to wait,
And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate;
They must abroad before the rising sun,
And hie 'em to the seas: there's mischief to be done.
Excuse my plainness, sir, but business stands,
And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.
He ended frowning, and the noisy rout
Each to his several cell went passing out;
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,
To his own bower convey'd the royal guest;
There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
His limbs to needful rest the prince applied,
His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.

Book 2.

No sooner in her silver chariot rose
The ruddy Morn, than, sated with repose,
The prince address'd his host; the god awoke,
And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke:
This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,
Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey;
Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.
The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair [care,
That crowd the princess' court, demands my
E'en now with fears and jealousies o'erborn,
Upbraids and calls me cruel and forsworn;
What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
Serving at once my mistress and my friend!
Just to my love and to my duty too,
Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.
This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;
Then balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky,
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play,
There glide at ease along the liquid way;
Now lightly skim the plain with even flight,
Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.
Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate,
Sports with the sufferings of the good and great,
Spares not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer
Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;
That he, so tried in arms, whose very name
Infus'd a secret panic where it came;
Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spied the mountain less'ning to the view;
Nought round him but the wide expanded air,
Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care;
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.
The friendly god, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;
The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursu'd, what leagues they made.
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porsenna's ear,
That lost in joy, he had no time for fear.
From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,
O'er wide Germania's various realms they past;
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till bursting forth at length, Behold, cried he,
The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;
Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills declare
My queen, my charmer must inhabit there.
Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied:
I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought,
Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
The slow ascending hill, the lofty wood
That mantles o'er its brow; the silver flood,
Wand'ring in mazes thro' the flow'ry mead;
The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed;
And every object, every scene excites
Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights:
Dwells chearful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
And art with nature seems at strife to please,
There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
There firmly seated may she ever smile,
And show'r her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle.
But see, the rising sun reproves our stay
He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way;
Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
Nations that swelter in the burning zone;

There

There in Peruvian vales a moment staid, [shade.
And smooth'd his wings, beneath the citron
Then swift his oary pinions plied again,
Cross'd the new world, and sought the southern main;
Where many a wet and weary league o'erpast,
The wish'd-for paradise appear'd at last.
With force abated, now they gently sweep
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep;
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam before;
While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.
Nor pale Disease, nor health-consuming Care,
Nor Wrath, nor foul Revenge, can enter there:
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky,
No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly;
But dews and soft refreshing airs are found,
And pure etherial azure shines around.
Whate'er the sweet Sabœan Isle can boast,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast;
What Stybla hills, or rich Œbalia's fields,
Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd,
All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there, with added beauty grew.
High-tow'ring to the heavens, the trees are seen,
Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green;
So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done;
But where by fits the sportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread
The matted grass, by bubbling fountains fed;
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom;
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months, and join to cloath the year. [pour'd,
Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summits
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd;
While beauteous Iris, in the vale below,
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow;
Now thro' the meads the mazy current stray'd,
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade;
Or in a thousand veins divides its store,
Visits each plant, refreshes every flow'r;
O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,
And sweetly sooths the soul, and lulls to soft repose.
If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
And instantly convey'd by magic hand,
In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.
A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplet crown'd, come scudding in.
With fragrant blossoms these adorn the breast,
Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread;
Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups, with roses bound
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play:
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when emboldened by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various use employ their chymic pow'r;
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r:
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some steeve the honey, some erect the comb;
All for the general good in concert strive,
And every soul's in motion, every limb's alive.
And now descending from his flight, the god
On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
There, after mutual salutations past,
And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;
Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
The prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove,
Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
Now stopping short, to give his transports vent,
With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
Or stands intranc'd, or raves like one possess'd;
His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,
Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
New sweets, new joys at ev'ry glance arise,
And every turn creates a fresh surprize.
Close by the borders of a rising wood,
In a green vale a crystal grotto stood,
And o'er its sides, beneath a beechen shade,
In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
Hither, attracted by the murmuring stream,
And cool recess, the pleas'd Porsenna came,
And on the tender grass reclining chose
To wave his joys awhile, and take a short repose.
The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
That whispers thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their music to prolong his sleep.
The princess to her morning walk prepar'd;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard,
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair,
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love enshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace,
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least;

And

And foul defects, that wou'd escape the sight,
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.
Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,
And gather'd in a silken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind;
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
Her snowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and tried
To shade those beauties, that it could not hide.
The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolick behind, and laugh and sport along.
The birds proclaim their queen from every tree,
The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see;
The loves, the pleasures, and the graces meet
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.
By whatever fancy led, it chanc'd that day
They thro' the secret valley took their way,
And to the crystal grot advancing, spied
The prince extended by the fountain's side.
He look'd as by some skilful hand express'd
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest,
When with the chace fatigu'd he quits the wood
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
At ease, encircled by the laurel shade;
Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,
His bow unbent, hangs negligently by: [grace,
The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal
So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.
Waking he started from the ground in haste,
And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
Then summoning his senses, ran to meet
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
Deign, lovely princess, to behold, said he,
One who has travell'd all the world to see
Those charms, and worship thy divinity:
Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile,
Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.
Stood motionless the fair with mute surprise,
And read him over with admiring eyes;
And while she gaz'd a pleasing smart [heart.
Ran thrilling thro' her veins and reach'd her
Each limb she scann'd, consider'd ev'ry grace,
And sagely judg'd him of the phœnix race.
An animal like this she ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one;
The creature too had all the phœnix air,
None but the phœnix could appear so fair.
The more she look'd, the more she thought it true, [knew.
And call'd him by that name, to shew she
O handsome phœnix, for that such you are
We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
And I with sorrow own thro' all my coast
No other bird can such perfection boast;
For nature form'd you single and alone;
Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
An aviary of charming birds like you,
What envy would her happiness create
In all, who saw the glories of her state!
The prince laugh'd inwardly, surpris'd to find
So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did some offence
To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense;
He could not let it pass, but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came,
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And she 'ad a piercing wit, of wondrous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.
Here shou'd I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining sapphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heaven, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast;
And on each part bestow the praises due,
'Twou'd tire the writer, and the reader too.
My amorous tale a softer path pursues;
Love and the happy pair demand my muse.
O cou'd her art in equal terms express
The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess!
Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.
'Tis heaven itself, 'tis exstacy of bliss,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess!
Mirth following mirth, the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and Friendship rules the day.
Their tender care no cold indifference knows;
No jealousies disturb their sweet repose;
No sickness, no decay; but youthful grace
And constant beauty shines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
Far different here, on them it only blows
The lily's white, and spreads the blushing rose.
No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast,
They, like the stars, shine brighter in its frost;
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
All seasons are the same, and ev'ry month is May.
Alas! how vain is happiness below!
Man soon or late must have his share of woe:
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind;
His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
Less certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reasoning soul proceeds.
If man on earth in endless bliss cou'd be,
The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on thee;
Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune flourish'd fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care;

And

And so might still have been, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.
It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours had flown
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
Should I consult my heart, cried he, the rate
Were small, a week wou'd be the utmost date:
But when my mind reflects on actions past,
And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast. [gone:
Perhaps I might have said three months are
Three months! replied the fair, three months alone?
Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
Since at my feet the lovely phœnix lay.
Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the prince,
A whole three hundred years completed since
I landed here! O! whither then are flown
My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend?
To gain my rights, where shall I find a friend?
My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
A race of kings that know not me or mine;
Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat [cheat.
My claims with scorn, and call their prince a
O had my life been ended as begun!
My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
I shou'd have died well pleas'd, my honour'd name
Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame.
Reflecting now, my mind with horror sees
The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,
The odious blot, the scandal of my race
Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And red with anger made this warm reply—
Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
My love deserves? and can you thus with scorn
Reject what once you priz'd; what once you swore
Surpass'd all charms, and made e'en glory poor?
What gifts have I bestow'd, what favours shewn!
Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time:
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
I urge them not, nor wou'd request your stay,
The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
All other virtues are regardless quite,
Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.
Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return;
And shew thyself unworthy my concern;
Go tell the world, your tender heart cou'd give
Death to the princess by whose care you live.
At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,
Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled;
She sunk into his arms: the prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd.
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and wrankled at his heart;
He could not hide its wounds, but pin'd away
Like a sick flow'r, and languish'd in decay.
Felicity was griev'd, and cou'd not bear
A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care.
She told him with a look of cold disdain,
And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will; a milder air
Wou'd mend his health; he was no pris'ner there; [find
She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might
Cause to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own
He had at least some little pleasure known.
If these prophetic words a while destroy
His peace, the former balance is in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let heav'n dispose.
For fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.
Aurora now, not, as she went to rise,
In gay attire, ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad, in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretell:
Porsenna rose to take his last farewell.
A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
An armour by the Lemnian artist wrought,
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magic sword,
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief she gave, and what he most wou'd need
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
The swift Grisippo, said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) with speed shall bear,
And place you safely in your native air,
Assist against the foe with matchless might,
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
With care protect you till the danger cease,
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.
But this, I warn, beware, whate'er shall lay
To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
Till safely landed at your palace gate.
On this alone depends your weal or woe;
Such is the will of fate, and so the gods foreshew.
He in the softest terms repaid her love,
And vow'd nor age nor absence should remove
His constant faith, and sure she could not blame
A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.

The

The debt discharg'd, then should her soldier come [home;
Gav from the field, and flush'd with conquest,
With equal ardour her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
He ceas'd, and sighing took a kind adieu;
Then urg'd his steed; the fierce Grisippo flew
With rapid force, outstripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind;
Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight,
Now scour'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height. [run
Thus driving on at speed, the prince had
Near half his course, when, with the setting sun
As thro' a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across this narrow way:
The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.
Never in human shape was seen before [weak,
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self if plac'd by him were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin. [weak,
His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.
The conscious steed stopt short in deadly fright, [flight;
And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for
When thus the wretch with supplicating tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan,
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down.
O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
Thy soul to generous deeds, if e'er thy mind
Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
So may propitious heav'n your journey speed,
Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.
Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porsenna staid,
Too nobly minded to refuse his aid,
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leapt from his steed, and ran to his relief;
Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
Just choak'd and gasping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizly spectre, vaulting from the ground,
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe; th' astonish'd prince, [fence.
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of de-
O King of Russia! with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, at length thou 'rt found;
Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
My name is Time, thy ever dreaded foe.
These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
Thro' all the world in vain for ages sought,
But fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
Till forc'd at length the soul forsook its seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.
Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,
When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way;
Too late his presence to assist his friend,
A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure
His streaming wounds; the work was done too sure.
Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
And graceful on the mossy carpet lays,
With decent care, close by the fountain's side
Where first the princess had her phœnix spied.
There with sweet flowers his lovely limbs he strew'd, [stow'd.
And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears be-
To that sad solitude the weeping dame,
Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came; [mourn
There was she wont to vent her griefs, and
Those dear delights that must no more return.
Thither that morn with more than usual care
She sped, but O, what joy to find him there!
As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.
Now near approaching she began to creep
With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep;
Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew,
And round his neck her arms in transport threw.
But when she found him dead, no tongue can tell [fell.
The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning
Waking, with loud laments she pierc'd the skies,
And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,
And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;
Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between,
Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair:
And since that day (the wretched world must own [known)
These mournful truths by sad experience
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth submits to Time.

SONNETS, by SMITH.

§ 130. *To the Moon.*

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

§ 131. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

Sweet poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide [nest,
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

§ 132. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

§ 133. *Should the lone Wanderer.*

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs; [tree,
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come:
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

§ 134. *To Night.*

I love thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And teltth' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind,
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd:
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

§ 135. *To Tranquillity.*

In this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie,
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign;
Where hope alike and vain regret shall cease:
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine!

§ 136. *Written in the Churchyard at Middleton in Sussex.*

Press'd by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 137. *Written at Penshurst, in Autumn* 1788.

Ye tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past:
And

And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant hern!
The spoiling hand of time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay!

§ 138. *Elegy.*

'DARK gathering clouds involve the threat-
'ening skies,
'The sea heaves conscious of th' impending
'gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come!
'O! may such terrors mark th' approaching
'night [plore!
'As reign'd on that these streaming eyes de-
'Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar!
'Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows,
'burst!
'Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot ac-
'curst
'Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!"
Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and
streaming hair, [speech,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling
A wretched maid, the victim of despair,
Survey'd the threatening storm and desert beach.
Then to the tomb where now the father slept
Whose rugged nature bad her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and
Invoking vengeance on the dust below. [wept,
'Lo! rising there above each humble heap,
'Yon cypher'd stones *his* name and wealth
'relate,
'Who gave his son, remorseless, to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curse my fate.
'O my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
'And no memorial but this breaking heart.
'Forth to the world a widow'd wanderer
'driven,
'I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear;
'Try with vain effort to submit to heaven,
'And fruitless call on him "who cannot
"hear."
'O might I fondly clasp him once again,
'While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!
'Part, raging waters! part, and shew beneath,
'In your dread caves, his pale and mangled
'form;
'Now, while the demons of despair and death
'Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!
'Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
'I see him rise the whitening waves above,
'No longer such as when in happier days
'He gave th' enchanted hours—to me and love:
'Such as when daring the enchafed sea,
'And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
'That every peril, one soft smile from me,
'One sigh of speechless tenderness, o'erpaid:
'But dead, disfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
'And seem to say—Ah, wretch! delay no more,
'But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.
'Yet, powerful fancy, bid the phantom stay,
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already past;
'Along the waves his shadow glides away,
'I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.
'Ah! wild illusion, born of frantic pain!
'He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
'My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
'Th' insatiate ocean gives not up its dead.
'Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders
'roll;
'Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
'Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
'Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail!'
The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal sleep!

§ 139. *Elegy to Pity.* Anon.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r! whose bosom heaves the
sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.
Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh com-
pare:
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.
Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless
way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with
me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.
And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering
gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current
flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woe assuage,
To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

§ 140. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death, by* Michael Bruce.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes.
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

§ 141. *Sonnet to Twilight.*
Miss Williams.

Meek Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.
Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed

§ 142. *Sonnet to Expression.*
Miss Williams.

Expression, child of soul! I love to trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!
But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,
When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,
When phrensy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart;
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him the Muses lov'd,* when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear—
For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast
Mourns it could sharpen ill, and give despair no rest!

§ 143. *Sonnet to Hope.*
Miss Williams.

O, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart;
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
O strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

§ 144. *Sonnet to the Moon.*
Miss Williams.

The glitt'ring colours of the day are fled—
Come, melancholy orb! that dwell'st with night,
Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,
Thy deepest shadow and thy softest light.
To me congenial is the gloomy grove,
When with faint rays the sloping uplands shine;
That gloom, those pensive rays, alike I love,
Whose sadness seems in sympathy with mine!
But

* Chatterton.

But most for this, pale orb! thy light is dear,
For this, benignant orb! I hail thee most,
That while I pour the unavailing tear,
And mourn that hope to me, in youth is lost!
Thy light can visionary thoughts impart,
And lead the Muse to sooth a suff'ring heart.

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§ 145. *The Bastard.* SAVAGE.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began:
Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul; [aim,
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for Freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine, [shore,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had f'int drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd de-
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire, [sire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat by chance my own.
Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay flutt'ring hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st and multipliest them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er,
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me, through Pity's eye condemn'd to see!
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows, one day, [way!
What ripening virtues might have made their
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd;
He might have sav'd some worth now doom'd to fall;
And I perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance, always vain!
Thy remedies but lull undying pain. [care
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother miscall'd, farewel!—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd;
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a people's heart who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

§ 146. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* SAVAGE.

Long a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore with anguish press'd,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening bends—
On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rivall'd there.
Each paus'd: the god assents. Would death advance?
Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams:
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels;
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire:
As Health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

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§ 147. *Ode to Pity.* COLLINS.

O thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How chance or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

---

§ 148. *Ode to Fear.* COLLINS.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the rigid steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurst the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

* A river in Sussex.

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue.
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard* who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thousand furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen†
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering pow'r inspir'd each mournful line;
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou, who such weary length hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark pow'r, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad;
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree;
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

---

§ 149. *Ode to Simplicity.* COLLINS.

O thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe and Pleasure's nurs'd the pow'rs of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bow'r,
The passions own thy pow'r.
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

---

§ 150. *Ode on the Poetical Character.* COLLINS.

As one, if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has bless'd),
One, only one unrivall'd fair‡
May hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin fame,

* Æschylus. † Jocasta.

‡ Florimel. See Spenser. Leg. 4.

With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side:
Happy, her hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest pow'r is given,
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her vision wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she from out the veiling cloud
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born.
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsel's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted pow'rs,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs.
Where is the Bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous deep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock;
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies spread,
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which a Milton lay; his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear: [hung:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—such bliss to one alone
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bow'rs,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

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§ 151. *Ode. Written in the Year* 1746. Collins.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is wrung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

---

§ 152. *Ode to Mercy.* Collins.

STROPHE.

O thou, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword?
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road, [away.
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage
I see recoil'd his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shewn,
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne.

---

§ 153. *Ode to Liberty.* Collins.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life

The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view!
What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest, [cealing,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame con-
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing, [wound!
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided pow'r
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and
With many a rude repeated stroke, [grace,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found:
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they whom science lov'd to name
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem.
Strike, louder strike, th' ennobling strings
To those whose merchant sons, were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure;
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
(Where when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear;
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd;
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizard Time has wrought,
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm ev'n Nature's self confounding, [couth surprise,
Withering her giant sons with strange un-
This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne:
And see like gems her laughing train,
The little isles on every side— [main,
Mona ‡, once hid from those who search'd the
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the western tide—
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride;
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode.

* The Dutch: among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

‡ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
There oft the painted natives feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward-rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressy Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided cloud that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the wall the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And grav'd with some prophetic rage
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain.
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm.
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore:
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair;
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around—
O how supremely art thou blest!
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west.

---

§ 154. *Ode to a Lady on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written in May*, 1745. COLLINS.

While lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave the sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And with the avenging fight.

But, lo! where sunk, in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And bleeding at her sacred feet
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy constant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottage vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

§ 155. *Ode to Evening.* Collins.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede etherеal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and healthy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

§ 156. *Ode to Peace.* Collins.

O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, Goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led!
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

---

§ 157. *The Manners. An Ode.* Collins.

Farewel, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field;
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green,
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite;
O thou! who lov'st that ampler range
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside:
To me in converse sweet impart
To read in man the native heart.
To learn where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Had bless'd this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtless cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the cheerful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless manners round her rise,
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone,
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side.
By old Miletus *, who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him † whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore.
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid
By virtues in her sire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those off-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy sceneful world with thee!

---

§ 158. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.* Collins.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret strings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close, [den hair.
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her gol-

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances. † Cervantes.
‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

But,

But, O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder slung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear, [spear.
And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best. [strain,
They would have thought, who heard the
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

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§ 159. *An Epistle, addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakspeare's Works.* Collins.

While, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd, o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell;
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd.
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage. [part
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes im-
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart: [reign*;
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters keep their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
Ilissus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriendly soil.
As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, Priests, or Vandals—all were learning's foes,
Till† Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade.
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencal pass to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length
Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakspeare to her fame be born!
Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name:

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

With

With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.
With †gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with ‡ Lucan's spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd,
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.
But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call, I view with glad surprise
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent;
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.
Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
And spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.
O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid,
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!
Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where § Anthony in tears approv'd
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But ‖ who is he whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hang on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd on the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sybil-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.
So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers' charm'd by parts alone;
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters, cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

---

§ 160. *Dirge in Cymbeline, sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.* Collins.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

* The characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

‡ The favourite author of the Elder Corneille. § See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

‖ Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hour
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

---

§ 161. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.* Collins.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life ‡, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

---

§ 162. *Verses written on a Paper which contained a Piece of Bride Cake.* Collins.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search prophane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th'enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent;
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god, hath sworn, while these remain, [tear;
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight;
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

* The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.
† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.
‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

§ 163. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November*, 1785.
BURNS.

WEE, sleek it, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a pannic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal.*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewing:
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind, ensuing,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the field laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o'leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear.*

---

§ 164. *To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April*, 1786.
BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem!

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet
The bonie *lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upwards springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east:

Cauld blew the bitter biting-north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flowret* of the rural shade
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guiltless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

---

§ 165. *An Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.* LANDSDOWNE.

AS when some image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous line,
Adjusting to his object his design;
We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright resemblance speaks the dame:
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind; [shewn,
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
And Nature is their object to be drawn:

The

The written picture we applaud or blame
But as the just proportions are the same.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
" But poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
" Leaves Truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
" And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
" And ev'ry ornament of verse, must die."
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold:
Ladies and beaus to please, is all the task;
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right applied;
When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
The reader what in reason's due believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives:
Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controul'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring flight:
Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander through incredible to true.
Falsehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd;
And Truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore;
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus describes his hero when he's dead—
" In heat of action slain, yet scorns to fall,
" But still maintains the war, and fights at—All?"
The noisy culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky;
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive cannibal, oppress with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping crowd;
And spent at last, and speechless, as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmost stretch that nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiously divides
His help and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
The admiring world still stands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed;
And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
Our characters we lessen when we'd raise;
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But, rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.
Our king return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd stage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Complied to custom, but not err'd thro' choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roscommon first, then Mulgrave rose, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds,
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside:
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide.
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May from their lessons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That ev'ry line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd Truth seeks shelter in the grove;
Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken fair,
And take into your train this beauteous wanderer.

---

§ 166. *To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey.* Pitt.

'Tis done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by ev'ry guest;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey:
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect.
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
And ev'ry poison of the field devours.

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

Like

Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your gen'rous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day;
Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
But, like the tow'ring eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.
To point our faults, yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend:
A life well spent, that never lost a day;
An easy spirit, innocently gay;
A strict integrity, devoid of art;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit—
Were ever yours: be what you were before,
Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

---

§ 167. *The Enquiry. Written in the last Century.*

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
'Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
'Where may I find my shepherdess?'
"Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
"In every thing that's good, she is;
"In yonder tulip go and seek,
"There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek;
"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
"There thou shalt have her curious eye;
"In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
"There wave the streamers of her blood;
"In brightest lilies that there stand,
"The emblems of her whiter hand;
"In yonder rising hill there smell
"Such sweets as in her bosom dwell:
"'Tis true," said he. And thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all was gone.
With that I stopp'd. Said Love, "These be,
"Fond man, resemblances of thee;
"And as these flow'rs thy joy shall die,
"E'en in the twinkling of an eye;
"And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
"Like these short sweets that knit together."

---

§ 168. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin; shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.* Cowper.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of woman kind but one:
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, that's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot.
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he sat out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he;
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry:
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news! what news! your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shew'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day;
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

---

§ 169. *An Evening Contemplation in a College; in Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.* Duncombe.

The curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
With jarring sound the porter turns the key;
Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloisters peace and silence reign;
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaus of town?

Perhaps

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Control the manager, and awe the player.
But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye, [night.
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose,
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's veil t'insult the throne;
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

v'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile:

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell the admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's darting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
For songs and plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should inquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he
"ran,
"With hose ungarter'd, o'er von turfy bed,
"To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;
"There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
"Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
"At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
"And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

"Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
"Or mirthful converse, would he loitering
"stand,
"Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
"Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady
hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
"Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green:
"Another came, nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that in a neighbouring
"shire,
"That day to church he led a blushing bride,
"A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was
"tied.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
"He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
"Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
"Read here the letter which he lately sent."

The Letter.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown:
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—
A wife, the joy and transport of my youth:
Now with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

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§ 170. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*
By Mrs. Thrale.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'

'With you? and quit my Susan's side?
'With you?' the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
'Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
'My thoughts on other matters go;
'This is my wedding night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell: no more
'Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
'And farther, to avoid all blame
'Of cruelty upon my name,
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future station,
'Three several warnings you shall have,
'Before you're summon'd to the grave:
'Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;
'In hopes you'll have no more to say,
'But when I call again this way,
'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus a long life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
And all alone, he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it!' Death replies;
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
'Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty-years at least,
'And you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd;
'To spare the aged would be kind;
'However, see your search be legal;
'And your authority—is't regal?
'Else you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a secretary's warrant.
'Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
'Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
'But for that loss of time and ease,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the best,
'I seldom am a welcome guest;
'But don't be captious, friend, at least:
'I little thought you'd still be able
'To stump about your farm and stable;
'Your years have run to a great length;
'I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!'
'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
'I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies:
'However, you still keep your eyes;
'And sure to see one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
'But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith;
'Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
'Each strives your sadness to amuse;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
'I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoin'd,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
'If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
'You have had your three sufficient warnings.
'So come along, no more we'll part:'
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

---

§ 171. *The Cit's Country Box.* Lloyd.

Vos sapere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. Hor.

The wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
'What signifies the loads of wealth,
'Without that richest jewel, health?
'Excuse the fondness of a wife,
'Who doats upon your precious life!
'Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
'Is more than human strength can bear:
'One may observe it in your face—
'Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
'And nothing can your health repair,
'But exercise and country air.
'Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
'About a mile from Cheney-row:
'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
'But not so warm, my dear, as you:
'And folks are always apt to sneer—
'One would not be outdone, my dear!'

Sir

Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost def'rence to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th'approaching summer season
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.
Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White washing, painting, scrubbing past:
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!
'Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
'It is a charming spot of ground:
'So sweet a distance for a ride,
'And all about so countryfied;
'Twould come but to a trifling price
'To make it quite a paradise!
'I cannot bear those nasty rails,
'Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
'Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
'We build a railing all Chinese;
'Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
'One hardly any objects sees—
'I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
'Objects continually passing by,
'Were something to amuse the eye;
'But to be pent within the walls,
'One might as well be at St. Paul's.
'Our house beholders would adore,
'Was there a level lawn before,
'Nothing its views to incommode,
'But quite laid open to the road;
'While every traveller in amaze,
'Should on our little mansion gaze;
'And, pointing to the choice retreat,
'Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Tho', like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names—
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne scais quoi, Virtû.
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdy rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angels, curves and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs;
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha;
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect to fields distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

---

§ 172. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews, [demn,
With a reasoning the court will never con-
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

---

§ 173. *On the Birth Day of Shakspeare. A Canto. Taken from his Works.* Berenger.

Natura lapsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.

———PEACE to this meeting!
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes:
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakspeare to this favour'd isle,
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So voluble is his discourse—gentle
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
(His noble blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th'vale.—'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, unaught;
Civility, not seen in others; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal!
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatreus
Still sanctify his relics; and this day [fancy
Stand eye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

---

§ 174. *On the Invention of Letters.*

Tell me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found;
With bodies how to cloth ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A silent language roving far and near; [sound,
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's
And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast round;
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

---

§ 175. *The Answer.*

The noble art to Cadmus owes its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour form, and body to the thought.

---

§ 176. *On a Spider.*

Artist, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof:

Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain;
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain:

He for some fluttering tawdy creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

---

§ 177. *The Extent of Cookery.* Shenstone.

———Aliusque et idem.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house;
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye *bobs!* ye *bags*, give place!
Full-bottoms, come instead!
Good Lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a *calf's-head*.

---

§ 178. *Slender's Ghost.* SHENSTONE.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve, methought I spied
Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
Come learn of me to weep your woes!
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
No medicine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do when I sigh,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd, or of sage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say—
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

---

§ 179. *Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.* JAGO.

TO *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling phrensy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's [the rub—
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
Whenas himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd?
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprises of great fire and spirit
With this regard from Dodsley turn away;
And lose the name of Authors.

---

§ 180. *To the Memory of George Lewis Langton, Esq. who died on his Travels to Rome.* SHIPLEY.

LANGTON, dear partner of my soul,
Accept what pious passion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
The wise good-nature, friendship delicate;
In secret converse, native mirth
And sprightly fancy, sweet artificer
Of social pleasure; nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquisitive: but chief the pleasant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd stream,
Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought wrapp'd
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted where the first of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.
Well did the generous search employ [death
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, though
Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye, cheer'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest days! for thee shall flow
The pious solitary tear, [urn.
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine

---

§ 181. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses [his horses.
Took that care of their babes that he took of
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more;
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got
So his master effectually mended the matter [o'er:
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good place. [done so,
Drink water! quoth William—had all men
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

§ 182. *Ode on the Death of Matzel, a favourite Bullfinch. Addressed to Phillip Stanhope, Esq. (natural Son to the Earl of Chesterfield) to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.* Williams.

Try not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage:
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.
Matzel's no more! Ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every sorrow he express'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.
In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.
For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.
In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn,
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair,
Of all th' Elysian glades.
There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain:
'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all her songs approve.

§ 183. *To-morrow.* Cotton.

Pereunt et imputantur.

To-morrow, didst thou say? [row.
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-mor-
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father; [less
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as base-
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumb'redst on the guard
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

§ 184. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* Cotton.

It puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some say, it is no more.
But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute
That Paradise is Stowe.

§ 185. *To a Child five Years old.* Cotton.

Fairest flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies

Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away:
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

§ 186. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* Lyttelton.

Once, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire
Its real flame to tell.

§ 187. *To Mr. West*, at Wickham†.* 1740. Lyttelton.

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

§ 188. *The Temple of the Muses. To the Countess Temple.*

The Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,
"That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd:
"That their empire of wit was now at an end,
"And on beauty alone the Sex must depend:
"To the Men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire,
"Art of healing to ‡ Armstrong, as well as his
"lyre:"
When Apollo replied, "To make you amends,
"In one Fair you shall see wit and virtue, good friends:
"The Grecian's high-spirit and sweetness I'll
"join
"With a true Roman virtue, to make it divine:
"Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would
"you know,
"You must visit the earthly Elysium of Stowe."

§ 189. *To a Lady who sung in too low a Voice.*

When beauteous Laura's gentle voice
Divides the yielding air,
Fix'd on her lips, the fault'ring sounds
Excess of joy declare.

There, lingering round the rosy gate,
They view their fragrant cell;
Unwilling to depart that mouth
Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense
With soft imperfect sound;
While thousand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud, distinct and clear,
Sweet sense directs its dart;
And, while it seems to shun the ear,
Strikes full upon the heart.

§ 190. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th, 1767. Written in France.* Wilkes.

Again I tune the vocal lay
On dear Maria's natal day.
This happy day I'll not deplore
My exile from my native shore.
No tear of mine to-day shall flow
For injur'd England's cruel woe,
For impious wounds to Freedom given,
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven:
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;
Maria's ripen'd graces sing:
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own
The bud of beauty's fairly blown.
Softness and sweetest innocence
Here shed their gentle influence;
Fair modesty comes in their train,
To grace her sister virtue's reign.
Then, to give spirit, taste and ease,
The sov'reign art, the art to please;
Good-humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,
The sun-shine of a mind serene,
Where all is peace within, are seen.
What can the grateful Muse ask more?
The gods have lavish'd all their store.
Maria shines their darling care;
Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
May still unspotted be her fame,
May she remain through life the same,
Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 191. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th, 1768. Written in Prison.* Wilkes.

How shall the Muse in prison sing,
How prune her drooping ruffled wing?
Maria is the potent spell,
Ev'n in these walls, all grief to quell;
To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
The tribute verse again to pay
On this auspicious festive day.
When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
And exil'd from my native land,
Maria was my sure relief;
Her presence banish'd every grief.

* Gilbert West, Esq. the author's cousin. † Near Croydon.
‡ Dr. John Armstrong, author of The Art of Preserving Health, &c.

Pleasure came smiling in her train,
And chas'd the family of Pain.
Let lovers every charm admire,
The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
That from those modest beaming eyes
The captive heart at once surprise.
A Father's is another part;
I praise the virtues of the heart,
And wit so elegant and free,
Attemper'd sweet with modesty.
And may kind Heaven a lover send
Of sense, of honour, and a friend,
Those virtues always to protect,
Those beauties—never to neglect!

---

§ 192. *An Ode in imitation of Alcæus.*
Sir William Jones.

What constitutes a state? [mound,
Not high-rais'd battlements or labour'd
Thick wall or moated gate; [crown'd;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts, [pride.
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
No—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain;
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And Sov'reign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion * like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

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§ 193. *The Choice of a Wife by Cheese.*
Captain Thompson.

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico:
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed;
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley:
But singly surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
As fair as those of old Cretona, †
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To shew her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
"Sally I now declare my bride:
"With Nan I can't my welfare put,
"For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
"And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
"Would give my fortune to the wind.
"Sally the happy medium chose,
"And I with Sally will repose;
"She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
"Who fixes on a nuptial plan
"Can never err, if he will choose
"A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

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§ 194. *The Choice.* Pomfret.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.

* *Discretionary* or arbitrary power. † Apelles, from five beautiful virgins of Cretona, drew the beautiful Helen.

A little garden, grateful to the eye,
Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew.
He that with judgment reads his charming lines, [joins,
In which strong art with stronger nature
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine.
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
My friends with no luxurious dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wine each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce:
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason
All men may, with impunity, receive: [give,
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would
A great advance to my felicity: [be
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain!
If heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

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§ 195. *To my Candle.* Peter Pindar.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the *deep*.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies: [skies,
Now blacken'd, and now flashing thro' her
But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?

Who would not live in songs of distant days?
Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er *Shakspeare*'s page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the *Sage*,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A *column* in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of *time*.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form, that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view the pale-ey'd, panting maid,
I see the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the *Muse*'s simple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion should *Eliza* spare:
A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away;
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!
Thus shall the sons of Science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
For where's the *Giant* who to *Time* shall say,
"Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?"

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§ 196. *Presented together with a Knife by the Rev.* Samuel Bishop, *Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School, to his Wife on her Wedding Day, which happened to be her Birth Day and New Year's Day.*

A knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love perhaps it may;
For any tool of any kind
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will clip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

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§ 197. *By the same, with a Ring.*

"There, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! "For what?"
"To wed thee o'er again—why not?"
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd:
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rights divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake, as well as love's.
For why?—They shew me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance.

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§ 198. *The Family Fireside.* Bishop.

"Home's home, however homely," wisdom says,
And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase:
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse's call;
And as she leads the ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.
Clear then the stage! no scenery we require,
Save the snug circle round the parlour fire;
And enter marshall'd in procession fair
Each happier influence that predominates *there*.

First

First love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss;
When fondly welcom'd to th' accustom'd seat
In sweet complaisance wife and husband meet,
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours, but unite in care.
Ambition!—does ambition there reside?
Yes!—when the boy in manly mood astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
While emulation in the daughter's heart
Bears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part:
With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms,
And in the romp the future housewife forms.
Or both perchance to graver sport incline,
And art and genius in their pastime join.
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.
Think how joy animates intense tho' meek
The fading roses on the grandame cheek,
When proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels and owns an interest in their play,
Adopts each wish their wayward whims unfold,
And tells at every call, the story ten times told.
Good-humoured dignity endears meanwhile
The narrative grandsire's venerable style.
If haply feats atchiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.
To such society, so form'd, so blest,
Time, Thought, Remembrance, all impart a zest,
And Expectation, day by day, more bright,
Round every prospect throws increasing light.
The simplest comforts act with strongest force;
Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.
All this is *common-place*, you'll tell me:—true!
What pity 'tis not *common fashion* too.
Roam as we will, plain sense at last will find
'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind.*
If *individual good* engage our hope,
Domestic virtues gives the largest scope;
If plans of *public eminence* we trace,
Domestic virtues are its surest base.
Would great example make these truths more clear,
The greatest of examples shall appear.
Is there a man whom general suffrage owns
An honour to the majesty of thrones?
Is there a man whom general love's acclaim,
Greets with each noblest and each dearest name?
He amidst the glare of state, and pomp of power,
Courts the soft sympathies of the family hour;
Not less illustrious at his own fireside,
By private merit's sterling standard tried,
Than when the cares from royal worth that spring,
Call forth the people's father, and the king.

§ 199. *Flowers.* BISHOP.

Unequal to my theme with desperate feet
I sought the Muse's bow'r;
Anxious to see tho' all asham'd to meet
Some bland inspiring power;
When fleet along the rising gale
The queen fair *Fancy* past;
And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast!
Then beck'ning to a secret glade,
"Come see," she cry'd, "the train,
"Who own beneath this mystic shade,
"My visionary reign!"

Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with awe my stand:——
Meanwhile, in many a varying vest
Of rich expression aptly dress'd,
Ideal myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous thro' the eultur'd grove:
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From every flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

With frank, firm look, and light tho' steady tread
Came Courage first, and cropt a dew-charg'd Rose;
For in the tender rose might best be read
His very essence—bloom that gently glows
Impell'd by gentle breath—prone to dispense
To all, sweetness, yet alert to shew,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm resentment points a thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye
The maiden meek Humility
Was seen to turn with mildest grace
To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well assume,
Prefer'd to every juster claim
The lowly Daisy's simple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing by;
The coquette Affectation skimm'd wantonly
On her breast a Narcissus she bore,
As if with Narcissus of yore.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering Patience stood,
Conqu'ring evil still with good;
Binding for her brow the while
Artless wreaths of Camomile,
Hardy plant whose vig'rous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

Pure constant Love (whose hallow'd fires
Time still exalts, and truth inspires,
In spite of absence, grief, or pain)
Approv'd the faithful Marigold,
Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
When first the sun asserts his reign,
Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open, till he shines again.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads, [green;
Like Jack-in-a-Bush hung all over with
Agnus Castus by wholesale she cull'd from the meads, [tween:
And stuck with due care Holy Thistle be-
A chaplet of Monkshood she pluck'd for her head,
And Rosemary sprigs for the graves of the dead.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
Ardent Hope all panting flew;
Prompt her eager eye to strain
Far beyond the present view;
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the Primrose held most dear;
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

Ill-nature to a corner stole,
And taught her bloodshot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flower of happier scent and hue,
For none she chose of all that grew
Save pois'nous Aconite.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All cheerful their features, all easy their mien,
Contentment and Innocence tript it along;
By the soft virgin Snow-drop was Innocence known: [own;
Contentment took Heart-ease, and call'd it her
Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

The throng! just hint to wild conceit like mine;
Why, what a wreathe had I begun to twine!
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
Ev'n Fancy's self now whispers in my ear,
"Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowing road,
"Nor what was meant a nosegay, make a load."

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§ 200. *To a Young Lady, with a Copy of Moore's Fables.* Bishop.

Books, my dear girl, when well design'd,
Are moral maps of human kind:
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The road to worth and wisdom lies.
Serene Philosophy pourtrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways:
Cross woods and wilds, the learned tribe,
A dark and doubtful path describe:
But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads;
And if, perchance, in sportful vein,
Thro' Fable's scenes she guides her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's garden glitters round.

I, Sally! (who shall long to see,
In you, how good your sex can be,)
Before you range with curious speed,
Where'er that garden's beauties lead;
And mark how Moore could once display,
A scene so varied, and so gay!
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to take,
O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath drest;
Where if a little flowret blows,
From pure affection's root it grows.

A virgin rose, in all the pride
Of spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
Above the vulgar flow'rs was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.
In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a Butterfly that way;
She stopp'd at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light;
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in fancy-strain begun:
"Why but to soften my repose,
"Could nature rear so bright a rose?
"Why but on roses to recline,
"Make forms so delicate as mine?
"Fate destin'd by the same decree,
"Me for the rose—the rose for me!"

A tiny Bug, who close between
Th' unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,
Heard, and in angry tone address'd
This rude invader of his rest:
"For thee, consummate fool, the rose!
"No—to a nobler end it blows:—
"The velvet o'er its foliage spread,
"Secures to me a downy bed:
"So thick its crowding leaves ascend
"To hide, to warm me, and defend.
"For me those odours they exhale,
"Which scent at second-hand the gale;
"And give such *things* as thee to share
"What my superior claim can spare!"

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,
A Bee the petty triflers view'd;
For once reluctant rais'd her head
A moment from her toil, and said;
"Cease, abject an'mals, to contest!
"They claim things most who use them best.
"Would nature finish works like these,
"That butterflies might bask at ease?
"Or bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
"Born but to crawl, and dose, and die?
"The rose you vainly ramble o'er,
"Breathes balmy dews from ev'ry pore;
"Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone
"To skill and labour like my own:
"With sense as keen as yours, I trace
"Th' expanding blossom's glossy grace;
"Its shape, its fragrance, and its hue,
"But while I trace, improve them too:
"Still taste; but still from hour to hour,
"Bear home new honey from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence,
For mere amusement, indolence;
True spirit deems no study right,
Till profit—dignify delight.

§ 201. *The Library.* Bishop.

Hail! Contemplation! grave majestic dame,
In thee glad Science greets a parent's name:
Thine is each art of speech, each rapt'rous strain,
The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train!
From all of evil, life or dreads or knows,
Its real trifles, and its fancied woes,
O lead thy votary! pensive, yet serene,
To some lone seat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,
Where his calm breast may every pow'r employ,
Feel self-born peace and independant joy.
And see! the Library my steps invites;
Fraught with true profit and with pure delights:
Calls to a feast, which elegance and love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.
How awful is the spot!—each honour'd name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame;
Bards, statesmen, sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom sense enlighten'd, and whom glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still bold,
Alive in pow'r, and active, as of old.
Yes! wasteful time! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond boaster! Genius scorns thy reign.
The poet here, whom gen'rous transport rais'd,
Survives coëval with the worth he prais'd.
If deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or pity bade him sympathise with woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the lover's part,
Or truth to satire urg'd his honest heart;
His verse still lives, his sentiment still warms,
His lyre still warbles, and his wit still charms.
Here by the past to form the rising age,
The grave historian spreads his ample page;
Whose faithful care preserves the hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the traitor's name;
Whose records bid fair virtue ever live,
And share immortal in the life they give.
Here the firm patriot, on whose winning tongue
The snow-soft dews of mild persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead in spirit, and control
The ductile passions, and usurp the soul;
Still pleads, still rules; now lively, now severe,
Exalts the purpose, or commands the tear.
Here the firm friends of science, and of man,
Who taught new arts, or open'd nature's plan;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the body, vigour to the mind;
Who bade mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more wise;
Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd,
While mem'ry pays the debt—desert ensur'd.
In such lov'd spot (if fortune deign'd to smile),
Calm let *me* live, and ev'ry care beguile;
Hold converse with the great of ev'ry time,
The learn'd of ev'ry class—the good of ev'ry clime.
There better still, as wiser grow; and there
('Tis just ambition, tho' 'tis hopeless pray'r)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim,
And catch their merit to partake their fame.

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§ 202. *Water.* Bishop.

If right ἄριστον ὕδωρ Pindar sings,
That simple Water is the best of things,
Would Water-poets were the best of bards!
But, Oh! that chance is not upon the cards!
Vain were th' attempt such logic to apply;
My verse would give my arguments the lie.—
Yet what I can I will:—not he whose lyre,
Leads on th' Aonian mount the sister choir,
(Tho' all the inspiring potions he explore,
From Water up to Nectar) can do more.
From earth's deep womb—for earth their store supplies—
Thro' countless pores the moist effluvia rise,
Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapours steam; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philosophy! whose lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground!
Henceforth to trace it, little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.
If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, thro' fancy's aid, the Sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies—or with murmurs shrill,
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heav'n's mildest breath, soft quiv'ring to the gale.
Too charming visions of intense delight!
Why? whither vanish ye? Her eagle flight
Fancy renews; and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous cataract:—from on high,
In awful stillness deep'ning Waters glide,
E'en to the rude rock's ridge abrupt, then slide
Pond'rous down, down, the void; and pitch below
In thunders.—Dash'd to foam, awhile they know
No certain current; till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the waves they wind.
Oh! bear me hence, where Water's force displays
More useful energy; where classic praise
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
Thro' channel'd rocks concent'ring streams, and taught
One aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hostile realms to drink one common wave.

But

But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I hear!
What throbbing passion speaks?—'Tis fear, 'tis fear.
Water where yonder spout to heav'n ascends,
Rides in tremendous triumphs; Ocean bends;
And ruin raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting mass will spread.
Enough of wat'ry wonders:—ill-dismay'd,
Ev'n Fancy starts at forms herself hath made.
Let them whom terror can inspire, pursue
Themes too terrific: I with humble view,
Retire unequal, nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my strain;
Content to praise it, when with gentle sway,
Profuse of rich increase, it winds its way
Thro' the parch'd glebe; or fills with influence bland
The cup of temperance, in the peasant's hand.

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§ 203. *On Instruments of Music.* Bishop.

Where health and high spirits awaken the morn,
And dash through the dews that impearl the rough thorn,
To shouts and to cries
Shrill Echo replies, shout
While the horn prompts the shout, and the horn.
Greets the horn.

Loud across the upland ground,
Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
The changeful bells ring jocund round
Where joy bestrides the gale;
Herald eager to proclaim
The lover's bliss, or hero's fame.

Shall the fiddle's sprightly strain
In pleasure's realms our feet detain,
Where youth and beauty, in the dance,
Borrow new charms from elegance?

Or shall we stray,
Where stately thro' the public way,
Amidst the trumpet's clangors, and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long procession move
Nobles and chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply sovereign majesty displays
To public view the lustre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a nation's love?

Hark! how the solemn ocean calls
Attention's sober ears to hallow'd walls,
Where meek, yet warm, beneath the temple's shade,
Devotion seeks, with stedfast eyes,
The God whose glories every gloom pervade,
To whom for ever prayer is made,
And daily praises rise.

What notes, in swiftest cadence running,
Thro' many a maze of varied measure,
Mingled by the master's cunning,
Give th' alarm to festive pleasure?
Cambria, 'twas thy harps of old
Each gallant heart's recess explor'd,
Announcing feats of chieftains bold,
To grace the hospitable board.

Mark how the soldier's eye [high,
Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats
With glorious expectation! What inspires—
What fans his martial fires?
What but the power of sound?
The clam'rous drums his anxious ardour raise,
His blood flows quicker round;
At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

Where gath'ring storms incessant lour,
And niggard nature chills th' abortive grain,
From her bleak heights see Scotland pour
Blithe lads and lassies trim; an hardy train,
Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
Following still, with hearty glee,
The bag-pipes' mellow minstrelsy.
Where cloudless suns, with glowing dies,
Tinge Italy's serener skies,
Soft the winding lawns along
The lover's lute complains;
While ling'ring Echo learns the song,
Gives it the woods; and, loth to lose
One accent of th' impassion'd muse,
Bids woods return it to the plains.
Time was when, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
The simple shepherd warbled his sweet lay,
Lur'd to his rustic reed, the gentle maid [day.
Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the
Why do our swains depart from ancient lore?
Why sounds no pastoral reed on Britain's shore?
—The innocence which tun'd it is no more!

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§ 204. *The Art of Dancing. Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Lady Fanny Fielding.*

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly, tho' serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,
Blow the soft lute, and strike the sounding lyre;
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh, may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd vouchsafe to view.
Hail, loftiest art! thou canst all hearts ensnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair;
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her charms from you!
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire.
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command;
But still, tho' form'd with all th' powers of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart:
So fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie;
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then every heart adores the lovely maid;

This

This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as she turns around, from every part,
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart:
In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of the eyes,
For, Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind
With flowing curls, on ivory neck reclin'd.
Whether her steps the minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace;
Whether the rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly jigg displays the nimble fair;
At ev'ry step new beauties we explore,
And worship now what we admir'd before.
So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien,
And graceful step, confess'd bright Beauty's queen;
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my muse, pursue thy destin'd way;
What dresses best become the dancer say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson precious to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet, glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath the double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe through driving rains and snows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and propp'd on pattens goes;
Whilst the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare.

The woolley drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm;
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from every pore the dewy sweat.
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy.
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint the sword that dangles at his side,
Should from its silken bandage be unty'd?

Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise?
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd.
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare:
The pointed steel shall oft their stocking rend,
And oft the approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labors view:
For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away;
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heavenly bow;
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts.
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go,
So in their grassy beds fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear:
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips and neck of snow.
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow.
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes.
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay,
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away;
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size.
Of ills I speak by long experience found:
Oft have I trod th' unmeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly laced
In whalebone bondage, gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edged with dangling fringe wear;

Oft

Oft will the cobweb-ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold;
Nor force, nor art, can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
Together join'd, in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.
Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garter fast,
Lest the loose string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,
And with warm blushes cause her cheek to glow.
But yet (as Fortune by the self-same way
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame,
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame:
And thence the radiant star and garter-blue,
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true;
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb;
Still thy lost garter is thy sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.
But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind:
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride;
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts, and every other's warms.
What daring hand shall e'er attempt to tell
The powers that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its numerous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap. [sing,
Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name;
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with every grace,
An easy shape and sweet blooming face;
Fanny the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair.
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
For her they leave the wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds thro' every grove,
And spreads on every tree, enclos'd in knots of love;
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty as alike in name. [high,
'Twas when the summer's sun, now mounted
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid:
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush that added to her native red,
And her fair breast as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid as thus she lay,
O'er all her charms he giz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight:
He sighs, he burns, at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own,
But still complains that he who rul'd the air,
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face; nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark gale, to sooth the sultry day.
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd;
Thick rang'd on every side, with various dyes,
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprise:
So in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads with num'rous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams that still more brightly flow,
Reflected back from gems and eyes below.
Unnumber'd fans, to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs, move the circling air.
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys, the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.
Now let the youth to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
The fair shall not his kind regard deny,
But to the pleasing toil with ardour fly.

But

But stay, rash pair, not yet untaught advance,
First hear the muse ere you attempt to dance.
* By art directed, o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
† Springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein;
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.
Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence lost in error and uncertainty—
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way:
Hence, ere each new-born dance was fully tried,
The lovely product, e'en in blooming, dy'd.
Thro' various hands in wild confusion toss'd,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
Till Fuillet, ‡ the pride of Gallia, rose,
And did the dance in characters compose;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And every step in lasting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read—
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between:
Hence with her sister arts shall Dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.
Wise Nature ever with a prudent hand
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts. [arms,
To trade the Dutch incline—the Swiss to
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around:
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow;
The Borée, and Courant, unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
With all the dances of illustrious fame,
That from their native country take their name;
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.
Each cautious bard ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing,
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to heaven he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed.
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, and weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he finds together join'd
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:
If these he fears to reach with easy pace,
Let him the minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard?—this too let him forbear,
And to the country-dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain shall mind,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand,
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.
In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise;
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning-tops, run round and round;
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.
True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only, to advantage dress'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye;
Good judges no such tumblers' tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful because they're hard:
'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy;
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell;
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball:
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' clouds of heroes slain.
Now when the minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand,
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in;

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur
Arte leves currus.
† ——Nec audit currus habenas.
‡ Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.

But ere they come, permit me to disclose
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose:—
In ancient times (such times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair opening glade, each summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
The sporting fairies their assemblies held;
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warbled thro' the groves around:
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
And bears its flowery honours to the sky,
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command;
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a generous fire.
Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art:
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds:
Hence gems and silks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.
So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landskips shine.
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose;
Then mimic thunder shook the canvass sky,
And gods descended from their towers on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair:
Vain would be here th' instructing muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is express'd, [breast:
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires.
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
While others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit than for beauty choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill [be still;
When she should move, and when she should
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state,
With a poor, simple, unexperienced wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind;
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.
But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side the well-pair'd couple stand,
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight;
While lovely eyes that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bosoms seen above the stays,
Quick busy hands and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd too swift for sight they spring:
So in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd, [lost.
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd;
The muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancied, unconfin'd, and free.
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed he can ne'er offend.
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.
In every country-dance a serious mind
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In Hunt the squirrel, thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
Awhile the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms.
New ones succeed, the last is still her care:
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!
Where can philosophers and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's universal frame? [way,
Where worlds unnumbered o'er the æthereal
In a bright regular confusion stray; [sky,
Now here, now there, they whirl along the
Now near approach, and now far distant fly:

Now

Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.
Where can the moralist find a juster plan,
Of the vain labours of the life of man?
Awhile thro' justling crowds we toil and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what;
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd sit down just where we begun.
Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
Still whispering idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others' steps delay:
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause thro' every couple run,
There rest awhile: there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press:
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till th' unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candle shines with fainter rays,
Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare,
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread;
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow,
While gen'rous white wine mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear [beer;
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muse;
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for future joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.
Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art,
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupil she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions and unfurls her wings.
On downy beds the weary dancers lie, [eye;
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And e'en in sleep they seem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies.
While birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd,
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear,
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
The useful lines of my instructive muse,
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

---

§ 205. *Whitsuntide. Written at Winchester College, on the immediate Approach of the Holidays.*

Hence, thou fur-clad Winter, fly;
Sire of shivering poverty!
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold
Whilst thou draw'st the deep cough out:
God of foot-ball's noisy rout,
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,
The dang'rous slide, the snow-ball fray.
But come, thou genial son of Spring,
Whitsuntide, and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble boy and light,
In slippers red and drawers white;
Who o'er the nicely measur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary foe.
Or patient take thy quiet stand,
The angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kissing the wave, the frequent fly;
Where the trout with eager spring
Forms the many-circled ring,
And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.
Or lead where Health, a Naiad fair,
With rosy cheek and dropping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Dives in Itchin's crystal stream.
Thy vot'ries, rang'd in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view,
Greeting the radiant star of light
With matin hymn and early kite:
E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To thee we raise the choral song;
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.
If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For thee I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming, Whitsuntide.

---

§ 206. *Christmas.* Roberts.

Hence, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade!
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint fatigue, retreat!

Come, Christmas, father thou of mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social evening flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renew'd in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail:
Who, tho' the winter chill the skies,
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course;
Or with unresisted force,
Where frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting 'cross the rapid slide;
Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away,
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,
While echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well-known tally-ho!
Or shew, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare.
Or, if the blast of winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread,
Marking, thro' the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise;
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where thro' the pheasant-haunted brake,
Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.
For thee of buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive greens prepar'd;
For since these delights are thine,
Christmas, with thy bands I join.

---

§ 207. *An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.*
GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To ev'ry christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

---

§ 208. *L'Allegro; or* FUN, *a Parody.*
HUDDESFORD.

Off, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books unjolly;
Hunt out some college cell, [schemes,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish
And the old proctor dreams;
There, in thy smutty walls o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.
But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, FUN,
Whom mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore:
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,
Fill'd her with thee a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.
Hip! here, jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe-toe;
And in thy right-hand haul with thee,
The *Mountain* brim French liberty.
And if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolicks free;
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And squalling startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at six doth sally;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
Through the street-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;

While

While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of a large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields green,
Right against Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullies those who leave their stand;
And milk-maids' screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty sheers,
And every cryer squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.
Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy streets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray;
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coachmen drive their nags;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.
Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the muse open and the breeze,
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring newsmongers.
Hard by, a tinkers' furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where Dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes,
Which the splay-foot Rachael dresses;
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves;
Or if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from smut.
Sometimes, all for sights agog,
To t' other end of the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound,
When every lord's and lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room;
And young and old dance down the tune,
In honour of the fourth of June;
Till candles fail and eyes are sore,
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd and something worse,
And she was fobb'd and lost her purse:
Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When in one night, ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty hands put in;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly;
Then crop-sick down the stairs he flings
Before his master's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.
But the city takes me then,
And the *hums* of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankrupteies;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.
Then to the play-houses anon,
If Quick or Bannister be one;
Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Balls out his damns with comic fury.
And ever, against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a booby running,
Exposing all the ways and phezzes
Of "wags, and oddities and quizzes;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes, on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-seas over.
Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

---

§ 209. *The Picture.* Cunningham.

A portrait, at my lord's command
Completed by a curious hand—
For dabblers in the nice *vertû*
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their connoisseurships tell
Whether this work was finish'd well:
Why—says the loudest, on my word,
'Tis not a *likeness*, good my lord;
Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd:
The judges were again besought
Each to deliver what he thought.
Worse than the first the critics bawl;
Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
See, what a most preposterous chin!
After remonstrance made in vain,
I'll, says the painter, once again

(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit:
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all.
To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of taste—
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of all three.
" Know—to confute your envious pride
(His lordship from the canvass cried),
" Know—that it is my real face,
" Where you could no resemblance trace:
" I've tried you by a lucky trick,
" And prov'd your *genius* to the quick:
" Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,
" Out—ye pretending varlets,—hence!"
The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

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§ 210. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year* 1746.

Soame Jenyns.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale,
* Tho' shallow, muddy; brisk, tho' mighty full; [full.
Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, tho' not
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton † he commits his
To steel it to the fashionable test. [breast,

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less,
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun:
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;
And boldly when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius, for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

† One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a no less famous boxer.

A ribband

A ribband and a pension buy the slave:
This bribes the fool about him; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar;
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent.
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And groaning for the betts he loses by 't, he dies.

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§ 211. *An Epistle, written in the Country, to the Right Honourable the Lord Lovelace, then in Town, September* 1735. Jenyns.

In days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite:
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys for a barley straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These, to the Church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things—but a steeple.
But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care;
For seldom I with 'squires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night,
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting:
But then no farm I occupy
With sheep to rot, and cows to die;
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a snare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in fashion;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice, ['tis,"
"John, John, a coach!—I can't think who
My lady cries, who spies your coach
Ere you the avenue approach:
"Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
"And all the men are in the hay!"
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall door's lock'd, the key is lost:
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam you'd swear was brought-to-bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
"You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden"—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring:
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;

And, as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillock, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wondrous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' sinners.
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business nor diversions please me;
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend;
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding:
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back again;
Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn:
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game cocks fight:
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
Presbytery and episcopacy,
They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason peeks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that 's in it:
And now with Jab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature thro' ev'ry winding maze;
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire;
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtilty;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case still more 't explain)
A * fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;
There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Celia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life:
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome tho' no treat;
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Billiards, backgammon, and the vicar.

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§ 212. *Horace. Book II. Ode* 10. Cowper.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast: the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground:
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again:

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

* See Boyle's Experiments.

If

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

§ 215. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.* COWPER.

And is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has a heart unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.

§ 214. *The Shrubbery. Written in a Time of Affliction.* COWPER.

O happy shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shews the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam:
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

§ 215. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.* COWPER.

The Lady thus address'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out Graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark;
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four.
You are so deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?
Dismiss poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wise;
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if I did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.—
Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing!
Child! I am rather hard of hearing.
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.
Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state.
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shews love to be a mere profession,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

§ 216. *The Winter Nosegay.* COWPER.

What nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.
'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

§ 217. *Boadicea, an Ode.* COWPER.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods;
Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:
Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word—
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

§ 218. *Heroism.* COWPER.

There was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow;
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around,
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies;
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play:
But, O! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate work of man;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an unform'd and an idle mass,
Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live:
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!
O charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below;
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merit of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.
Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road.
At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness;
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
And folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;

And

And years of pining indigence must shew
What scourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil:
Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

§ 219. *Art above Nature.* Peter Pindar.

Nature's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I 've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade— [beat it.
Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you'll
Look now, for heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise, [know;
Made by some sweating cooks below.
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who 'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?
Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!
I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky things both men and maids are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your pictures look as red as bacon.
All folks love size; believe my rhyme;
Burke says, 'tis part of the sublime.
A Dutchman, I forget his name,—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab—
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment vast:
"No poet like my broder step de ground.
"He be de bestest poet, look!
"Dat all de world must please;
"Vor he heb vrite von book,
"So big as all dis cheese!"
If at a distance you would paint a pig,
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And angry vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"
Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But feel your merit by their finger ends!
Make out each single bristle on his back.
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the goodness by the smell.
Claude's distances are too confus'd—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.
Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.
Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild—
Fond of variety—a wayward child— [sume;
To blame your taste some blockheads may pre-
But mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea or a * jo.
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.
I see, at excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls nor buff.
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she ere long will come and copy you.

§ 220. *The crooked Sixpence.* Bramston†.

——— Sing, Maiden Muse,
Sixpence, Hoop-petticoat, and Church on fire.

Happy the maid, who, from green sickness free,
In canvas or in Holland pocket bears
A crooked Sixpence. She envieth not
New-married folks, nor sighs at others banns.
At eve, when Sol this hemisphere forsakes,
She to her needle or her wheel repairs;
Then, not unmindful of the man, dear man,
Whose faith, by promises and am'rous oaths,
And crooked Sixpence, was to her betroth'd,
William or Thomas; at her work she cries,
His year next March is up, and so is mine.
Meanwhile he shoes japans, or buckling wigs,
Sings Durfey's songs by Purcellini set:
But I, who in my head bear pain, and draw

* A Portuguese Johannes. † Author of the Man of Taste, the Art of Politics, &c.

Short

Short breath, attendant sure on sickness green,
With cinders, or with mortar from the wall,
Wretched repast! my fading flesh distain!
In chimney corner close I poking sit,
Nor ever stir spontaneous, scarce when call'd.
I loll, I stretch, I yawn, and from a tub
(Like that whence Burgess preach'd) oatmeal purloin,
Oatmeal, unsalutary food if raw! [feeds
More wholesome than yclep'd burgout, which
North-British lad, full famous in records
Of England's chronicle for selling kings,
When he o'er hoary hills, or craggy cliffs,
Or rugged rocks, where eagles build their nest,
Rides on a galloway, though small, yet strong;
Voy'ging from Dungbay Head through sheriffdoms
Barren and bleak, with chequer'd plaid superb,
Intent with clipp'd Jacobuses to buy
French wine in Lusitanian casks spent,
Which well-paid perjurers vouch all for port,
Though they perhaps the growth of Bourdeaux be,
Chatteau, Margout, or the renown'd Pontack.
Thus while in qualms my heavy moments
A wight, in habit velvet all and gold, [creep,
Formal and fine, dread monster! doctor hight,
With solemn face into the kitchen stalks.
His bony fingers thrice my pulse assay;
Thrice secrets deep he asks; 'surpris'd, I dread
The voice obscene, and hate the sickly sound.
What shall I do? Amaz'd, confounded, dumb
I stand, nor answer give to his demands,
Nauseous to virgin ears; my frizzled hair
Stands upright, to its roof my tongue sticks dry,
Retentive faculty my bowels lose,
So horrible he seems.—His horse-hair wig
Stiffen'd with angry curls, his agate cane
And gilded sword (too oft by cowards worn)
Disastrous deeds forebode; in his right-hand
The desperate pen he takes, which, tinged with ink,
Strange characters and figures dire inscribes,
Illegible to maid, or man, or witch.
Oh, may such plagues averted ever be
From modest spinsters! Lo! behind him sneaks
Another mortal, not unlike himself,
Of jargon full, with terms obscure o'ercharg'd,
Apothecary call'd, whose fœtid hands
With power mechanic, and with charms arcane,
Apollo, god of medicine, has endued.
If he gilt pills, powder, or bolus brown,
Haply into the open mouth convey
Of patient; straight his body to the dose
Obsequions (as erst La Mancha's knight)
Is to a feather-bed well-warm'd convey'd:
Sheets never to be chang'd, and watchful nurse
The captive wretch incarcerate, till Time,
The best physician, set the patient free.
Beware, ye virgins, of your health beware;
Be circumspect to romp or run; ascend
The mountain's airy top; th' empiric crew
Will else oft visit your abode, by fees
Of gold allur'd, and dangerous symptoms find;
Prompt to torment some pale unthriving wench
With griping buckthorn, or with lancet sharp
To pierce the shivering arm. So, poets sing,
Sow-gelder erst, to calves, pigs, colts, and lamb
Sworn everlasting foe, with goggling eyes
To stables, sties, or cow-pens, early comes
Protending his fell knife, to thoughtless bulls
Sure ruin. So, in undiscerning night,
Myriads of fairies, by their monarch led,
To infants' cradles, or to nursery rooms,
In serried files march on. Meanwhile the babe,
Secure in innocence, sleeps sound and smiles.
The peers and peeresses, with Oberon's self,
Great Oberon, of Fairy realms supreme,
Within one circle all, in dance and song,
And midnight music, move their tiny feet.
Nurse hears, or thinks she hears, 'twixt sleep and wake,
Loud sounds, unseen, delightful to the ear:
But fairy fiddles lull again to sleep.
Eftsoons king Oberon and twelve chosen men,
With scaling ladders of Dutch thread compact,
The cradle mount, collecting all their might:
The burthen of the ponderous child they raise,
Inexorable; nor will aught avail [well;
Bright eyes, loud tears, or limbs proportion'd
For pigmy brat they change the bouncing boy,
And to their own abodes, where'er they be,
The harmless babe with Io Pæans drag.
So pass my days. But, when a wake or fair
Comes on, and calls the joyous damsels forth;
When swains, in leathern galligaskins clad,
Treat nymphs with cyder, sparkling drink and sweet;
In melancholy hall or kitchen wide, [sweet;
I cough deserted; partner for the dance
None chooses me; none on the beechen bark
My name inscribes; no brawny bachelor
Hangs over me enamour'd. Singly sad,
My woe through three times six revolving years
I count; no jolly Joe, nor sober Sam,
The matrimonial question e'er propos'd,
Or crooked Sixpence offer'd to divide.
Amidst the horrors of long wintry nights
I sigh, my heart into my white-rann'd shoes
With palpitation sinks. I ponder now
Where rats-bane 's sold, and now again the well
I view irresolute, and oft the strength
Of my own garters try. Peevish I pine,
And fret, and rave, and wish; my roving mind
Finds no relief, my rolling eyes no sleep.
But, if the stranger Morpheus does invade
My painful limbs, my fancy, still awake,
Thoughtful of man, and eager, in a dream,
Imaginary blisses gives and takes
In vain! awake, I find myself alone,
Unbless'd, alas! and curse the backward sex.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite cut off.
Fairing to me no generous carter brings,
No pears, no gingerbread, though brown, yet sweet;
No filberts I, nor walnuts crack, nor squeeze
The china orange through its tawny coat:
Troubles immense, though mightier still remain.

My

My whale-bone hoop, that has so long withstood
Pails, pots, and doors, and with circumference wide
My virtuous limbs enclos'd, by frequent sparks
Of fire 's destroy'd (what will not fire destroy!).
The splinter'd ribs crack, break, and pierce amain
My wounded skin. In rags the canvas hangs;
The seven-fold circlets of the fluttering hoop,
Uplifted, yield to every blast of wind,
Southern, or Western, or the bleak North-east,
North-east, that sinks the hearts of hippish souls,
Till whale-bone, twitcher, petticoat, and all,
Descend with clangor to the rattling hearth.
So when of some great church the cupola,
Or minster of renown'd metropolis,
York, Canterbury, or the height of Paul's,
Resisting long the jaws of ravenous Time,
The summer's thunder, and the winter's wind,
Fam'd many centuries for its stately strength,
Upon some fatal, unexpected day,
Smit by the rapid lightning's forked gleam,
Admits the flame; the melted lead runs down:
Their own destruction sapless beams increase:
The neighbours with astonishment are seiz'd;
They stare, they scream, they help, they steal, they run.
Endeavours vain! Unconquer'd, unextinct,
Flames domineer aloft: far off resounds
The wreck of chancels, and the crush of aisles;
High turrets hasten to the vaults below,
And proud cathedrals tumble to the ground.

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§ 221. *The Copper Farthing.* Pennington*.

Happy the boy, who dwells remote from school,
Whose pocket, or whose rattling-box, contains
A copper Farthing! He nor grieving hears
Hot cheese-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve,
To well known blacksmith's shop, or church-yard, hies;
Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
Marbles, or chuck, he instantly begins,
With undissembled pleasure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
By still more hated books environ'd, I,
With tedious lessons and long task to get,
My dismal thoughts employ: or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or stronger character
Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
Amenophis, or Ptolemy, when he,
In search of stolen calf, or money lost,
For wondering ploughman does his art employ;
Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
For country-maid consults directing stars,
Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.
Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend
With magisterial look, and solemn step,
Appears my school-master, tremendous wight!
Dreaded by truant boys: how can I 'scape
Th' expected punishment for task ungot?
Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head;
So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
My limbs the power to fly; slow he ascends
Th' appointed seat, and on his right-hand lies
The bushy rod, compos'd of numerous twigs
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow;
Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected task, a poignant smart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an usher; ah, terrific name
To lesser wights! who if they hapless place
In station wrong pronoun or participle,
Straight, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
Till by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the skies,
They draw kind pity, moist-ey'd goddess, down
To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
For, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
To which his maw insatiate forebodes
Certain destruction, while, behind or bush,
Or pale encompassing the farmer's yard,
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty

* This lady died in the year 1759, aged 25. The following character of her, by Mr Duncombe, is exrtacted from that gentleman's Poem, called "The Feminead," vol. iv. Pearch's Collection of Poems, p. 184.

"Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
"Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
"See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
"The fairy ground that Phillips trod before,
"Exalts her chemic wand, and swift behold
"The basest metal ripen into gold!
"Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
"We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
"Nor shall the Farthing, sung by her, forbear
"To claim the praises of the smiling Fair;
"Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
"The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy."

To ensnare

T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He strait purloins them from her careful wing,
With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round
(That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
The slaughter'd prey), to tell the hapless tale.
Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
Illuminates; and when the silver moon
Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay ploughman does his partner
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn [choose
The needle thread, or toss the bounding ball;
All cheerless I, nor dance, nor pleasing sport,
Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake: but on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breast,
And baneful venom sheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains, and yelling ghosts
Irascible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
To swift imagination's eye presents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance
Or luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titiana wed;
While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
For Liberty, dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments spend; or if perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids close,
Dear Liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
Which waking are denied: and beat the hoop
With dextrous hand, or run with feet as swift
As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow:
Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
It was illusion all, and mockery vain.
Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn I pass
The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
In plenteous manner by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pye, or tart,
Or trembling custard of delicious goût,
Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl,
Hard fate for me! Yet harder still betides
Me, hapless youth! My faithful top, that oft
Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement smooth
It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand
Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
To time and destiny's relentless doom
A miserable victim, quite decay'd
With many services, and cleft throughout,
All useless lies: ah! sight of saddest woe
To wretched me! of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Vesuvius dwells,
Beholds the sulph'rous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet.
Till with a horrid yawn it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

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§ 222. *The School-boy. By the Rev. Mr. Maurice, Author of the Indian Antiquities. Written by him at a very early age.*

Multa tulit, fecitque puer. Hor.

THRICE happy he, whose hours the cheering smiles
Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroul'd
Where Ease invites, or Pleasure's syren voice:
Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain; but when the blushing morn
Purples the East, with eager transport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thund'ring shouts he drives
The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
To neighb'ring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
With boon companion, where they drown their cares
In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.
Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I descend
From dreary garret, round whose ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
Perpetual raves, and fierce descending rains
Discharge their fury—dire lethargic dews
Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems
With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Or poets sing, or fabled tale records,
Presents transporting visions; goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
While in the shade of some embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains
Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flow'r
Send forth an odorous smell, and all the air
With songs of love and melody resounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
As with slow faltering footsteps I resort
To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome

Rears

Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
Assaults my ear; loud as the distant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African
Assembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
I take my seat, and con with studious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,
With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
"Lay floating many a rood") his sullen brow
With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,
Enters the Pedagogue! terrific sight;
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;
His right-hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff,
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
Call'd by the vulgar birch, Tartarean root,
Whose wrankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A solemn pause ensues:
As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow—Sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their rage:
Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell;
If haply he may 'scape impending fate.

Thus ceas'd the general clamour; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the Pedagogue throughout the dome
His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
A sudden paleness gathers in my face,
Thro' all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh, dire presage
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonish'd ears: transfix'd with awe,
And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon,
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer: nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curs'd be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter cause
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
By stern, relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels were reserv'd
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life,
Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
From every bland amusement, wont to sooth
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back
To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering soul
Rises superior to its load, and spurns
Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight
My fancy riots in successive scenes
Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
How best the fleeting moments to improve,
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
And other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs
Then rack my soul! what ceaseless floods of grief
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs
Heave all my frame, and choak the power of speech!
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
In vain: for what can aught avail to sooth
Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
Before my eyes in all its horror glares
That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length, return'd
Within these hated walls, again I mourn

A sullen

A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
Of joyous holiday or festive play
Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye sires
For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names
In large conspicuous characters pourtray'd,
Adorn the annual chronologic page
Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore oppress'd
With dire calamities, the glad return
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
Illustrious George! for much to thee I owe
Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
Or hurl the mounting rocket though the air,
Or fiery whizzing serpent; thus thy name
Shall still be honour'd, as thro' future years
The circling Seasons roll their festive round.
Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd, [trunk
I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the
Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flowery lawns
By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise
The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
Of thrush or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf
Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears:
Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
I plunge into the limpid stream that laves
The silent vale; or, on its grassy banks,
Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
Envying the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
Their boon of freedom; till the distant sound
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.
Thus under tyrant-pow'r I groan, oppress'd
With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer;
But summons to the field the doughty foe
In single combat, 'midst th' impartial throng,
There to decide our fate: oft too, inflam'd
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
My soul is fill'd with vast heroic thoughts,
Trusting in martial glory to surpass
Roman or Grecian chief: instant, with shouts,
The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray;
No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
Wide wasting nature; rage our arms supplies;
Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of stones
Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm
Or knotted club avail; high in the midst
Are seen the mighty chiefs, thro' hosts of foes
Mowing their way; and now with tenfold rage
The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
Distains the field, and many a veteran brave
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
By turns from either host; each claims the palm [shades
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun
Involve the sky the doubtful conflict ends.
Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,
And all th' Eternal Powers in battle met,
High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
The godlike leaders on th' embattled plain,
Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate:
Nor less terrific join'd the inferior hosts
Of angel warriors, when encountering hills
Tore the rent conclave—flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;
All heaven resounded, and the astonish'd deep
Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

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§ 223. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book.* 1699. Swift.

Peruse my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux:
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes."
"Madam, I die without your grace:"
"Item, for half a yard of lace."—
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out:
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

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§ 224. *Mrs. Harris's Petition.* 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,* the humble petition of Frances Harris, [ries,)
(Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscar-
Humbly sheweth,
That I went to warm myself in Lady † Betty's chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and six-pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

So,

So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next to my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd! [Lady to bed;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead. [feel very light:
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord, I thought I should have sunk outright.
Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?
Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place: [that's a plain case.
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber,
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm. [very well think,
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's * box, tied in a rag, the money was found. [a-swearing:
So next morning we told Whittle, † and he fell
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's § folks are all very sad; [without fail.
For my Lord Dromedary ‖ comes o' Tuesday
Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.
Says Cary, ¶ says he, I have been a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.
Yes, says the steward, ** I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of gooseberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief; [I hate a thief,)
(Now you must know, of all things in the world,
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about: [happen'd out:
Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse; †† [house.
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages. [understands
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
That, tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands. [ever I saw't!
The Devil take me! said she (blessing herself) if
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know what could I say to her any more? [before.
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon.
So the chaplain ‡‡ came in: now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a body's plunder'd? [son like the Devil!)
(Now you must know he hates to be call'd par-
Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil! [d'ye see,
If your money be gone, as a learned divine says,
You are no text for my handling; so take that from me: [you to know.
I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife; [all my life.
I never took one in your coat for a conjuror in
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say, [went away.
Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so
Well, I thought I should have swoon'd: Lord! said I, what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-love too!
Then my Lord call'd me: Harry, §§ said my Lord, don't cry;
I'll give something towards thy loss; and, says my Lady, So will I.
O! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to? [I must petition you.
For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies),
The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection; [cellencies letter,
And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:

* Wife to one of the footmen. † The Earl of Berkeley's valet. ‡ The old deaf housekeeper.
§ Galway. ‖ The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two Earls.
¶ Clerk of the kitchen. ** Ferris. †† An usual saying of hers.
‡‡ Dr. Swift. §§ A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

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§ 225. *A Description of the Morning.* 1709.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the deep,
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street:
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

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§ 226. *A Description of a City Shower. In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

Careful observers may foretel the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine; you'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust, dust.
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides, sides.
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course; ridge,
And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

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§ 227. *On the little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock.* 1710.

Whoever pleaseth to enquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow Poet Joe*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall!
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock:
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, † Walls.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin:
Here conns his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton * took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson † gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The Reverend Dr. Raymond ‡ guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, that but it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry;
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand;
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy, § I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron full of bricks.

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§ 228. *The Fable of Midas.* 1711.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold;
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden-pippin;
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit:
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapp'd asses ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t' other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays:
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is all.
Here English wits will be to seek;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath asses ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hands so much:
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic pow'r.
While he his utmost strength applied
To swim against this pop'lar tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace:
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,

* Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. † Stella. ‡ Minister of Trim. § The waiting-woman.

By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses ears and dirty hands.

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§ 229. *A Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. II. vii. First printed in* 1752.

Serv. LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A general reformation-scheme,
To keep the poor from every sin,
From gaming, murther, and from gin.
And now I have no less an itch
To venture to reform the rich.
Mem. What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For since a member, as 'tis said,
His projects to his servants read,
And of a favourite speech a book made,
With which he tir'd each night a cook-maid:
And so it hapt that every morning
The tasteless creatures gave him warning:
Since thus we use them, 'tis but reason
We hear our servants in their season.
Begin. *Serv.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd:
In races, routs, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, drest, and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world;
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus: "Prue, creditor to heaven:
"To sermons heard on extra-days.
"Debtor: To masquerade and plays.
"*Item:* to Whitfield, half an hour:
"*Per contra:* To the Colonel, four."
Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime:
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds, reform.
A Lord his youth in every vice
Indulg'd, but chief in drabs and dice,
Till worn by age, disease, and gout,
Then nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord—who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.
I laud this constant wretch's state,
And pity all who fluctuate;
Prefer this slave to dear back-gammon,
To those who serve both God and mammon;
To those who take such pains to awe
The nation's vices by the *law*,
Yet, while they draw their bills so ample,
Neglect the influence of *example*.
Memb. To whom d' ye preach this senseless sermon?
Serv. To you, good Sir. *Memb.* To me, ye vermin!
Serv. To you, who every day profess
T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,
But yet your heart sincerer praise
Bestows on these or Charles's days:
You still approve some absent place—
(The present's ever in disgrace!)
And, such your special inconsistence,
Make the chief merit in the distance.
If e'er you miss a supper card
(Though all the while you think it hard,)
You're all for solitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air, and elbow-room:
No prison like a crowded drum.
But, should you meet her grace's summons,
In full committee of the Commons,
Though well you know her crowded house
Will scarce contain another mouse,
You quit the business of the nation,
And brethren of the Reformation;
Though —— begs you'll stay and vote,
And zealous —— tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm and stare,
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good-now hold
Your hand awhile; I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.
Last night I heard a learned pouli'rer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer:
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood:
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals;
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their erudities against the Bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley * or Romaine.
Deserves that critic most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,
Who deems it, with some wild fanatics,
The only school of mathematics?
Or he, who, making grave profession,
To lay aside all prepossession,
Calls it a bookseller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?
You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a piece at Peter Wood's: †
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honour,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and sage reformer,
Must go by stealth to meet your charmer;
Must change your star and every note
Of honour for a bear-skin coat.
That legislative head so wise
Must stoop to base and mean disguise.
Some Abigail must then receive you,
Brib'd by the husband to deceive you.

* The celebrated Orator of Clare Market.

† This worthy a few years before fell under the displeasure of the mob, who broke into his house, near St. Clement's, and burnt all his furniture, which they threw into the street.

She

She spies Cornuto on the stairs:
Wakes you; then, melted by your prayers,
Yields, if with great er bribe you ask it,
To pack your worship in the basket.
Laid n eck-and heels, true Falstaff-fashion;
There form new schemes of reformation.
Thus 'scap'd the murdering husband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in memory of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a stranger.
No; ere you've time for this reflection,
Some new debauch is in projection;
And, for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, though so great, so grave,
(Nay! wonder not), an abject slave;
As much a slave as I; nay, more;
I serve one master, you a score,
And, as your various passions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.

Memb. Who then is free? *Serv.* The wise alone,
Who only bows to reason's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor subtle persecutor's pains,
Nor honours, wealth, nor lust, can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
External insults can he feel?
Or ere present one weaker part
To Fortune's most insidious dart?
Much-honour'd master, may you find
These wholesome symptoms in your mind!
Can you be free while passions rule you?
While women every moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of every doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?
Convinc'd by every new disaster
You serve a more despotic master;
Say, can your pride or folly see
Such difference 'twixt yourself and me?
Shall you be struck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?
Dispos'd along th' extensive glass,
They catch and hold me ere I pass.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I see the very stage they fought on:
The bruisers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loiterer, to be sure;
You a great judge and connoisseur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With costly banquet at Vauxhall;
And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadler's-wells, or Cuper's? *
Are these less innocent in fact,
Or only made so by the act?
Those who † contribute to the tax
On tea, and chocolate, and wax,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauseate what they eat for fame;
Of these the Houses take no knowledge,
But leave them fairly to the College.
Oh! ever prosper their endeavours
To aid your dropsies, gouts, and fevers!
Can it be deem'd a shame or sin
To pawn my livery for gin;
While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raise your fame with Arthur's knights?
Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
Nor strive to pass a slur on gaming;
But rather to devise each session
Some law in honour o' th' profession;
Lest sordid hands or vulgar place
The noble mystery should debase;
Lest ragged scoundrels, in an alehouse,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the sacred rites profane
With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labours
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler, and prevent his
Confederate arts to gull the 'prentice;
Unless you could yourself desist
From hazard, faro, brag, and whist?
Unless your philosophic mind
Can from within amusement find,
And give at once to use and pleasure
That truly precious time, your leisure?
In vain your busy thoughts prepare
Deceitful sepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the sparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or sooths the soul—

Memb. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

Serv. Heyday! my master's brain is crackt!
Or else he's making some new act.

Memb. To set such rogues as you to work,
Perhaps, or send you to the Turk. ‡

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§ 230. *The Intruder. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. I. ix. First printed in* 1754.

A certain free, familiar spark
Pertly accosts me in the Park:
"'Tis lovely weather, sure! how gay
"The sun!—I give you, Sir, good-day."
Your servant, Sir. To you the same—
But—give me leave to crave your name.
"My name? Why sure you've seen my face
"About, in every public place.
"I'm known to almost all your friends
"(No one e'er names you but commends)—
"For some I plant; for some I build;
"In every taste and fashion skill'd—

* Places of entertainment at that time. Two of them have been since shut up.

† It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

‡ Among the many projects for the punishment of rogues, it has been frequently proposed to send them in exchange for English slaves in Algiers.

" Were there the least regard for merit!—
" The rich in purse are poor in spirit.
" You know Sir Pagode (here I'll give ye
" A front I've drawn him for a privy)—
" This winter, Sir, as I'm a sinner,
" He has not ask'd me once to dinner."
Quite overpower'd with this intrusion,
I stood in silence and confusion.
He took the advantage, and pursu'd:
" Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude;
" But sure I may suppose my talk
" Will less disturb you while you walk.
" And yet I now may spoil a thought:
" But that's indeed a venial fault:—
" I only mean to such, d'ye see,
" Who write with ease like you and me.
" I write a sonnet in a minute:
" Upon my soul, there's nothing in it.
" But you to all your friends are partial:
" You reckon **** another Martial—
" He'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
" To write an epigram or ode.
" **** 's no poet to my knowledge;
" I knew him very well at college:
" I've writ more verses in an hour
" Than he could ever do in four.
" You'll find me better worth your knowing—
" But tell me; which way are you going?"
What various tumults swell'd my breast,
With passion, shame, disgust opprest!
This courtship from my *Brother Poet!*
Sure no similitude can show it:
Not young Adonis when pursu'd
By amorous antiquated prude;
Nor Gulliver's distressful face,
When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.
In rage, confusion, and dismay,
Not knowing what to do or say;
And, having no resource but lying—
A friend at Lambeth lies a-dying—
" Lambeth!" (he re-assumes his talk)
" Across the bridge—the finest walk.—
" Don't you admire the Chinese bridges,
" That wave in furrows and in ridges?
" They've finish'd such an one at Hampton:
" 'Faith, 'twas a plan I never dreamt on—
" The prettiest thing that e'er was seen—
" 'Tis printed in the Magazine.—"
This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then stop and stare:
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow choleric and sick;
And glare my eye, and shew the white,
Like vicious horses when they bite.
Regardless of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews.—" D'ye hear
" Who 'twas compos'd the taylor's dance?
" I practis'd fifteen months in France.
" I wrote a play—'twas done in haste—
" I know the present want of taste,
" And dare not trust it on the town—
" No tragedy will e'er go down.
" The new burletta's now the thing—
" Pray did you ever hear me sing?"
Never indeed.—" Next time we meet—
" We're just now coming to the street.—
" Bless me! I almost had forgot:
" There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.
" Sir Scrutiny has press'd me daily
" To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
" To witness to his good behaviour:
" My uncle's voter under favour—
" Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
" To save him will be losing you:
" Yet we must save him if we can,
" For he's a staunch one, a DEAD MAN.*"
By your account he's SO indeed,
Unless you make some better speed.
This moment fly to save your friend—
Or else prepare him for his end.
" Hang him, he's but a single vote;
" I wish the halter round his throat.
" To Lambeth I attend you, Sir"
Upon my soul! you shall not stir:
Preserve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be so callous?
So negligent when life's at stake?
" I'd hang a hundred for your sake."
I wish you'd do as much by me—
Or any thing to set me free.
Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
" Are you, he cries, as well as ever
" With Lady Grace? she's vastly clever!"
Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few, her friendship share.
" If you'd contrive to introduce
" Your friend here, you might find an use—
Sir, in that house there's no such doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no designing,
No rivalship, and no outshining.
" Indeed! you make me long the more
" To get admittance. Is the door
" Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
" As will not melt at half-a-crown?
" Can't I cajole the female tribe,
" And gain her woman with a bribe?
" Refus'd to-day, suck up my sorrow,
" And take my chance again to-morrow?
" Is there no shell-work to be seen,
" Or Chinese chair or Indian screen?
" No cockatoo nor marmozet,
" Lap-dog, gold-fish, nor paroquet?
" No French embroidery on a quilt?
" And no bow-window to be built?
" Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
" My lady in the park or street?
" At opera, play, or morning prayer,
" To hand her to her coach or chair?"
But now his voice, though late so loud,
Was lost in the contentious crowd
Of fish-wives newly corporate,
A colony from Billingsgate.†

* A cant term for a sure vote. † The fish-market at Westminster, just then opened.

That

That instant on the bridge I spied
Lord Truewit coming from his ride.
My Lord—Sir William (I began)
Has given me power to state a plan,
To settle every thing between you;
And so—'tis lucky that I've seen you.
This morning—" Hold," replies the peer,
And tips me a malicious leer,
" Against good-breeding to offend,
" And rudely take you from your FRIEND!"
(His Lordship, by the way can spy
How matters go with half an eye;
And loves in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the gravest face.)
" 'Tis Saturday—I should not choose
" To break the Sabbath of the JEWS."
The Jews! my Lord!—" Why, since this
" pother,
" I own I'm grown a younger brother:
" 'Faith, Persecution is no joke:
" —I once was going to have spoke.—
" Bus'ness may stay till Monday-night:
" 'Tis prudent, to be sure you're right."
He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:
To what ill fortune am I doom'd!
But fortune had, it seems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been somewhat loud,
Insensibly the market-crowd
Around my persecutor drew;
And made them take him for a Jew.
To me the caitiff now appeals;
But I took fairly to my heels;
And, pitiless of his condition,
On brink of Thames and Inquisition,
Left him to take his turn, and listen
To each uncircumcis'd Philistine.
O! Phœbus! happy he whose trust is
In thee, and thy *poetic justice!*

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§ 231. *Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Addressed to the Earl of Oxford.* 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheapning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest;
And bid friend Lewis * go in quest—
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat;
In state opinions *a-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, " I desire to know
" From his own mouth if this be so;
" Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
" I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent:
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, " Your servant, Sir!"
" Does he refuse me?" Harley cried.
" He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The D— tor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
" My Lord—the honour you design'd—
" Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
" I'm sure I never should neglect—
" No man alive has more respect."
" Well, I shall think of that no more
" If you'll be sure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten:
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor take his guest.

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.

Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter never to reside.
A canon! that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a Dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tythes in kind:
And Parvisol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret,
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
"What makes your worship look so lean?
"Why, sure you won't appear in town
"In that old wig and rusty gown?
"I doubt your heart is set on pelf
"So much that you neglect yourself.
"What! I suppose now stocks are high,
"You've some good purchase in your eye?"
"Or is your money out at use?"
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
The Doctor in a passion cried,
"Your raillery is misapplied;
"Experience I have dearly bought;
"You know I am not worth a groat:
"But you resolv'd to have your jest,
"And 'twas a folly to contest.
"Then, since you now have done your worst,
"Pray leave me where you found me first."

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§ 232. *Horace, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
'But here a grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reason's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
'But only what my station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preserve, Almighty Providence!
'Just what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in verse as true as prose;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
"Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas—
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown:
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next:
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
"To justle here among the crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

This

This humbly offers me his case;
That begs my interest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone."
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two.
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may for certain, if you please:
"I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that; [wind?"
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs:
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains.
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean!
"My lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together, *tête-à-tête*:
"What! they admire him for his jokes?
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
"'Tis now no secret."—I protest
'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

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§ 233. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath, till his Palace was rebuilt.*

An oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A candle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your Lordship for a shift,
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

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§ 234. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, who died the 6th of July* 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possest,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward's in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak,
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom
In half a minute is not worth a groat. [bought,
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument could not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
O London tavern! * thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

He

He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;
" * But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death
" in spite
" Cast in his dart, which made three moidores
" light;
" And, as he saw his darling money fail,
" Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

---

§ 235. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

---

§ 236. *To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*

YOU always are making a God of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

---

§ 237. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

WOULD you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small's the farm, yet there's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill;
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it:
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's *great*.

---

§ 238. *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.* 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred. [your cloth;
I'm sure such words do not become a man of
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth. [ridan, 'tis a shame
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. She-
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin;
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy. [an excuse,
And now, whereby I find you would fain make
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.

* These four lines were written by Stella.

You

You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass! [or an ass:
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master, what care I? [Mary.
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil; [should be civil.
I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here; [in the year;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking: [master's stocking),
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school— [makes him a fool.
I thought my master a wise man, but that man
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale [pin a dishclout to his tail.
He would come into our kitchen, and I would
And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter; [Marget she writes better.
For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from pray'rs:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command, MARY.

---

§ 239. *Riddles, by Dr. Swift and his Friends. Written in or about the Year* 1724.

On a Pen.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd;
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust;
From me no secret he can hide,
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not shew his reading.
Nay, man, my master is my slave:
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

---

§ 240. *On Gold.*

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy liv'ry drest!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

---

§ 241. *On a Corkscrew.*

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I shew
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright,
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:
And still, the more I shew my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not asham'd to shew my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the side-board take my seat;

Yet

Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

§ 242. *On a Circle.*

I 'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can 't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 243. *On Ink.*

I am jet-black, as you may see,
The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r;
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

§ 244. *On the Five Senses.*

All of us in one you'll find;
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep;
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.
If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

§ 245. *On an Echo.*

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak:
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me;
Many voices joining round me.
Then I fret and rave and gabble
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

§ 246. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have ever been,
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.

All

All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come and enter there
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
Then pr'ythee tell me what am I?

§ 247. *On Time.*

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

§ 248. *On the Vowels.*

We are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

§ 249. *On Snow.*

From heaven I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I 'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

§ 250. *On a Cannon.*

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 251. *To Quilca, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair.* 1725.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses:
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil,
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 252. *The grand Question debated: Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.* 1729.

Thus spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair:
"This Hamilton's bawn, ‡ whilst it sticks on my hand,
"I lose by the house what I get by the land;
"But how to dispose of it to the best bidder.
"For a barrack § or malt-house, we now must consider.
"First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
"Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
"There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
"I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
"A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
"Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
"With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
"No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
"And you and the Dean no more shall combine
"To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
"Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
"A stone and a quarter of beef from my surloin.
"If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
"My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't,
"In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
"Whatever they give me, I must be content,
"Or join with the court in every debate;
"And rather than that I would lose my estate."

* The name of an Irish servant. † Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.
‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.
§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

Thus

Thus ended the Knight. Thus began his meek wife:

"It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
"I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
"But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums:*
"With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
"I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean:
"But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
"The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
"I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
"For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in "awe;
"Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
"Will tell him that Chaplains should not be "so pert; [their pray'rs,
"That men of his coat should be minding
"And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, † who listen'd to all that was
And could not endure so vulgar a taste, [past,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's pos-"sest.
"Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will "sound!
"I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
"But, madam, I guess'd there would never "come good,
"When I saw him so often with Darby‡ and "Wood. [dream'd
"And now my dream's out; for I was a-
"That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I "scream'd! [shoes;
"And after, methought, I had lost my new
"And Molly, she said I should hear some ill "news.
"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
"You might have a barrack whenever you "please;
"And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
"That for twenty denials you would not give
"If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*. [out
"Till he gave me my will, I would give him "no rest; [sheets
"And, rather than come in the same pair of
"With such a cross man, I would lie in the "streets:
"But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
"And worry him out till he gives his consent.
"Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
"An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
"For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
"I can't get it out, though I never so fain.
"I fancy already a barrack contriv'd [riv'd;
"At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is ar-
"Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
"And waits on the Captain betimes the next "morning.
"Now see, when they meet, how their ho-"nours behave:
"Noble Captain, your servant."—"Sir Arthur, "your slave:
"You honour me much."—"The honour is "mine."
"'Twas a sad rainy night."—"But the morn-"ing is fine."
"Pray how does my lady?"—"My wife's at "your service."
"I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—
"Good-morrow, good Captain, I'll wait on "you down."
"You shan't stir a foot."—"You'll think me "a clown.
"For all the world, Captain."—"Not half an "inch farther."
"You must be obey'd!"—"Your servant, Sir "Arthur!
"My humble respects to my Lady unknown."
"I hope you will use my house as your own."
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off "your prate,
"Thou hast certainly got a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam, be quiet, what was it I said?
"You had like to have put it quite out of my "head.
"Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
"At the head of his troops with trumpet and "drum.
"Now, madam, observe how he marches in "state:
"The man with the kettle-drums enters the "gate;
"Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
"Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
"See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with "gold lace:
"O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
"And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
"With the fine flaming sword that he holds "in his hand;
"And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and "rears;
"With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
"At last comes the troop, by the word of com-"mand,
"Drawn up in our court; when the Captain "cries, STAND!
"Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
"(For sure I have *dizn'd* you out like a queen).
"The Captain, to shew he is proud of the fa-"vour,
"Looks up to your window, and cocks up "his beaver,
"(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark "that,
"For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
"Because he has never a hand that is idle;
"For the right holds the sword, and the left "holds the bridle);
"Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
"As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
"(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath "spilt!)
"Then he lowers down the point, and kisses "the hilt.

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. † My lady's waiting woman.
‡ Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

"Your

" Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk
" in." [found,
" The Captain salutes you with congee pro-
" And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the
" ground.
" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
" to us: [us.
" I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do
" And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay
" And take a short dinner here with us to-day?
" You're heartily welcome: but as for good
" cheer,
" You come in the very worst time of the year;
" If I had expected so worthy a guest—"
" Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
" You banter me, madam, the kingdom must
" grant—"
" You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!"
" Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming."
" No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a humming.
" To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory:
" The Dean and the Doctor * have humbled
" their pride,
" For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side:
" And, because he's their betters, you carve for
" him first:
" The Parsons for envy are ready to burst.
" The servants amazed are scarce ever able [ble;
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the ta-
" And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
" Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his
" tongue ran:
" And, madam, says he, ' If such dinners
" you give,
" You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you
" live.
" I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose:
" But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G-d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep
" Lent!
" Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
" afraid
" You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid:
" I wish she would lend you her pretty white
" hand
" In mending your cassock, and smoothing
" your band
" (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd
" like a ninny,
" That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to
" Jinny).
" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Observe how a Parson comes into a room;
" G-d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom:
" A *scollard*, when just from his college broke
" loose,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose:
" Your † *Noveds*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omurs*,
" and stuff,
" By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff,
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good school in the nation:
" My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
" school:
" I never could take to my book for the blood
" of me,
" And the puppy confess'd he expected no
" good o' me. [wife,
" He caught me one morning coquetting his
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in
" my life:
" So I took to the road; and what's very odd,
" The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing
" to say,
" But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
" day.'
" Never since I was born did I hear so much
" wit;
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I
" should split. [Dean,
" So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the
" As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and*
" *lean?*
" But he durst not so much as once open his
" lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the
" hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your La-
" dyship walk?"
Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming
" down:"
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Altho' it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried —" Hussy! why sure the wench is gone
" mad!
" How could these chimeras get into your
" brains?
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
" pains.
" But the Dean, if this secret should come to
" his ears,
" Will never have done with his jibes and his
" jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I
" charge ye,
" Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

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§ 253. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault:* " *Dans l'adversité de nos* " *meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quel-* " *que chose qui ne nous deplaist pas:*"

" In the adversity of our best friends we always
" find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

† Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

They

They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
"We first consult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell.
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous, biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must, by the course of nature, die!
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him till he's dead.
"Besides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he says:
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where last he din'd;
"Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy we can sit
"To hear his out of fashion'd wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"'Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
"Or change his comrades once a quarter:
"In half the time he talks them round
"There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
"He takes an hour to find a rhime;
"His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
"His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
"I'd have him throw away his pen;
"But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
"And well remembers Charles the Second.
"He hardly drinks a pint of wine:
"And that I doubt is no good sign.
"His stomach too begins to fail:
"Last year we thought him strong and hale;
"But now he's quite another thing:
"I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus;
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes:
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend;
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
"And often told you so at first."

He'd

He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
With hearty pray'rs that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept!
What gave me ease, and how I slept!
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
"To public uses! there's a whim!
"What had the public done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
"He gave it all—but first he died.
"And had the Dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do strangers good,
"Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess his case was nice,
"But he would never take advice.
"Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
"He might have liv'd these twenty years;
"For when we open'd him, we found
"That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, * in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen:
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.
"He's dead, you say? then let him rot:
"I'm glad the medals † were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the Princess then:
"But now, as consort of the King,
"You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
"O were the wretch but living still,
"And in his place my good friend Will!
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I lov'd my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day:
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling:
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).
"Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
"(I wish I knew what king to call).
"Madam, your husband will attend
"The funeral of so good a friend?
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My Lady Club will take it ill
"If he should fail her at quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
"But dearest friends, they say, must part.
"His time was come: he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past—a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.
† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

Says Liptot, "I have heard the name;
"He died a year ago?"—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain:
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
"I sent them with a load of books,
"Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find you're but a stranger here.
"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is past:
"The town has got a better taste.
"I keep no antiquated stuff:
"But spick and span I have enough.
"Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em:
"Here's Colly Cibber's birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have seen,
"By Stephen Duick upon the Queen.
"Then here's a letter finely penn'd
"Against the Craftsman and his friend:
"It clearly shews that all reflection
"On ministers is disaffection.
"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
"And Mr. Henley's last oration:
"The hawkers have not got them yet:
"Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edi-
"'Tis read by every politician: [tion;
"The country-members, when in town,
"To all their boroughs send them down:
"You never met a thing so smart;
"The courtiers have them all by heart:
"Those maids of honour who can read
"Are taught to use them for their creed;
"The reverend author's good intention
"Hath been rewarded with a pension: *
"He doth an honour to his gown,
"By bravely running priestcraft down:
"He shews, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
"That Moses was a grand impostor;
"That all his miracles were cheats,
"Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.
"The church had never such a writer;
"A shame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
"Was never ill receiv'd at court;
"Although ironically grave,
"He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
"To steal a hint was never known,
"But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another story:
"He was a most confounded Tory;
"And grew, or he is much belied,
"Extremely dull before he died."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
"Is not our nation in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"
"He should have left them for his betters;
"We had a hundred abler men,
"Nor need depend upon his pen.
"Say what you will about his reading,
"You never can defend his breeding;
"Who in his satires running riot,
"Could never leave the world in quiet;
"Attacking, when he took the whim,
"Court, city, camp—all one to him.
"But why should he, except he slobber'd,
"Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
"Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
"To save the nation every hour?
"What scenes of evil he unravels
"In satires, libels, lying travels:
"Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
"But eats into it, like a moth!"
Perhaps I may allow the Dean
"Had too much satire in his vein,
"And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
"Because no age could more deserve it.
"Yet malice never was his aim;
"He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
"No individual could resent,
"Where thousands equally were meant:
"His satire points at no defect
"But what all mortals may correct;
"For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
"Who call it humour when they jibe:
"He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
"Whose owners set not up for beaux:
"True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
"Unless it offer'd to be witty.
"Those who their ignorance confess'd
"He ne'er offended with a jest;
"But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
"A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
"Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
"Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
"If you resent it, who's to blame?
"He neither knows you, nor your name.
"Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
"Because its owner is a duke?
"His friendships, still to few confin'd,
"Were always of the middling kind;
"No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
"Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
"Where titles give no right or pow'r,
"And peerage is a wither'd flow'r;
"He would have deem'd it a disgrace
"If such a wretch had known his face.
"On rural 'squires, that kingdom's bane,
"He vented oft his wrath in vain.
"******* squires to market brought,
"Who sell their souls and **** for nought;
"The ******* go joyful back,
"To rob the church, their tenants rack,
"Go snacks with ***** justices,
"And keep the peace to pick up fees;

* Wolston is here confounded with Wollaston.

"In

" In every job to have a share,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn ***** to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him
" Because a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather slip aside, and choose
" To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
" And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
" So often seen caressing Chartres.
" He never courted men in station,
" No persons held in admiration;
" Of no man's greatness was afraid,
" Because he sought for no man's aid.
" Though trusted long in great affairs,
" He gave himself no haughty airs;
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends;
" And only chose the wise and good,
" No flatterers, no allies in blood:
" But succour'd virtue in distress,
" And seldom fail'd of good success;
" As numbers in their hearts must own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's lesson just;
" In princes never put his trust;
" And, would you make him truly sour,
" Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
" The Irish senate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair Liberty was all his cry,
" For her he stood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly stood alone;
" For her he oft expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
" Had set a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To sell him for six hundred pound.
" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen
" He might have rose like other men:
" But pow'r was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pitied those who meant the wound:
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind:
" Nor made a sacrifice of those
" Who still were true, to please his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitless hour
" To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
" Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
" While they pursu'd each other's ruin:
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere despair.
" And, O! how short are human schemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's skill in state affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To save their sinking country lent,
" Was all destroy'd by one event.
" Too soon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dangerous faction starts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By solemn league and cov'nant bound,
" To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown;
" Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue stand?
" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himself within the frown of power;
" Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of s—— and fens;
" A servile race in folly nurst,
" Who truckle most when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
" He bore continual persecution;
" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merit was to be his foes;
" When ev'n his own familiar friends,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels
" Against him lifting up their heels.
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous, destructive cheat;
" Taught fools their interest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin;
" While they who at the steerage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of state.
" A wicked monster on the bench,
" Whose fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain
" As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
" Who long all justice had discarded,
" Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent.
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people stand his friends:
" Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
" Nor topics brought to please the crown,
" Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a steady heart,
" He spent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
" Was to be held a misanthrope:
" This into general odium drew him;
" Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
" His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
" But discontent against the times;
" For had we made him timely offers
" To raise his post, or fill his coffers,

" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other brethren of his gown;
" For party he would scarce have bled:
" I say no more—because he's dead.
" What writings has he left behind?"
" I hear they're of a different kind:
" A few in verse, but most in prose."
" Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
" All scribbled in the worst of times,
" To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
" To praise Queen Anne; nay more, defend
" As never favouring the Pretender; [her,
" Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
" Against the court to shew his spite;
" Perhaps his travels, part the third;
" A lie at every second word—
" Offensive to a loyal ear:
" But not one sermon you may swear."
" He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying day,
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verse or prose,
" I own myself no judge of those;
" Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
" But this I know—all people bought them,
" As with a moral view design'd
" To please and to reform mankind:
" And, if he often miss'd his aim,
" The world must own it to their shame,
" The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a house for fools and mad;
" To shew, by one satiric touch,
" No nation wanted it so much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wish it soon may have a better.
" And, since you dread no farther lashes,
" Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

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§ 254. *The Author.* CHURCHILL.

ACCURS'D the man whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell? [well.
Why write our names? A mark will do as
Much are the precious hours of youth mispent
In climbing Learning's rugged, steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot;
Whilst, in the vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'ercrabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste;
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all;
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit, in those days
When Learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd,
But now, when dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld which they in triumph wore? [ing's got,
When with much pains this boasted Learn-
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The Elder Brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the Heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand;
Where Heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land where on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd;
Where Nature list'ning stood while Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense;
Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak*, *wicked*, *ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those

Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread;
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scouge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain?
Is this the land, where, in those worst of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek;
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not Law?
How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controuls;
Who one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not Truth as Truth if told in rhyme!
How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown,
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn;
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May!
" All sacred is the name and power of Kings;
" All States and Statesmen are those mighty Things,
" Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
" Were never made for Poets to controul."
Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme;
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain,
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them!
" What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles lash, and Lords like common men
" Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
What's in the name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love;
Act as thy birth demands, as Nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of Shame;
If such thy life, that, should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring from the face of earth,
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead,
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King;
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.
Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!

How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able, thro' despite, to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!
" Satire, whilst envy and ill humour sway
" The mind of man, must always make her way;
" Nor to a bosom with discretion fraught
" Is all her malice worth a single thought:
" The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
" Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
" Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim;
" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart:
" Tho' pointed at myself, be Satire free;
" To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach:
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.
Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way,
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit:
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves, who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As slavish those
Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose.
Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
The slaves of Booksellers, or (doom'd by fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of State?
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palsied only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
With laurel'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou 'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
Or, if those tricks are vain; if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praise depend:
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
To varnish guilt and consecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he 'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence Sedition springs,
To slander Government, and libel Kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart 's lurking in his heart;
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,

Where

Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment;
And that old, staunch Whig, Beardmore, stand-
Can in full court give that report the lie. [ing by,

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining Court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm Honor tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock;
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic makes them fruitful too;
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers.

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame, [name,
Something which Nature shudders but to
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life to work him surer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face:
Behold a Parson at thy elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands,
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The Atheist Chaplain of an Atheist Lord!

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dulness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working Priest,
But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What creature 's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet;
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd Beau;
That's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it, that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone restrains his coward mind.
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view,
The Preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
The plan of doctrine 's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes;
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blaspheme.

Are these the arts which Policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave Churchmen rise?
Forbid it, Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low:
Such be their arts whom Interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls:
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor, without, have peace within.

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§ 255. *A poor Woman attending in the Field of Battle sees her only Son slain, and expresses her Feelings in the following Lamentation.*

Nameless sons of want and sorrow,
Few and evil were your days;
To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
Low the scythe the cowslip lays!

Men and brethren still I hail ye,
Though in hostile bands ye be;
Men and brethren, I bewail ye
With a tear of sympathy!

Yes, ye all were born of woman,
Suck'd a tender mother's breast:
Hark! she cries, O! sword inhuman,
Spare my child! I'm sore distrest.

Me! me!—kill me! me, who bore him!
Spare the babe this bosom fed!
Ruffians from my cottage tore him,
Where he earn'd my daily bread.

Warrior, here, with rage unfeeling,
Here behold my white breast bare;
Dye it red, and plunge your steel in,
But my child, poor stripling, spare.

My age's solace!—for his father
Perish'd in the bloody field;
A babe he left me, which I'd rather
Than the gold the Indies yield.

Pledge of his love;—and I did dearly
Love the father, in the child;
Slay us both, I beg sincerely;
On us both the earth be pil'd.

They sunk! but lo! a vision,
Cloud-clad ghosts unnumber'd rise;
Pale, wan looks, that speak contrition;
Blood-stain'd cheeks and hollow eyes.

More in number than the ocean
Rolls the pebbles on its shore,
See they come! and lo! a motion
From a hand all red with gore!

"Listen, listen, sons of sorrow,
"Few and evil were your days;
"To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
"Low the scythe the cowslip lays.

"We, like you, O! heed our warning,
"Warriors were, all blythe and gay,
"But we fell in life's bright morning,
"Ere we knew the joys of day.

"Sons of men, all doom'd to trouble,
"Travelling quickly to the grave,
"Sheath the sword, for fame's a bubble;
"Live to bless, O live to save!

"Life to be enjoy'd was given;
"Such the will of him above;
"Live and love, make earth a heaven,
"God made men to live and love!

"Hark! the skies with music ringing,
"Silver sounds the concave fill;
"Angels voices sweetly singing,
"Peace on Earth, to men good-will."

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§ 256. *Written on Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the sake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.*

Weave the web of brightest blue,
Azure as its native sky;
Flow'rets add of ev'ry hue,
'Tis the vest of Charity.

Rich the tissue of the loom,
Glossy gleams the artist's dye;
Yet the mantle shall assume
Brighter tints from Charity.

Youth and beauty, lo! advance,
Light and gay as love can be,
Nimbly tripping in the dance,
Clad in robes of Charity.

Babes and mothers lift the head,
Silk-clad trains of nymphs to see,
Beauty deals them daily bread,
Deck'd in silks of Charity.

Shiv'ring with the winter's wind,
Age, disease, and infancy,
In warm wool their cold limbs bind;
Silk's the dress of Charity.

Lovely ladies at the ball,
Lovelier still, if that can be,
Rob'd in silk, in Pleasure's hall,
Dance the dance of Charity.

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§ 257. *On the late Queen of France.*

If thy breast soft pity knows,
O! drop a tear with me;
Feel for the unexampled woes
Of widow'd royalty.

Fallen, fallen, fallen from a throne!
Lo! beauty, grandeur, power;
Hark! 'tis a queen's, a mother's moan,
From yonder dismal tower.

I hear her say, or seem to say,
"Ye who listen to my story,
"Learn how transient beauty's day,
"How unstable human glory.

"And when ye hear that I was frail,
"O! think what now I bear,
"Heed not the page of scandal's tale,
"But blot it with a tear."

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§ 258. *Verses, by* Dr. Glynn.

Tease me no more, nor think I care
Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine;
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the od'rous liquid sips,
The king of bees, or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected, see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd, to know,
Whether his gold in shape of lace
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

§259. *Hohenlinden; the Scene of a dreadful Engagement between the French and Imperialists, in which the former conquered. By* T. Campbell, *Esq.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death, to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills by thunder 'riven;
Then flew the steed to battle driven;
And rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow;
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

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§ 260. *A British War-Song.*

Quit the plough, the loom, the mine;
Quit the joys the heart entwine!
Join our brothers on the brine;
Arm, ye brave, or slavery!

Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;
War shall leave his iron bed;
To your arms, avengers dread!
Strike, oh strike at tyranny.

For our homes, our all, our name!
Blast again the tyrant's aim;
Britain's wrongs swift vengeance claim;
Rush to arms—or slavery!

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!
"Freedom, children, or a shroud,"
Chuse with British slavery.

Heroes of the sea—the shore!
Quit your laurell'd rest once more;
Dreadly rouse the battle's roar,
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

§ 261. *The Lotos of Egypt; a Poem. By the Rev.* T. Maurice.

Emblem sublime of that primordial power
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower,
As in thy favorite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream thro' gladden'd Egypt pours,
In raptured strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous coral's full-blown bell
Long since the immortals fix'd their fond abode;
There dav's bright source, Osiris, loved to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When at the noon-tide height his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's plains,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the God, and radiant with its fires!

Brilliant thyself, in store of dazzling *white*
Thy sister plants more gaudy robes unfold;
This flames in purple—*that* intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters *burns in gold.*

To brave the tropics' fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendours fade;
Then too thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
The Phœnix on the sun's bright altar dies;
But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies.

What mystic treasures in thy form conceal'd
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
Where nature in her deep designs reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye.

In thy prolific *cup*, and fertile *seeds*,
Are traced her grand regenerative powers;
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth and brighter flowers.

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;
In famine's vulture fangs did Egypt groan,
From thy rich bounteous horn abundance flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes revered,
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made;
Thy image on an hundred columns rear'd,
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.

But

But far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
Thy honours flourish'd 'mid Thibetian snows;
Thy flowers the lama's gilded shrine adorn,
And Boodh and Bramah on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
We see thee graven on the golden ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblazed.

Child of the sun, why droops thy withering head,
While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire?
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled; [fire?
And with her genius quench'd thy native

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravaged vale;
Death stalks before, grim famine howls behind,
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll; [sumes;
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire con-
But mark—slow rising near the distant pole,
A sudden splendour all her shores illumes!

Fatal to Gaul—'tis Britain's rising star, [gains,
That in the south the bright ascendant
Resplendant! as her Sirius shines from far,
And with new fervors fires the Lybian plains.

A race as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,
For her insulted sons indignant glows;
Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source, old Nilus hears
The deep'ning thunders of the British line;
Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
Again the fields in rain-bow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant! thy leaves extend,
Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse;
In union with the rising song ascend,
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets diffuse.

Of that bold race beneath the Pleiads born,
To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires;
Nor with more ardour erst at early dawn
The Theban harpists smote their votive lyres.

For, oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?
No—'mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught strain,
At either pole the Muses songs resound,
And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd [tombs;
Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble
Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still 'mid these ruin'd towers admired, revered,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
These vast but crumbling piles by man were rear'd;
But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand!

With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall fade;
With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temples shade,
And decorate when dead my envied shrine!

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§ 262. *Alonzo the Brave, and the fair Imogene.*
M. G. Lewis, *Esq.*

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go,
"To fight in a far distant land, [flow,
"Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to
"Some other will court you, and you will bestow
"On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
"Shall husband of Imogene be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
"Forgetting Alonzo the brave, [pride,
"God grant that to punish my falsehood and
"Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
"May rax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
"And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore. [beheld
But scarce had a twelvemonth claps'd, when
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows.
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light, and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun; [feast,
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—ONE!

'Twas then with amazement fair Imogene
A stranger was plac'd by her side; [found
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view; [sight,
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his
The dogs as they ey'd him drew back with affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length, spoke the bride, while she trembled
—"I pray, [lay,
"Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would
"And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
And his vizor he slowly unclos'd.
Oh, gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
What words can express her dismay and sur-
When a skeleton's head was expos'd. [prise,

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they
crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene.

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he
cried,
"Behold thy Alonzo the brave.
"God grants that to punish thy falsehood and
"pride [side,
"My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy
"Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as
"bride,
"And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-
yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that
To inhabit the castle presume: time,
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her
When mortals in slumber are bound, [sprite,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of sculls newly torn from
the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the
"brave,
"And his consort the false Imogene."

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§ 263. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

Whose was that gentle voice, that whisper-
ing sweet,
Promis'd methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear, [cheat
Most like soft music, that might sometimes
Thoughts dark and drooping? 'twas the voice
of Hope.
Of love and social scenes, it seem'd to speak
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope
Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil
hours:
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung:
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers
She built—whilst pointing to yon breathless
clay,
She cried "No peace be thine, away, away!"

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§ 264. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

As o'er these hills I take my silent round,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I lov'd, (alas, how well!)
Now past, and but remember'd like sweet
sound
Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem,
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could
weep
To think that time so soon each sweet devours,
To think so soon life's first indearments fail,
And we are dup'd by hope's amusive tale!
Who like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
Will fly as faithless and as fleet as they!

---

§ 265. *Sonnet. At a Convent.* Bowles.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,
His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape
hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed,
'Tis poor Matilda! To the cloister'd scene
A mourner beauteous, and unknown she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the
flame
Of ruthless love: yet her look serene.
As the pale moonlight in the midnight isle, [lend
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Be the rude spot by passing pity blest, [rest.
Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched

---

§ 266. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

O time that know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly
thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away);
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful tho' its wings are wet the while:
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart
endure, [cure!
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a

§ 267. *Spoken by Mr.* Thomas Knox *at the annual Visitation of Tunbridge School.*

Sweet is thy month, O Maia! nor less sweet
Life's earliest prime, when roseate blossoms blow
In Fancy's fairy meads, the Elysian fields
Of infantine illusion, on the breast
Of boys, who court, like us, the classic Muse,
And daily sip the dews of Castalie.
Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or if a tear he shed,
He wipes it soon; for hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball:
Away he hies, and clamours as he goes
With glee, which causes him to tread on air;
Bounding along elastic to the field,
Or play-ground, scarce the well stuff'd leathern orb
Springs from the earth so light, so swift as he:
And well he earns the sports he well enjoys,
For from the morning's dawn o'er learning's page
His steady eye has por'd till eventide.
Early he awoke; scarcely had chanticleer
Announc'd Aurora's orient blushing beams,
When from the turret of the classic dome
The bell importunate, rang shrill and loud,
And call'd him from his pillow; up he sprang,
Shaking soft slumbers from his shining eyes,
And eager to renew his daily task.
First lowly on his knees with orisons
His Father high in heaven he supplicates
To bless his earthly father, her that bore him,
Friends, tutors, *all* that watch with anxious care
To guide his footsteps in the paths of peace:
Then to the limpid spring he hies, and laves
In the cold element his morning face.
His flowing locks well kempt, all neat and fresh
As vernal violets wash'd with drops of dew,
He takes his seat upon the classic bench,
With Lily's volume duly op'd before him,
And cons the task to memory assign'd,
Repeating rules of grammar o'er and o'er
With patience unsubdu'd; for now and then
He sweetens toil with gingerbread's nice cakes,
Or apples par'd unseen beneath the form,
Or conversation softly interchang'd
Of nests, slides, marbles, weighty cares,
Yet not unpleasing; till now the busy school
Glows with a general hum, as when in May
The bees go forth to rifle honied flowers,
They buz and murmur, yet no labour slight,
But bring home luscious loads to enrich the hive.
The morning part well said, new cares succeed;
For now the authors of a golden age,
Virgil and Horace, Tully's copious page,
And Homer's manly melody invite
The ear attun'd by nature and by art
To revel in the luxury of verse,
Or prose well measur'd, fraught with sense and sound
Harmonious; polish'd is his ear, and keen
His intellect, he hears, he tastes, he feels,
Till his whole soul elate with ecstacy,
Catching the flame of genius, boldly dares
To emulate the beauties he admires:
Hence in the evening exercise the theme
Pregnant with moral truth, express'd in style
Purely Augustan; one day sure to grace
The bar, the pulpit, or the author's page,
Himself to aggrandize, and serve mankind.
Nor seldom does the stripling snatch the lyre,
And strike the deep-ton'd shell. Alcæus now
He emulates; whose sinewy nervous lines
Pour forth like Handel's strains—full harmony;
And now he sings with Sappho softly sweet;
The liquid measures flow like honied drops
That trickle from the dœdal cells of bees,
Adonis closing the mellifluent lay
With gentlest cadence. Listen yet once more!
'Tis elegy I hear; the mournful verse
Is simple; yet is nature's voice, and comes
Directly from the heart;—and to the heart
It deeply pierces; I could weep, and smile
To think I wept—how plaintive are the notes!
Like such as oft I hear the nightingale
Modestly warble from the thicket shade,
Concealment seeking, yet betray'd by tones
Softer and sweeter than Italia's sons
Strain from their throats to raptur'd theatres.
But not to ode and elegy alone
His ardour leads; his emulative skill
In epigram he tries; and many a point
Which Martial might not blush to own,
In classical expression neat and terse.
Oft on the banks of Medway, near the dome
Of Sydney's noble race, he sits reclin'd,
And meditates the verse where Waller sat
And sung his Sacharissa; by his side
Horace and Ovid. While the trembling reed
With fly appendant lures the golden chub,
His pencil in his hand, he studious notes
Some bright idea, or some polish'd phrase
Suggested by the Muse, that haunts the groves
Of Penshurst, classic ground: if Britain's isle
Can claim such ground, then Penshurst's is the claim,
Though solitude now reigns, and the heron's wild scream
Drowns with his din the song of Philomel.
The task now finish'd, to the master's eye
The stripling bard submits with anxious heart,
Happy, thrice happy could it meet with praise.
His bosom throbs, till soon the judge's brows,
That frown'd terrific, gentler looks assume;
He calls the urchin with a friendly voice,
And stroking his curl'd locks, "'Tis good," he cries,
"And to reward thy well-done task I grant
"A holiday." Strait all the air resounds
'A holiday!' loud shouts from infant lips
Proclaim a holiday! Out they eager rush

To snatch the licens'd joy; each moment lost
Seems like an hour. Take, O take your fill,
Ye innocent tribes, nor let severity
Too rigorous, rob you of the fleeting day:
'Tis brief at best, and hardly shall ye know
In life's most boasted years a purer bliss
Or more exalted. Fly then o'er the lawn,
Climb yonder hill—expatiate thro' the grove,
Or from the river's margin plunge into the wave.
Why need I urge? already they are gone;
Some in the limpid stream already merg'd,
Their pastime take and cleave the ambient wave,
Or buoyant on the surface float supine,
Sporting like Halycons on the smooth expanse.
Thus nerv'd with added strength they urge the ball
At cricket, manly game! the boast of Kent,
Tunbridge's sons against all England's race;
Nor last, tho' least, the sprightly boys of Judd,
Scorning to be surpass'd in school, or field.
Others, as seasons urge, with weary eye
Search every thicket for the mossy nest;
And, thoughtless of the wrong, the eggs despoil,
Blue as the ethereal concave streak'd or vein'd
By nature's pencil with a thousand dyes.
Oh! my companions! rob not the poor bird,
For many a pang she feels; but be content
With viewing the fair prize, and leave it there.
Sweetly the song from yonder hawthorn bush
Shall pay your generous pity as you pass,
And conscious virtue shall a bliss bestow,
Which rapine, tho' successful, never tastes,
Though India's gems enrich the plunderer.
Trust not in wrong and robbery for happiness;
Nor, when autumnal suns the pensile fruit
Matures, and on the southern garden wall
Blushes the nectar'd peach like Hebe's cheek,
O'erleap the fence. Oh, turn thy roving eye
From orchards rich with vegetable gold,
The pippin and the pear; but learn, like me,
The ripen'd cherry, shining, sleek, and plump,
To view with all the stoic's apathy.
I hate the purple cluster of the grape
When, out of reach, it peeps between the leaves
Half shewn and half conceal'd, to tempt the more.
Insidious beauty! Comrade, touch it not;
If e'er in evil hour thou pluck the fruit
Unlawful, thou shalt rue it, short-liv'd sweet
Follow'd by bitterness. The owner sees
Unseen, and tells your master of thy theft.
Then lo, the birchen fasces—hateful twigs;
Down go the galligaskins; sighs and sobs
Too plainly tell what penalties and woes
Brings disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree. Then learn content:
A little weekly stipend is thine own,
And freely use it, as 't was given for use.
Does thy mouth water? See the matron's stall,
Plums, nuts and apples, ranged in tempting rows,
Invite, nor rigid Prudence bids forbear;
There purchase, paying ready cash, and eat,
Welcome as nuts to thee, thy mite to her.
Enjoy thy feast, poor imp, and freely taste,
No fears or qualms empoisoning the regale;
Then, with light heart, and pockets lighter Eas'd of thy money—root of every ill! [still,
Away again to drive the circling hoop,
Or spin the top, or knuckle down at taw.
But now the shades of eve and turret bell
Proclaim the holiday too soon expired.—
"In, boys! all in, boys!" Instant to the school
Repairing, low they bend to that high Pow'r
That guards them from the noontide heat,
The pestilence that walketh in the night,
And out of mouths of sucklings and of babes
Ordained praise. The choral hymn and pray'r
Ascends like incense to the throne of heaven.
And now all weary, and with eyes half-clos'd,
Down on the couch they sink, nor sooner down
Than sleep seals up their lids: how hush'd the
The merry noise that echo'd o'er the field [din,
The live-long day! 'Tis silent all and still
Along the chambers of the dormitory,
Save where a gentle breathing sooths the ear,
Or now and then a voice that talks in sleep:
For many a vision, or fantastic dream,
Hovers around their pillows; rivers, groves,
Birds, nests, on tops of tallest trees are seen,
With callow young, or eggs of varied hue;
Goldfinches, linnets lined with twigs,
Or shared in traps, or gudgeons on the hook:
The orchard's charms with added lures appear,
Already up the tree they seize the prize;
The plums and pippins, pears of freshest hue,
Clusters of grapes, no longer out of reach,
Distil nectareous juices on their lips,
Which seem to smack again: so strong and true
Imagination's pencil paints the scene.
Thus chear'd by slumbers and a holiday,
With double diligence they ply the task
Upon the morrow: then vacation's good
When to ingenuous minds allow'd it gives
A spur to industry, and to genius fire.
Rest and alternate labour, these combined
With discipline shall form the emulous youth
To high accomplishments in liberal arts;
And when his friends and country call him forth
To generous service in busy life,
With energetic force he acts his part
With strict propriety, fitted for each place
However arduous in the social scene.
Happy and honour'd, prominent he stands
Among the sons of men; and lustre flings
Back on the place where education stored
His mind with arts that taught him to excel.
Pardon my daring, if amid this group
Of school-boys, who, beneath your fostering smiles,
The muses, graces, virtues, cultivate,
I venture to foretel that, spurning ease,
Some shall emerge, and add to the renown
Of Tunbridge school; an ancient hoary seat
Of classic institution, favour'd long
By patronage of men whose liberal souls,
Amid the cares of gain, commercial toils,
Chief cause of Britain's proud pre-eminence,
Still find an hour to listen to the muse,
And honour arts which seek no sordid pelf,
And add a grace to life, and build up man.

O 'tis

O 'tis a noble edifice; and here
The solid basis must be firmly laid
In elemental lore. The pious Judd
Some centuries past here placed the corner stone:
His sons, disdaining to degenerate,
Support and deck the pile. 'Tis nobly done,
And merits praise, which, though our hearts
can feel, [due.
Our tongues want words to speak in language
A school-boy I—you've heard my artless tale,
'Tis a true picture of my simple life;
Then how should I in language adequate
Describe your merits? 'Tis a copious theme,
And asks a genius, as your bounty large.
But this I know, instructed in the arts
Of elegance and taste beneath this roof,
And cherish'd by your smiles, the day may come
When I may strike the lyre with manly grace,
And justify the favour which e'en now
Indulgence, blinding judgment, has bestow'd.

Tunbridge, May 9, 1802. T. K.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

On a very rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a distressed Family.

For deepest woes old Harpax scorns to feel;
Think ye his *bowels* stand in need of *steel?*

The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated by Example.

Jack stole his discourse from the fam'd Doctor Brown;
But reading it damnably, made it his own.

Know Thyself.

Fitz to the Peerage knows he 's a disgrace;
So mounts the coach-box, as his *proper* place.

While Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames:
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no *lives* lost, Richard, in the fire?"

Ignotum omne pro magnifico.

Averse to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopp'd straw Avaro feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

A Case of Conscience; submitted to a late Dignitary of the Church, on his Narcotic Exposition of the following Text: "Watch *and* "Pray, *lest ye enter into* Temptation."

By our pastor perplext,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and Pray," says the Text,
"Go to Sleep," says the Sermon.

On a Lady who squinted.

If ancient poets Argus prize
Who boasted of an hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks an hundred ways with two!

As Will along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs in solemn show,
"You 're ill," quoth Sal, "I 'm sore afraid."
"Indeed," says Will, "I 'm rather low."

To a Lady, with the Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

That far superior is thy state
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

To a Gentleman who was obliged to retreat for fear of disagreeable Retaliation.

That Cotta is so pale, so spare,
No cause for wonder now affords;
He lives, alas! on empty fare,
Who lives by eating his own words.

On the Duchess of Devonshire.

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

On the Phrase "killing Time." Translated from Voltaire.

"There 's scarce a point wherein mankind agree,
"So well as in their boast of killing me.
"I boast of nothing; but when I've a mind,
"I think I can be even with mankind."

"Brother bucks, your glasses drain:
"Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."—
"Never fear—'twon't reach my brain."
"No—that's true—but 'twill your head."

The.

The gay Flirtilla shew'd her mimic bust,
And ask'd blunt Senso if't were fashion'd just. [you,
"Ma'am," he replied, "in this 'tis much like
"The face is painted, and that badly too."

An Expostulation.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Epitaph.

Here is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labours!
Glory to God! peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbours.

A Parody on "Blest as the immortal Gods is he." By the Honourable Henry Erskine.

Drunk as a dragon sure is he,
The youth that dines and sups with thee;
And sees, and hears thee, full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
And rais'd such pimples on my nose;
For, while I fill'd to ev'ry toast,
My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
The toast fell falt'ring from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise;
The candles danc'd before my eyes;
My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
I tumbled senseless on the ground!

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
"She keeps her bed!"—
"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

Epitaph on a Lady. By Peter Pindar.

Beneath this turf, in sweet repose,
The friend of all—a fair-one lies—
Yet hence let sorrow vent her woes,
Far hence let pity pour her sighs.

Tho' ev'ry hour thy life approv'd,
The muse the strain of grief forbears,
Nor wishes, tho' by all belov'd,
To call thee to a world of tears.

Rest of thy sex! alas, farewel!
From this dark scene remov'd, to shine
Where purest shades of mortals dwell,
And virtue waits to welcome thine.

The Clown's Reply. Goldsmith.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears:
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not
"given to letters, [betters:
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my
"Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see
"your graces, [asses."
"As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex. By the same.

Good people all with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

On a Miser.

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His hand was iron,
And his heart was more.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

Says Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
"Old Rancour the report has spread,
"But Genius cannot die."

Jack brags he never dines at home,
With reason too, no doubt—
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out.

To Chloe. By Peter Pindar.

Dear Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on these eyes,
Thou 'lt ask me not to *name* him.

On a new-made Lord. By the same.

The carpenters of ancient Greece, [piece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A damn'd good god!

Garrick and his brother Actor. By the same.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street:
(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags.)
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" reply'd the man of rags,
"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
"Full many a time together, I am sure."—
"When?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick—"for,
"by G—,
"I never saw that face of yours before!
"What characters, I pray,
"Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I
"mock—
"When you play'd Hamlet, Sir,—I play'd the
"Cock."

Epitaph on Dr. William Clarke, the celebrated Antiquary, and Mrs. Ann Clarke, his Wife. By William Hayley, *Esq.*

Mild William Clarke, and Anne his wife,
Whom happy love had join'd in life,
United in an humble tomb,
Await the everlasting doom.
And bless'd the dead, prepar'd as these,
To meet our Saviour's just decrees!
On earth their hearts were known to feel
Such charity and christian zeal,
That, should the world for ages last,
In adverse fortune's bitter blast,
Few friends so warm will man find here.
And God no servants more sincere.

On the Death of a promising Youth of Eighteen.

Tho' death the virtuous young destroy,
They go to rest, and heavenly joy:
Life is not to be judg'd by days,
Virtue endures—when time decays;
And many old we falsely call,
Who truly never liv'd at all:
For what is time, if not employ'd
In worthy deeds—but all a void?
Then think not, tho' abridg'd by fate,
Too short this youth's allotted date.
With dignity he fill'd his span,
In conduct and in worth a man.
So spent a life—to heaven appears,
As full as Nestor's length of years.

On a whole Family cut off by the Small-pox. By Master Peter Rainier.

At once depriv'd of life, lies here
A family, to virtue dear.
Tho' far remov'd from regal state,
Their virtues made them truly great.
Lest one should feel the other's fall,
Death has, in kindness, seiz'd them all.

A doctor there is of so humble a grace,
That the case he durst never express:
But little he says; and if that you will trace,
His knowledge you 'll find to be less.
Then sure you will say he's deficient in brain;
Or his head to a still you 'll compare,
That does little or nothing but simples contain,
And yields them by drops that are rare.

A Distich, written by Mr. Cowper, at the Request of a Gentleman who importuned him to write something in his Pocket Album.

I were indeed indifferent to fame,
I Grudging two lines t' immortalize my name.

An old Gentleman of the name of Page, finding a Lady's Glove, sent it to the Owner, with this Distich, and received the following Answer.

If that from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is love, and that I send to thee.

Answer.

If that from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me.

Sent to a Lady with a Present of a Pair of Scissors.

Abscinding form, divide the liquid air,
On wings metallic fly unto my fair;
To her acute and faithful ever prove,
But never cut th' increasing plumes of love.

On his Excellency the late Lord Galloway and his Cook.

Says my Lord to his cook, "You son of a
"punk,
"How comes it I see you, thus, ev'ry day
"drunk?
"Physicians, they say, once a month, do allow
"A man, for his health, to get drunk—as a sow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day
"they don't say; [day."
"So, for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry

An economical Reflection.

ALL mortal things are frail—and go to pot;
What wonder then if mortal trowsers rot?
My *velvet* torn, I shone in mimic *shag:*
Those soon grew rusty and—began to flag.
Buck-skin was greasy; *serge de nym* was queer;
Camblet was airy; but how apt to tear!
Quoth I, "Sir *Pricklouse*, shall we try a *rug?*"
"Yes, Sir," says he, "that sure will hold a tug."
Ah! no; the *rug* decay'd, like all the past,
Ev'n *everlasting** would not ever last.
At length; guess how I fix'd it.—Why, in troth
With projects tir'd—I stuck to common cloth.

On a Bee.

PRETTY, little, buzzing thing!
Arm'd by nature with a sting;
Lazy man's oblig'd to thee,
Pattern thou of industry!
When the fields rich scents exhale,
And new beauty decks each vale,
Busy all the shining day
Ev'ry flow'r thou mak'st thy prey,
And sweet honey home dost bring,
Rifler of the bloomy spring!
Love does never thee molest,
Love, that tyrant of our breast:
Than the birds more happy thou;
They the spring to love allow,
Who no tribute has from thee,
Emblem thou of liberty!
Hail! chaste, frugal animal,
Happiest, wisest, best of all!

To an unfortunate Beauty.

SAY, lovely maid, with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chase,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm which wrecks my peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
Too often blest, thy beauties slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth;
That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impassion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs
That treach'rous won thy artless ear:

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine;
That heart shall ne'er be blest by love,
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

Conscience.

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

Lines sent to Mr. Cosway, while Lady C. Paulet was sitting to him.

COSWAY, my Cath'rine sits to you:
And, that the col'ring may be true,
This nosegay on your palate place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face.
Her skin the snow-drop's whiteness shows,
Her blushing cheek the op'ning rose;
Her eyes the modest violet speak,
Whose silken fringes kiss her cheek.
The spicy pink, in morning dew,
Presents her fragrant lips to view;
The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my eye,
When these fair emblems fade and die;
Plac'd on my faithful breast, and prove
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

Shakspeare's Walk.

BY yon hills with mossing spread,
Lifting up the tufted head;
By those golden waves of corn
Which the laughing fields adorn;
By the fragrant breath of flowers
Stealing from the woodbine bowers;
By this thought-inspiring shade;
By the gleamings of the glade;
By the babbling of the brook,
Winding slow in many a crook;
By the rustling of the trees;
By the humming of the bees.

On seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

THRICE happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.

Man's call'd thy lord—affliction's heir!
And sorrow's only son!
Whilst he's a slave to ev'ry care,
And thou art slave to none.

Blest, near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with him to rove!
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life!
Beyond the reach of passion plac'd,
Its anguish and its strife.

On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-servant of his there, both since Members of Parliament, and the last a Nabob.

WHEN Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's pride,
"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d cry'd,

* A ribbed stuff so called.

He humbly answer'd, "Yea, Bob;"
But since return'd from India's glunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such command,
Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two Contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

Verses written by a Gentleman on finding an Urn.

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn;
Want'st thou to find out what am I?
Vain man! attend, and learn:
To know what letters spelt my name
Is useless quite to thee;
An heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.
Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the title which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?
What glitt'ring honours, or high trust
Once dignified me here,
Were characters imprest on dust,
Which quickly disappear.
Nor will the sparkling atoms show
A *Claudius* or a *Guelph:*
Vain search! if here the source thou 'dst know
Of nobles, or thyself.
The mould will yield no evidence,
By which thou mayst divine
If lords or beggars issued thence,
And form'd the ancient line.
Learn then the vanity of birth,
Condition, honours, name,
All are but modes of common earth,
The substance just the same.
Bid av'rice and ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themselves, and their possessions too,
A gallon vase contains.
Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
To more substantial bliss;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.
Let virtue be thy radiant guide,
Will dignify thy clay,
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

Upon a Gnat burnt in a Candle.

TRIFLING insect! that art now
But an airy gnat below,
Ah! what folly made thee fly
To the pleasing flame too nigh?
Seeming good, that treach'rous ill
Cheated thine, that cheats man's will.
Simple thing! how shouldst thou fear
What so beauteous seem'd, and fair?
Thus deceitful pleasure's smile
Did thy silly life beguile.
What from envy can be free,
If ill-fate could envy thee?

The Negro's Complaint.

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maratan, wouldst thou had died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and hope made my bosom their home;
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud thro' the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Accurs'd be the merciless band,
Who his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from the grave.

"O, Maratan, haste thee!" she cries,
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er,
"The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
"And Adila sorrows no more."

Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
"O stay thee, my Adila, stay—"
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow, the white man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.

Elegy to the Memory of Miss Louisa Hanway.

O THOU, to whom fair Genius homage paid,
Whom Science courted, and the Muses lov'd;
Whose mind the hand of Innocence array'd,
Pure as that form which Envy's self approv'd.

Accept these tributary drops—these sighs!
(Remembrance still will on thy virtues dwell)
Tho' nought could check thy progress to the skies,
The soul must cherish *her*'s it lov'd so well.

For, thou wert all ambition could desire,
Endow'd with all that nature could impart;
Warm was thy breast with Friendship's sacred fire,
And form'd for sentiment thy gentle heart.

Near thy blest shade the pensive Muse shall stray,
Led by the pallid moon's uncertain light,
Sad tributes to thy peerless worth to pay,
And to thy tomb soft Sympathy invite.

Lamenting Memory, too, shall linger there,
And cull sweet flow'rs to deck thy holy shrine;
For thee indulge the deep-drawn sigh sincere,
And o'er thy ashes shall with pity pine.

Yet check'd should be those tears thy friends may shed,
That grief, which thy fond parents' peace destroys;
For thou art only rank'd amongst the dead,
To find a passage to eternal joys.

That Power which seal'd th' apparent harsh decree,
Who ev'ry feeling of thy heart could know,
Judg'd what thy pangs from future ills might be,
And snatch'd thee early from a world of woe.

On an unfortunate Beauty. ANON.

Poor wand'rer! how shall that weak form,
So loosely clad in vesture light,
Endure the malice of the storm,
The rudeness of the winter's night?

And does a smile thy cheek illume?
Alas! that faint and feeble glow
Is like the flow'r's untimely bloom,
Drooping amidst a waste of snow.

Poor wretch!—you sigh, you would unfold
The course of sorrow you have run:
A simple story, quickly told,—
You lov'd, believ'd, and were undone.

Why weep you as my hand you press?
Why on my features gaze and sigh?
Would no one pity your distress?
None listen to your tale, but I?

Alas! a pittance scant, I fear,
Is all the joy I can bestow;
I can but wipe away one tear,
One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
To heaven is rais'd—Poor girl, adieu!
To scenes of senseless mirth I fly,
To poverty and sickness you.

By Dr. YOUNG.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O thou who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid, tho' late—and paid to thee.

Under the Print of Tom Britton, the Musical Small-coal Man. HUGHES.

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell:
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a lib'ral mind.

Th' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
Which most should grace the fair Melinda strove.
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus' and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
The diff'rent titles in Melinda join'd.

An Opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.

That internal senses painted here we see:
They 're born in others, but they live in thee.
O were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

When Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,
In crystal walls th'admiring waters stood;
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea!
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

Simili similis gaudet.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! she cries in ecstacy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wondrous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam! do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true:
The canvass painted is, and so are you.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me—Billy, I shall die!
I griev'd, but recollected straight
'Tis bootless to contend with fate;
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did; for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float; [the stream:
Which way? says the Doctor; why, fool, with
To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down:
When, told that the duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

A hum'rous fellow in a tavern late, [pate;
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound, [pains,
The fellow cries—Good surgeon, spare your
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

By fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

On an eminent modern Preacher.

Pollio must needs to penitence excite;
For, see, his scarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd;
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reasoning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent:
On moral duties when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines; [small;
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but
What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture all;
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory slights, [writes.
And damns the love of fame—for which he

The Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

The World.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart:
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

Swift for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns excel.

A welshman and an Englishman disputed
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state; [ed,
The Englishman the Welshman quite confut-
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate:
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees,
Ah, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

From the Latin.

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

What num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow, [thee,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit,
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

Thus with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend: [pend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st de-
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But be assur'd, I 'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him: [him.
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would see

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

To Henry Purcel.

To you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you;
For surely none but you, with equal case,
Could add to David, and make D'Urfey please.

On the Offering made by King James I. at a grave Comedy, called the Marriage of Arts.

At Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the king, [ing,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offer-
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady who sent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

Your Compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send ten hearts; the tythe is only mine.
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. Donne.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes:
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

To a Writer of long Epitaphs.

Friend, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a Benefit Night. Dennis.

Reflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their Author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms various as thy muse;
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee:
That hoary season yields a type of me. [lay,
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring
Leafless, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. Atterbury.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead. Hackett.

Mead's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little? [tittle:
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

To Mr. Pope.

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy word assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will)—that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Economy.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and [it,
for poet.

Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor which supports the Sun-Dial in Clement's-Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

By Hackett.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf:
You wonder that he don't remember me:
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By Prior.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

On the Burser of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees. Evans.

Indulgent nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox: [rocks;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees

Good Music and bad Dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and, like them, dane'd the brutes.

Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall; for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

Lansdowne.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the Gods you pray:
What arrogance, on Heaven to call
For that which you deny to all.

So much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages shall with wonder seek
Who't was translated Homer into Greek.

By Harrington.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper. Waller.

Fair hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of levercts in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil?
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd:
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissors goes beyond the pen.

By Prior.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his [bread!

On some Snow which melted on a Lady's Breast.

The envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poet.

When old Elijah, as the Scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realm of day
His

His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.
Tristan from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake:
But this, alas! injurious fate denied,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.
To Quinault thus the bard, expiring, spoke:
"My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

Pox on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr. West.

D—n it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whate'er I learn you soon forget.

Dr. Aldrich's *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or, any other reason why.

By Waller.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By Prior.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II. Rochester.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

To Phyllis.

That little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By Prior.

As afternoon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, parricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

From the Greek. Prior.

Venus, take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil [writ!

On Lady Manchester. Addison.

Whilst haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair—
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. *Dr.* Sewel.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

By Banks.

Young Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once:
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By Pope.

Muse, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commends.
Let crouds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain,

Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

On a certain Beauty.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colours gaily wrought,
Oftimes the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells,
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected as unseen.

By WALLER.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. POPE.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Tho' none can equal thine:
Our language never rests the same;
'Twill rise, or 't will decline.
Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd:
But story lasts, though modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.
A surer way then wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong?
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

By Lord HERVEY.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat:
How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

Written in a Window of the Tower, over the Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room, Ann. Dom. 1712. LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appears by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The Manchester Millers named Bone and Skin.
BYROM.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. LYTTLETON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay.
Lord ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.

LOUIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange, you, that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer:

Answer.

Indeed, Master Poet, your reason's but poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor within.

By a Porter, on the Gin Act. To a Great Man.

Why will you make us cooly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Jolt.

Giles Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odsdickin! what?
Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins! I've found a cart.

To Zoilus. Josiah Relph.

With industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. Dryden.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go!
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500l. for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.

Five hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

Scotland. Cleveland.

Had Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom; [at home.
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him

By Prior.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!
The Muses answer'd—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By Aaron Hill.

When Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd, [blush'd.
The bashful stream hath seen its God and

By Aaron Hill.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stow. *Lord* Clare.

Among these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
—The structure was his own.

By Pope.

Great Villers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And well, he thought, advis'd him—"Live "like me."
As well his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir "John!
"That I can do when all I have is gone."

The Giant angling.

His angle rod made of a sturdy oak, [broke;
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

To a noted Liar.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he might do it more naturally. *Dr.* Young.

Whilst his Redeemer on the canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops: and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;

He

He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace;
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

And is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these
Can never fail making a couple of fools. [rules

To a Lady who used Patches.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you, [view:
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.

Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGU.

Whilst thirst of praise and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near, that comes to be denied.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword,
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

Tom's coach and six!—whither in such haste going?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.

Jealousy.

To Bedlam with him: is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD.

I owe, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise:
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

By Dr. KENRICK.

The great, good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence.
The pious crowd the piles, tho' fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
G. STEPNEY.

The gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd side.

By Dean SWIFT.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.

When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view.
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said:
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

By

By Sir Sam. Garth.

Can you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By Aaron Hill.

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. Sir Ch. Sedley.

Ah, happy people! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.
Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God!
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.
Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;
And, when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

What's Honour?

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

A fair Ground for Pride.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

By Prior.

Yes, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
While thund'ring out with lungs long winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run:
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

The Miser's Feast.

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out, Fire!

On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope.

What God, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these? [Love,
'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch——s. Swift.

James B——s was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

Slept you well! "Very well." My draught did good.
"It did no harm: for yonder it hath stood."

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's death. Thomson.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow, [low,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk. Thomson.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;

No

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife; [life:
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 't is thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. Swift.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welsh divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

Epigram by Dr. Doddridge, *on his Motto,* Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems since her Death.

Thus Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd;
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more strong—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

By Lord Lansdowne.

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be; [thee.
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of

By Prior.

When Hopewell thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champaigne as an egg's full of meat:
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied: [died.
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you

Firmness under Distress.

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

By Dean Swift.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart;
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto: "Aura veni."

Come, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

On an Epigram.

One day, in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag—
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly bag.
Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I 'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. Pilkington.

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad.

The raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason? [son.
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it trea-

On a Bee stifled in Honey.

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains
Is, in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joys
If we taste wisely they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

By Dr. Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble; [vice;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome ad-
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning, [morning.
That he sent to all three a challenge next
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life; [his wife.
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by

On Dr. Blackmore.

Let Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name profane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills,
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey. S. Westley.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblems shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work. Prior.

Ye active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught, [fought.
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro'

By W. Congreve.

See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

By Josiah Relph.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base;
I own, indeed, he 's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do 't behind their back.

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. Lyttelton.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere:
Wise without art, without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet, better still, by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel; [know
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

By Josiah Relph.

When from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

The

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second. Rochester.

In all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

Charles, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Worm Doctor. J. Relph.

Vagus, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill;
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek. Dryden.

Wise, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For, why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

To stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a Young Gentleman.

Nature has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules:
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses' Dog. Pope.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast,
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd he lay;
And, tho' e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again:
Himwhen he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. Waller.

Should nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe—and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

On Mrs. Barbiere's first Appearance on the Stage.

No pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song:
On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
And wait with longing ears for Barbiere's voice:
When, lo! the nymph by bashful awe betray'd,
Her falt'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

On the Spectator.

When first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same;
So we—but now from this suspense are freed;
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!"

'Tis not the splendour of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levy wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give:
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. Prior.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

From

From the Greek.

Democritus, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth.
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch! return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

A Character of an old Rake.

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,
Not understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desp'rately gay, and impotently lewd;
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in favour of a Vegetable Diet.

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn:
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.
Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.
Doctor! one new prescription try;
(A friend's advice forgive)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die:
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.
Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.
I can't your kind prescription try;
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

On King William's Exploits during two Campaigns in Flanders.

The author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:
For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing;
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

A smart Rapartee. Swift.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heav'n?
There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I 'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

Equal to Virgil!—it may, perhaps:
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

His work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt;
For sure I am that murder will come out.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock, at Blenheim.

Had Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim. Dr. Evans.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

To a Lady. A. Hill.

If fix'd on yours my eyes in prayer you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy,
And what's most bright most gives him to our view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

The Antidote.

When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

The Female Prattler.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; O, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your

Your tongue 's a traitor to your face,
Your fame 's by your own noise obscur'd:
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush! and be an angel quite.

The Avaro.

Thus to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat?
If one may judge by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

Effectual Malice.

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design—
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715. *By Dr.* Trapp.

The king observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

The Friendly Contest.

While Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

What tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live,
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

Mankind may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

The Revenge of America. Warton.

When Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'rers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there.
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away
My baneful gold shall well repay.

Mutual

Mutual Pity.

Tom, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

Universal Complaisance.

Through servile flattery thou dost all commend—
Who cares to please whom no man can offend?

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somersetshire. From the Latin. Pope.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto. Pope.

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach, but awful!—lo! th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

The walls are thick, the servants thin;
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

Married! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor 's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed."
But hard 's his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

His whole estate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—Thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

The Musical Contest. Swift.

Some say, that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The Happy Physiognomy.

You ask why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case:
The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

On seeing a Miser at a Concert.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppress:
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

On certain Pastorals.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

* Author of a paper called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

On a Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

From the Greek.

A BLOOMING youth lies buried here:
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke. BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live:
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden. POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

On Mr. Rowe. POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
Or next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest'd!
And blest'd, that, timely from our scene re-
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

On Mr. Gay. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the Lyric, who with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

To Aaron Hill, Esq. S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime,
Which like the rock in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the muses' sacred *Hill*.

PRIOR, *on himself.*

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Cork's, to the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.

These

These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts express'd;
He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man, displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

On a Parish Clerk.

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles; pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On an Old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she 's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears;
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

To the Pye-house *Memory of Nell Batchelor, the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

HERE, into the dust
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor 's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd;
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect. By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold,
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shone,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone;
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own!

On General Withers. POPE.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind!
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Craggs. POPE.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he lov'd.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine,
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride,
And half esteem'd an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

On the same. POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From Cowley.

Here lies the great—False marble, tell me where:
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

On a young Lady. Mallet.

This humble grave tho' no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity, wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son. Mallet.

Dear to the wise and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date!
But O! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died.

On a young Lady.

Here innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb:
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body 's lent;
More glorious she 'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

On Two Twin Sisters.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That Death mistook them both for one.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburgh, who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

Remov'd from all the pains and cares of life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind;
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd:
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.
O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supplied life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd—
When God's own hour brings always God's own!)
reward:
Thy death (and such, O reader, wish thy
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol. Mason.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet, the dread path once trod;
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

On General Wolfe, in the Church of Westerham, in Kent—where he was born, 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what 's good supply;
What 's evil—to our pray'rs deny!

To the Right Hon. Lady Ch———, 1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and fair,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
But, when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More just applause these humbler virtues share,
And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:
"Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why see! two drops of rain
"Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
"A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force
"Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The bets were fix'd; the dire suspence they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess:
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate spleen
"Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-queen;
"But your majesty's courage has made it appear
"That the don had ta'en the wrong *sow* by the ear."

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,

He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
" Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
" My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
" You snore so loud you'll wake the king."

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
" If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
" Your threats," replies Radcliffe, " disturb " not my ease;
" And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you " please."
" You 're smart," rejoins Kneller; " but, say " what you will,
" I 'll *take* any thing from you—but potion " or pill."

The Empty Gun.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face, the noisy contest wage;
" Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries. [replies.
" Fear not—his head 's not *charg'd*," a friend

To —— ——, Esq. Antiquary and F.R.S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new:
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

On erecting a Monument to Shakspeare, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.

To mark her Shakspeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When distant times shall view [new.
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be

On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.
Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!
Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.
Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You 'll endless pleasure find.
Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass:
Now blunt, and now polite.
The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Assizes in Surry.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?
You, fair one, will smile, and cry, " Laws, I " defy you;" [you:
Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye;
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.

The Dropsical Man. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer, [drink on,
Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a tun;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew, [do.
And tapping was now the last thing he could
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see by what courses I 've shorten'd my life,
I am leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.

Says Tom (who 's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who 're in haste to inherit)
Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.

Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st, [ghost.
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS *from* MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Esq.

Martial, Book iv. Ep. 87.

Wouldst thou, by Attic taste improv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:
In him the perfect judge you 'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

Book i. Ep. 11.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

When Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I 've done, she cried;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

Before a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—Death knows you're gray,
And spite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

With lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals spare;
"I came to dine, and not to stare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

When dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
——, dream not on preferment soon,
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

Alike in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he—
The devil 's in 't they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

Your teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney—
Was not an eye to be also had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

Ned is a sober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

Is there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

When Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was 't not madness, I would know,
By dying to 'scape death?

The same.

Himself he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

Book v. Ep. 78.

Varus did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The tables spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut:
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

Thou, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away:
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I 'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *host*:
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere rum.**

Book ii. Ep. 41.

Yes; I submit, my lord; you 've gain'd your end;
I'm now your slave—that would have been your friend.
I 'll bow, I 'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect, adore you—every thing—but love.—

Book viii. Ep. 19.

Hal says he 's poor, in hopes you'll say he 's neat;
But take his word for 't: Hal 's not worth a groat.

* Merum is not translated at all.

Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise—
They 're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd,
But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd: so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace,
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

The Mistake. TAYLOR.

A CANNON-BALL, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty,
Polite, as all her life in courts had been, [wise;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble sire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley. THOMSON.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious grown,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form;
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign;
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and Harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory of the Author's Father, and of others his Ancestors. *Lord* CLARE.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of praise!

To Alossa.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

To Corinna.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heaven! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

My

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.

I'm glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

To Chloe.

I swore I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

On one who first abused, and then made Love to a Lady.

Foul —— with graceless verse,
The noble —— dar'd asperse:
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd, and lov'd the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well-known to fame,*
Self-love and social are the same.

To a Lady who drew the Pins from her Bonnet in a Thunder Storm.

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair;
For fruitless and fond is the toil,
Since Nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain,
For *attraction* will always be thine.

She who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray;
'Tis better lend than throw away.

We thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High borne in all the pomp of pride,
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

Tom thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard:
Their passions merit fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

To Clarissa.

Why like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou mayst rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which, scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon. Seward.

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe [stow,
His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could be-
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,
The † British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford,
With incontested laurels deck thy brow: [thou,
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honours won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega. Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176. Edwards.

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before—a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er t'have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled, [o'er ten.
And of the twice seven lines have clean got
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to shorten. [driblet,
There 's thirteen lines got thro' driblet by
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.

On pollard oak hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted!

* Mr. Pope. † Milton.

Why

Why the Universities abound in Learning.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

As Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood,
Hard by the village-pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said, I'll bet a penny
In a short space,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
Behold, says Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that 's the way
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

O let me die in peace! Eumenes cried
To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you shan't die till I am paid.

On Sleep.

Although soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy sleep, for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

On a bad Singer.

When screech-owls screek, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina strains her throat,
Even screech-owls sicken at the note.

Upon some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said— [fed!
I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than
Why, ay! says Tom, still jogging on, that's true:
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by you.

Epitaph on a certain Miser.

Here lies one who for med'cines would not
A little gold, and so his life he lost: [give
I fancy now he'd wish again to live, [cost.
Could he but guess how much his funeral

On Captain Grenville. Lord Lyttelton.

Ye weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

More than his name were less—'t would seem to fear [here.
He who increas'd heaven's fame, could want it
Yes—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dressed well. Garrick.

Friend Col and I, both full of whim,
'To shun each other oft agree;
For I 'm not beau enough for him,
And he 's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

On Mr Quin. Garrick.

Says Epicure Quin, Should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

Extempore,

Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers. By Carrick, Thompson, &c.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own [rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He 'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and 'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets, in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I 'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I 'll take the money.

Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called the Rout, was acted. GARRICK.

FOR physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I, to Mr. Garrick. GARRICK.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I 've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

*Colloquial Epigram.** GARRICK.

Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send him a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him? dear Wilmot, declare:
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care:
Wish joy to your country and king.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland in the year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1745.

GARRICK.

O THOU, whose artless, free-born genius charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forsake the fields, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choak;
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome:
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

Upon a Lady's Embroidery. GARRICK.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defied;
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride.
O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, Chloe, and submit:
For you 'll more surely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author.

GARRICK.

AS Doctor —— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"
The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.
"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:
"We both are losers if you fail.
"Go write, your wit in satire show,
"No matter, whether smart or true;
"Call —— names, the greatest foe
"To dulness, folly, pride, and you.
"Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
"Among your friends be sure you send 'em.
"For all who read will soon grow sick,
"And, when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton; where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

"Thus

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
"Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
"For you are sure to have your fees,
"And I am sure to have your friends."

Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand Pounds for a House. GARRICK.

So many thousands for a house,
For you, of all the world, lord Mouse!
A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman." GARRICK.

Tell me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent.*?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

Tom Fool to Mr. Hoskins, his Counsellor and Friend. GARRICK.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute;
Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so,
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your poor client claw;
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool.
To this rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once beat the knave out of doors.

From the Spanish. GARRICK.

For me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets, the thief foregoes—
And fixes on Louisa's lip.
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.* GARRICK.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on William Hogarth,† in Chiswick Church-Yard. GARRICK.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin,‡ in Bath Cathedral. GARRICK.

That tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ.
Cold are those hands, which living were stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Laurence Sterne.§ GARRICK.

Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne?

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January, 1766.

§ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London, March 18, 1768.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr Brighton, who had been Vicar of Egham forty-five Years. GARRICK.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All moan his death, his virtues long they tried,
They knew not how they lov'd him, till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq. GARRICK.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of
PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710.
And died Dec. 30, 1774,
Aged 65.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm ap-
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died. [plied,

A Tribute by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a Character he long knew and respected.

*Epitaph on Mr. Havard, Comedian.**

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HAVARD, from sorrow rest beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton,† the Work of Nine young Ladies.‡ POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty, which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters. HERBERT.

So much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON *to his* AMANDA; *with a Copy of the* SEASONS.

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you:
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!

If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or, if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

An Epigram.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

The Lawyer and Client.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before. [yaw
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "how come
"To be such friends, who were such foes just
"naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we Lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr. John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.

By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE, in just hope above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of ELLEN TEMPLE lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal and domestic strife:
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end;

* He died 20th February, 1778. † In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.
‡ Miss Lisles, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

Who,

Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame:
Who play'd—as, reader, thou shouldst do—
With inward peace and rectitude of heart;
Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure—smil'd at death.

Epigram.

Says a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
The lady replied, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you.

On a Bowl of Punch.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."
In conversation thus we find,
That, four men, differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

Houses, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth—beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany—bedaub'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it,
This is London:—How d'ye like it?

On a young Lady.

Behold a nymph with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd!
Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
With sweet relievos hides the soundest heart;
But while it hides, it elegantly tells
With what benevolence her bosom swells;
Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

PARADOX.

Four people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of 'em lost to the amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

On the Fifth of November.

By an Irish Bellman.

To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t'have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore, take care of fire, and candle-light:
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good-night.

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

Entomb'd within this vault, a lawyer lies,
Who, fame assureth us, was just and wise;
An able advocate, and honest too!——
That's wondrous strange indeed!—if it be true.

Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco and a Pinch of Snuff.

Whilst smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?

Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

A Country Quarter Sessions.

Three or four parsons full of October;
Three or four squires between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars;
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood,
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

Epigram.

Epigram.

What legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceived; [lieved!
What stories and nonsense for faith they be-
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect;
From believing too much, the right faith we let
So now we believe, i'faith! nothing at all. [fall,

Another.

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure, [sure?
For why should we thus make a toil of a plea-

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

The miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th'next stone.

On Quadrille. To a young Lady.

Deign, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards;
What tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown
How hard the task for her who plays alone.
But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife?
Think first, O think! you play your cards for life! [will,
Should sordid friends controul your right good
Beware the wretched state of fore'd Spadille.
Should man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud 'Squire;
Then pass by wealth and power, for better sure
It is, with some kind swain to play secure;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks your leave; O! let him soon say more.

To-morrow. An Epigram.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.

Here's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her bone of his bone.

On Punch.

Hence, restless care and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat:
Where, strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring, meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

The Disappointed Husband.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
The

The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs pre-
par'd, [yard,
They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-
When see, of narrow streets, what mischiefs
The very dead can't pass in quiet home; [come!
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And Madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd! The Undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
The tender husband took especial care
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M. A. late Archdeacon of Cleveland.

Lycidas *to* Prudentia.

Descend, fair Stoick, from thy flights;
From nature learn to know
Our passions are the needful weights,
That make our virtues go.

Prudentia *to* Lycidas.

True, Lycidas; but think not so
Another truth to shun:
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

An Epigram.

Music's a crotchet the sober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.

Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're fools if they play, unless they're well
paid,
And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

An Epigram.

Says Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for my life
"Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
"and wife,
"Since they can't with the form and the par-
"son accord."
Says Paddy, "You fool! they take each other's
"word."

The Biter bit.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel: and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit non est hic,*
"Your God is rose and gone."

On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

While Secker liv'd, he shew'd how seers
should live; [eye;
While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our
When Secker gave, we knew how angels give;
When Secker died, we knew e'en Saints must
die.

Epigram,
Occasioned by the Words "One Prior," *in Burnet's History.*

One Prior!—and is this, this all the fame
The Poet from th' Historian can claim?
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *One Burnet* ever wrote.

On Content. An Epigram.

It is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from Heaven sent,
Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,
Tho' he'd give millions for't:
It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

The First Pair.

Adam alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an' please ye;
And how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life?
Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
How?—He slept sweetly all the while.
And when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
"He never slept so sweet again, Sir."

Similies to Molly.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long;
Or like a March hare mad.

Round

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her,
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

To represent is but to personate,
Which should be truly done at any rate.
Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty.
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

Like as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had:
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done;
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look:
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;

The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Epitaph on Captain Jones,

Who published some marvellous Accounts of his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by

AFFIDAVIT.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

A Portrait from Life.
By Dr. SWIFT.

COME sit by my side while this picture I draw:
In chatt'ring a magpye, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend Thomas,* Ford,† Grattan,† and merry Dan,‡
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

An Epigram,

On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking:
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

An Epigram.

AS Tom was one day deep in chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many:
They lie, replied Tom, for I never had any.

On Time.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courser's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires!
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.
Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd:
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene;
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood:
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red!
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric frame'd for pain and woe.

A Poem.
By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like an hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day!
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

* Dr. Sheridan. † The Dean's friends. ‡ Mr. D. Jackson.

Were

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;
If she laid them out to take
Kisses, for good manners sake;
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No: she must be perfect snow
In effect, as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second Lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, whate'er she be!

A Poem.
Occasioned by the foregoing.

Paint, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or chequer so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses, through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy sore;
Yet, if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outscold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench?
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And untruss, coming near thy face!
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for every man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

The Stage Coach.

Resolv'd to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage.
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts-to at three, and swears he cannot sta
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day).
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half close my eyes;
By steps and lanthorn enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk:
While in like mode jamm'd in on th' other side
A bullying captain and a fair-one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon, by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain swears,
The fair-one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, on his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester.

Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did not intend to sit in Parliament? gave him an Answer in the following Lines:

More than content with what my talents gain,
Of public favour though a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking time, and place, and character:
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;

No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similies.

I've thought; the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?——"Like your eyes—
"'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
"'Tis like a purse—'tis like a flea—
"'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
"'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
"'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
"'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a Sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
"The deaths they give the likeness tell.
"A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
"Because 'tis most an end behind.
"'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
"'Tis like a purse, for 'twill run thro' one;
"'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
"'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?——"You shall hear;
"'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
"'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt,
"Besides it travels in a *belt*.
"'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
"Because that state, whenever we
"A push for our own int'rest make,
"Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all's said and done,
"A sword is very like the moon;
"For if his Majesty (God bless him)
"When Country Sheriff comes t'address him,
"Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
"On him, before him kneeling low,
"This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
"And gives the glory to the Knight (night):
"'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
"For 'tis not long in drawing out.
"'Tis like a doctor, for who will
"Dispute a doctor's power to kill?"
But why a Sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell.
"But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
"Why, let it then a backsword be;
"Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
"To raise up somewhat like a whale."

The Astronomer's Room.

One day I call'd, and Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When, all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:—
Item. A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man that made 'em
Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his books and chest,
And round the floor were strew'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf;
Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
Appear'd like het'rogeneous matter.
In antient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval, and some round;
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there might fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In short, the room, the goods and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t'other.

Epitaph by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

Farewel, my best belov'd, whose heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Tho' sprightly, gentle; tho' polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
In thee their patroness the afflicted lost,
Thy friends, their patron, ornamental boast;
And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair?
O thou beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best belov'd, farewel!

On seeing a great Commander effeminately dress'd at a Ball.

'Tis said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
With pleasure and plenty undone,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And scarce know the use of a gun. [galls,
Let them say what they will, since it nobody
And exclaim out still louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in
Or a greater consumption of *powder*. [*balls*,

An original Epitaph.

Here lies fast asleep, awake me who can,
That medley of passions and follies, *a Man*.
Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes restraint,
Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;

From

From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous still;
From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-morrow: [seen,
When each action was o'er, and its errors were
Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing I had been;
My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd; [pain,
Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and
The body diseas'd paid the debt back again:
Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd, [last;
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at
Thus tir'd and weary, I've finish'd my course,
And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all a-back, nor will sails shoot a-head:
He ever was brisk: and, tho' now gone to wreck, [deck.
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon

The Consultation.

THREE Doctors met in consultation
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed;
But what of that? they must be fee'd;
They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
But for their own, not patient's good;
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

On a Landlord drunk.

LANDLORD, with thee now even is the wine;
For thou hast pierc'd his hogshead, and he thine.

A Rhapsody.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee. [self,
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd my-
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

To-day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow, no command, no house at all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose;
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night:
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.

TO my best my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

The Character.

AN easy mien, engaging in address, [express,
Looks which at once each winning grace
A life where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great and ever kind,
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane;
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd:
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

Poverty and Poetry.

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a Lion
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make Bears and Wolves dance rigadoons

His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.
Poor are the brethren of the Bayes,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes:
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get.
Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams:
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water!
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows.
In shady groves the muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.
But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never-dying name;
Great recompense for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble!
Thus soldiers, who in many battles [else,
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

On Bribery.

A poor man once a Judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
The judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He glad away did trudge:
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial Judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, O partial Judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

Queen Elizabeth being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:

Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread, and brake it;
And what the word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they
confess'd [to the priest,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion, [ocean.
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the

Epigram.

Kind Peggy kiss'd her husband with these
words; [thee!"
"Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords;
And that 'tis true I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But loved always best her own sweet Will.

Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books,

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd *thy* head!"
'What wilt thou give for't? (Dick replied)
'The bargain's quickly made.'
"*My* head and all my books I'd give,
"With readiness and freedom."
'I'd take thy books, but with *thy* head,
'Gadzooks! I ne'er could read them.'

Epitaph on a Cobler.

Death at a cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's awl, Death brought his last.

True Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.

I have no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies.
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries.
Of these two learned peers, I prithee say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.

The Duke, the knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies):
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.
The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And pray'rs daily made to keep Swift from the skies:
Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the winds they are given,
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

Magni Stat Nominis Umbra. BISHOP.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
A footsome Spaniard late one night
Knock'd at a tavern door so hard,
It rous'd the family in a fright.
Up sprung the host from his bed-side,
Open the chamber-window flew:
"Who's there?—What boisterous hand," he cried,
"Makes at my gate this loud ado?"
"Here is," the stately Spaniard said,
"Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Alonzo,
"Pedrillo, Gusman, Alvarade,
"Jago, Miguel, Alphonso,
"Antonio Diego"—"Hold! hold! hold!"
Exclaim'd the landlord, "pray forbear!"
"For half the numbers you have told,
"I have not half a bed to spare."
"Sir!" quoth the Don, "'tis your mistake,"
"If names for men, of course you count:
"Tho' long th' illustrious list I make,
"In me still centers all th' amount.
"Worn down with tramping many a mile,
"Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Pedrillo,
"With all the etceteras of his style,
"Will sleep upon a *single pillow*."

Quod Petis, Hic est.

A THOUSAND objects of desire
On foreign coasts you'll view;
Now art, now Nature's works admire,
Here splendour, there virtû.
But blessings, which at home you see,
Sublimer joy suggest:
Old England gives you liberty,
And that gives—*all the rest.*

Stat sua cuique Dies.

TO Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;
But Will, by no such notions check'd,
Lets no day be a sad day.
More cheerful still, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day;
Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
But for that queer day—*pay-day.*

French Cooking.

TO make a plum-pudding a French count once took [cook;
An authentic receipt, from an English lord's
Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit, and spice, [and such price;
Of such number, such measure, such weight,
Drop a spoonful of brandy, to quicken the mess,
And boil it for so many hours—more or less.
These directions were tried, but when tried, had no good in,
'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not English pudding;
And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request,
For the cook that prescrib'd to assist when 'twas drest,
Who, of course, to comply with his honour's beseeching, [kitchen.
Like an old cook of Colbrook, march'd into the
The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd loud, and talk'd long,
They were sure all was right, he could find nothing wrong;
Till, just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" scream'd astonish'd John Trot.
"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools as you are?"
Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare?—"A pud-
"ding-cloth, Sare!"

Quod Petis, Hic est.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.
Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.
John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.
John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.
When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *devil* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd,
And ever when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd;
His hair stood on his pate;
And, "Why do'st guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
"I can't, in conscience, stop:
"For sure 't would be a burning shame
"*To leave the Devil* a drop!"

The Decanter.

O thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and simple ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence:
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the nine;
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus, and to Love;
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

Qualis ab Incepto.

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Far, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.—
"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir!" said he, "these legs will wag no more;"
"Alarm the neighbourhood with a hue and cry."
"Alas, I 've roar'd as long as lungs could roar."
"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour;
"*Sans* voice to call, *sans* vigour to pursue;
"And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,
"I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!"

How to make Fools scarce.

Mankind, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
The first of which is, trifling with things serious,
And seriousness in trifles—is the second.
Remove these little ruts, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

Mental Optics.

To a noted optician, a simple grave man,
In these terms his address for assistance began:—
"If with me, like my neighbours, you think 't would succeed,
"I would purchase a glass that would help me to read."
Number this, number that, no effect could produce,
Concave, and convex, were alike of no use;
The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and new,
But nothing came of it, for nothing would do.
"'Tis strange," said the artist, "you see none the better;
"Cannot all these varieties shew you a letter?"
"Show a letter?" quoth he, "yes, by hundreds they show 'em,
"I can *see* fast enough, what I want is to know 'em."

On Howard's dying in Russia.

Tho' far from Britain, Britain's worthiest pride,
The world's great patriot, generous Howard died,
Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam
With such a heart, as such a life display'd;
An heart, which all mankind one family made,
To travel—was but to enlarge his home!

Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.

Falsehood and Truth, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove;
Falsehood speeds on with rapid pace,
Truth scarce appears to move.

Falsehood finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force,
And Folly stands her friend.

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way,
And Fortune gives her many a lift,
No matter for foul play.

Yet, after all her efforts try'd,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory shall decide,
She'll *end*—where Truth *begun!*

Virtue indigenous in England.

Virtues and fashions jointly share
All England's pride, all England's care;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts
Fashions by wholesale she *imports*;
But let it, to her praise, be known,
Old England's virtues—*are her own!*

Fati valet Hora benigna.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaistering dearee's head,
Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it!
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower,
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

Brevis esse Laboro.

On folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell,
Wisdom speaks little—but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

On

On a Cobweb.

By never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the spider plies;
And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
A fell assassin lies.

By never-ceasing rashness led,
The fly pursues his way;
Bolts on the snare his heedless head,
A self-devoted prey.

Nature and Instinct.

Hatch'd from alien eggs, along the meads
The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads:
But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave,
High beats her fluttering heart, she calls, she cries,
And restless, round and round the margin flies;
Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur,
Instinct in them, parental care in her:
The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown,
A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

* *Latin Learning of little use.*

Your venerable chaplain once,
(Tho' now with age he bend)
Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
A master and a friend.

To profit by his well-known care,
His child a butcher brought;
And all the needful to prepare,
A dictionary bought.

Before a week its course had run,
The butcher came again:
"Take back your book, give back my son,"
He cried with might and main.

"*Larning!* 'tis money thrown away
"Such *larning* to procure;
"The book don't shew, the boy can't say,
"What's Latin—for a *skewer*."

More's meant than meets the Ear.

When doctors, twenty years ago,
Wore wigs of venerable flow,
A bodkin's swords' diminutive stump,
Stuck right across each physic rump;
Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
"Our object is to save, not slay."
An emblem apt enough, I trow,
But wicked wits pretend to show,
For swords so small, an apter still,
"We 've other ways than *one* to kill."

Nothing new under the Sun.

There's nothing new beneath the sun,
So ancient wits' decisions run:
But wit no match for poets is;
For I know things, and so do you,
Tho' everlasting, ever new!
What think you, sirs, of taxes?

Ancient and Modern Poets distinguished.

'Twixt those poets of old, and our poets of late,
One perpetual distinction holds true:
The new, in a twinkling, are all out of date,
The old—will *for ever be new!*

The Power of Verse.

Read! read! the thread-bare poet cries,
New powers of verse I bring:
At every line new beauties rise
Spontaneous while I sing!

Poet! thy boast would seem more true,
One fact if thou couldst quote;
Had powers and beauties all so new
Procur'd thee—a *new coat!*

The Progress of Wigs.

When Charles the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave divine, I trow,
A silken cap all sable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The restoration's jovial day
Chang'd with the men, the mode,
And orth'dox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In Anna's reign, from general view
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And lo! perukes of milk-white hue
Succeeded in their stead.

These too incurr'd, by lapse of years,
Disuse, tho' not disgrace;
New clerical brows requir'd new gears,
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak:
Yet still the solemn bush remain'd
To flank the rosy cheek.

But *now!* forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold:
What fashions *modern* reverends use,
You need not here be told.

Tho' new their taste, while they adopt
Their good forefathers ways;
The frizzled, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

The Effect of Pulpit Eloquence.

A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought
Where many an hint pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went:
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this rev'rend sage declar'd,
"I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd;
"Nor e'er henceforth—since life thus steals away,
"Give credit for a bet—beyond a day!"

* Spoken at Merchant Taylors' School.

Case

Case in the Constitutional Court.

A FARMER, as records report,
Most hugely discontented,
His vicar at the Bishop's Court
For gross neglect presented.

"Our former priest, my Lord," he said,
"Each Sunday the year round,
"Some Greek in his discourses read,
"And charming was the sound!

"Not such our present parson's phrase,
"No Greek does he apply;
"But says in English all he says,
"As you might speak, or I.

"And yet for this so simple style,
"He claims each tythe and due;
"Pigs, pippins, poultry, all the while,
"And Easter off'rings too!"

"You're skill'd in languages, I guess,"
Th' amaz'd diocesan cry'd:
"I know no language, more or less,"
The surly clown reply'd.

"But Greek, I've heard the learned say,
"Surpasses all the rest;
"And since 'tis for the best we *pay*,
"We ought to *have* the best."

All not Gold that glitters.

WHY sleeps, benumb'd, the conscious mind?
When social good craves virtue's zeal?
Whoe'er can benefit mankind,
Is Heav'n's trustee, for human weal.
To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine:
All 's not gold that shines, 'tis true;
But all that is gold—*ought to shine!*

On Hope. ANON.

HOPE, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower:
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

A LONG way off Lucinda strikes the men;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.

ON Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with you and take a bed:
You may believe him, Will replies,
Where'er Tom dines he always LIES.

On two beautiful Sisters who were drowned at Sea.

WHAT to the faithless ocean now is due?
It gave one Venus, and has taken two!

On a natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot,
She slumbers oft in yonder nook:
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook!

On a Lady who beat her Husband.

COME hither, Sir George, my picture is here,
What think you, my love? don't it strike you?
I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.

What is an Epigram?

WHAT is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

By Mr. P. DODD.

JOE hates a hypocrite. It shews
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

To a living Author.

YOUR comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend,
Take courage, man! and steal the rest.

Imitated from the French.
By Mr. P. DODD.

HIS last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more;
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

By THEOPHILUS SWIFT, *Esq.*

The rooted aversion entertained by the late Judge Robinson, of the King's Bench, in Ireland, to the volunteers of that country, in the year 1780, is well known. The following epigram was occasioned by a circumstance that actually took place about that period in the court where he was then sitting.

"THAT soldier so rude, he swaggers in
"scarlet;
"Put him out of the court; I'll imprison the
"varlet."
"A soldier I'm not," quoth the hero in red;
"No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
"A captain who carries his sword on his thigh."
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Roll'd his sharp eagle-eye on the vain volunteer,
And "Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew bolder,
"Out, out with that *officer who is no soldier.*"

Bargains.

NED'S thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
Is charm'd with ev'ry thing she sees,
And ev'ry thing she sees she buys.

Ned

Ned feels at ev'ry sale enchanted,
Such costly wares! so wisely sought!
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

A Question and an Answer.

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish cloathing,
But, prithee, where lies Jack's estate?
In Algebra, for there I found of late,
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

On a ready Writer.

Jim writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

What rise again with all one's bones?
Quoth Giles. I hope you fib:
I trusted when I went to Heaven,
To go without my rib.

On a bad Singer.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

On a modern Dramatist.

Not for the stage his plays are fit,
But suit the closet, said a wit.
The closet? said his friend, I ween
The *water*-closet 'tis you mean.

EPIGRAMS. *From the* Greek.

Not twice three years I told, when fate
Snatch'd me from my mother's breast;
O weep not, reader! for if short my date,
Short are my sorrows, long my rest.

From the same, another.

But five years old—sweet babe, adieu!
Beneath thy sod repose;
Little of life poor Henry knew,
Yet 'scap'd from all its woes.

Another.

Busy, thoughtless, playful, I,
Little dreaming danger nigh,
Was plac'd, ere twice three years had gone,
By cruel death, beneath this stone.
Yet weep not, weep not, parents dear,
No pains nor cares shall enter here;
If little of life's joys I knew,
So little of its sorrows too.

From the Greek.

To death man is doom'd by the order of nature,
And like him all around him must die;
Nay, if they should remain, *he*, poor perishing creature,
To the earth must return, in her bosom to lie.

From the Greek.

To the happy and prosperous life's but a span,
So quickly the years pass away:
To the wretched, forsaken, disease-tortur'd man,
An age is involv'd in a day.

From the Greek.

Blame not love, as fraught with care,
Cease, ye lovers, thus to moan;
Light and Joy Love's daughters are,
The Woes from Folly spring alone.

Bis dat qui cito dat.

Give quickly, if you give at all,
Or you shall me ungrateful call.

Another on the same.

Grant quickly your boon, Sir, as soon as I ask,
Or else to be thankful will prove a hard task.

Another.

Pray make no such fuss in granting your boon;
He doubles his gift who grants it me soon.

Another.

Call again, call again, when I knock at your door,
Cries your insolent footman, that son of a whore.
Thus attendance I dance, like a slave in all weather,
And lose double the gift in the loss of shoe leather.

Spoken extempore to a Lady, on being asked what this World was like.

This world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—women.

The Thief.

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;

And

And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.
There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Here air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole,
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the Muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then rise beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t' other day she stole—my heart.
Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that faded suddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

As goods when lost we know are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty, blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in the last War. An Epigram.

THE toast of each Briton in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our *arms*;
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each trench,
Success to our *legs* is the toast of the French.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife: poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat-o'-Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Aversion to a Cat.

BY your honour's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipt,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a cat;
Why your honour's aversion is mine:
If puss then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O save me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

TO Chloe's study shall we go,
(For ladies have their studies now)
O what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare:
There stand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts:
But O! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves she plainly shews,
For, lo! her very books are beaus.

An Epigram.

THE lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then big with death and vengeance, ploughs the main:
Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore;
And from an acorn springs Britannia's pow'r.

The Modern Courtier.

PRAY say what's that which smirking trips this way,
That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword,
That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience clear)
Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John, at Runnemede;
And,

And, clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a poor but honest Man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence
"Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree;
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.

From CAMBDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—
he died.

The Picture of Slander.

WHAT mortal but Slander, that serpent, hath stung, [tongue?
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her
The poison of asps her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The chat of a parrot, the head of a hare;
The wing of a magpye, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

On a Covetous old Parson.

CRIES Spintext, in spleen, "This public donation
Methinks favours much of vain ostentation;
G—d bless me! five pounds! Why the sum is immense! [tence.
And for pity, mere pity! 'tis show and pre-
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows, [knows;
What my right hand is doing, my left never
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say."
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em, [feel 'em,
That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor never
And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal 'em.

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to sooth, when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

On a Tomb-stone in Essex.

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They no care had nor pain,
And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.
By Mr. POPE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So papists refuse the Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong:
And let men receive from a second bright Eve
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she; [you,
What punishment new, shall be found out for
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.

WE liv'd one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here;
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure, her soul is not in hell—
The devil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
For in the last great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds in sunder.

The Rose. By Mr. Philips.

The rose's age is but a day,
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in scent, in colour bright,
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. Swift.

My age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I savour ill; no colour know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

A Boston Epigram—Written in 1774.
To the Ministry.

You've sent a rod to Massachusset,
Thinking the Americans will buss it;
But much I fear for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, a Parish Clerk, a good Man, and an excellent Back-gammon Player; who was succeeded in his Office by a Mr. Trice.

By the chance of the die,
On his *back* here doth lie
Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond;
Tho' he *bore many men*,
Till threescore and ten,
Yet at length he by Death is *back-gammon'd*.

But, hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a *hit* very lucky and nice,
With death we're now even;
He just stepp'd to heaven,
And is with us again in a Trice.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine;
"Wedlock 's the end of life," he cry'd;
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd,
"'Twill be the end of mine."

An Epitaph on the Death of a favourite Parrot that was found in a Necessary-House.

Here safe lie interr'd the remains of a bird,
Who submits to all-conquering fate;
Whose master took care to teach it to swear,
As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made of the place where he 's laid,
Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to save the expence of a grave,
Thought proper to choose it a vault.

To preserve its dear fame, for time without name,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,
Declar'd with a tear, she 'd never come here,
Without leaving something behind her.

Epitaph on Lady Molesworth, who was burnt to Death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-House, London, the 6th of May, 1763.

A peerless matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife,
Who, wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame:
She liv'd a Phœnix, and expir'd in flame.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez. Cowper.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My

My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!—
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair.
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace. COWPER.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share—
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I planted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewel! we meet no more?

Human Frailty. COWPER.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica. COWPER.

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the 'squire;
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark:
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop:
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.—
The Songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,

Respecting

Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.
Cowper.

Time was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

The Pine-apple and the Bee.

The pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot and all in blow:
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.
The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between!
Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.
Cowper.

An Oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded;
Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffetted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine:
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow where just she chooses.
You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think.
Thus life is spent, O fie upon 't!
In being touch'd, and crying, Don't!
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and cheek'd this idle talk.—
—And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
You in your grotto-work inclos'd
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.
And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,

If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love.
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

A Fable. COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears were hush'd together:
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
(For Ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befal,
Can't prophesy themselves at all).
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting Fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk:
Good musselman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
—Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest:
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail:
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Country Parson's Blessings.

Would ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I in humble verse relate
The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear
About a hundred pounds a year;
The tythe well paid, without law strife,
(I'm not encumber'd with a wife).
A single church, not grand, but neat;
My people rather good than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood;
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk with well-mow'd greensward laid,
Where I may smoke in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk who pass that way;
A shaded bench where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed:
The neighb'ring clergy kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where's the crime to meet and prate
Of country news and tricks of state?)
Some social gents of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch;
With ease I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan*:
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plum, as suits my taste;
Attended by a sav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish;
A pile of salad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit well pick'd and clean;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When patron deigns with Vic——to dine.
Oft o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful *Banter* by my side;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me at night;
Or else a veltfare or a snipe,
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
Stranger to tumult or to strife;
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great;
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king;
My pipe my sceptre, cup my crown,
My elbow chair my regal throne.

On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked of his Watch.

He that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

The Happy Fire-Side.

The hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
I ask no other heaven.

The Retrospect of Life.

Riches chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care,
Time, and chance, and death, our foes?
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?

Let bright virtue answer, No;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honours, riches, cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

An Invitation to the Country.

The swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.

But man, all-feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.

Old

Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear, that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
Shall shine, and dry the tear.

Invitation to the feathered Race. GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat:
My shrubs a cooling shade supply;
My groves a safe retreat.

Here, freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest:
Here, rove and sing the live-long day;
At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe!
Shall store of fruit preserve:
O! let me thus your friendship bribe;
Come, feed, without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard:
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
Your songs be my reward.

Address to a Nightingale. THOMSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:
But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence in vain I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet bird! my hapless flame.

RETALIATION: *A Poem.*

GOLDSMITH.

The title and nature of this POEM shew that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shewn how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our * landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our † Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will § shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
And ‖ Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour:

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

‖ Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature

Our * Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain, plain;
And † Douglas is pudding substantial and
Our ‡ Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am
That § Ridge is anchovy, and ‖ Reynolds is lamb,
That ** Hickey's a capon; and by the same rule
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em, ['em.
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade †† Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote; [refining,
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*. [Sir,
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home: [none;
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;¶
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd, to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines, [reclines.
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, or Kenricks shall lecture;

* Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

† Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a Citizen of the World, than a sound Critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce. ‖ Sir Johua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy. ** An eminent Attorney.

†† Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Macpherson

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Whopepper'd the highest was sure best to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had; and that one was a thumper;
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

LINES *from Dr.* Barnard, *Dean of* Derry, *to Dr.* Goldsmith *and Mr.* Cumberland.

Dear Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Tho' I here must confess that your meat and wine
Are not quite to my taste, tho' they're both very fine;
For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own;
Now there's nothing I hate so—as drinking alone:
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars;
But, for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your venison's delicious, tho' too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis. [dish up,
So soon as you please; you may serve me your
But instead of your sherry pray make me a *bishop!*

On Dr. Goldsmith's *Characteristical Cookery. A Jeu d'Esprit.*

By David Garrick, *Esq.*

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good *meat*—but the *Devil sends cooks.*

JUPITER *and* MERCURY. *A Fable. Written some time since.* Garrick.

Here, *Hermes*, says *Jove*, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an *odd fellow*;
Right or wrong shall be jumbled—much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause he cross.
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions:
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to *learning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and *raking.*

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste; [with fine taste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it, [and *Poet*:
This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Christian*, *Dupe*, *Gamester*,
Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame, [his name!
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear, [here!
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him to make us sport

The Lamentation of GLUMDALCLITCH *for the Loss of* GRILDRIG.

A Pastoral. GAY.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall. [fall
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
"Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied,
"Were twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monsters of the brook?
"Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's "drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
"But little creatures enterprise the most.
"Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's "paw, [taw,
"Nay mix with children as they play'd at
"Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
"To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
"Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
"And never will return, or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
"How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
"Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone
"In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
"Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery "round, [ground?
"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie groveling on the
"Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
"Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
"Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
"Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
"O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets the "flow'r [bow'r!
"Where sleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant
"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
"On little females, and on little loves,
"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
"The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious "rooms,
"Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.
"Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the "shore,
"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
"Or, in thy box now bounding on the main,
"Shall I ne'er hear thyself and house again?
"And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
"My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
"Mimic the actions of a real man?
"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
"As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious "tread,
"A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
"How chase the mite that bore thy cheese "away,
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

A Receipt for stewing Veal. GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may but it or steal;
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace
Must season this knuckle;
Then * what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;
That which kill'd king † Will;
And what never ‡ stands still.
Some § sprigs of that bed
Where children are bred;

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time or thyme.
§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.

Which

Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small;
Which lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of * Wood's metal
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach.†
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then, with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

SPRING. *An Ode.* *Dr.* JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife;
And Nature, on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic ‡tyranny consigns!
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines!

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ———'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend;
Once more great nature's works review,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

The MIDSUMMER'S WISH. *An Ode.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease!
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN. *An Ode.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

* Of this composition, see the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.
Which we suppose to be near four hours.

‡ The author being ill of the gout.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet,

WINTER. *An Ode.*

Dr. Johnson.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night;
Usurping darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light;
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high;
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm, though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

An EVENING ODE. *To Stella.*

Dr. Johnson.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove
Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The NATURAL BEAUTY. *To Stella.*

Dr. Johnson.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same:
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
Those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

The Vanity of Wealth. *Dr.* Johnson.

No more, thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty, blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn (O let that scorn be thine!)
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

To Miss ———, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own wearing. *Dr.* Johnson.

Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed,
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To Lyce, *an elderly Lady.* *Dr.* Johnson.

Ye Nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest
In all the pomp of heaven!

Engross not all the beams on high
Which gild a lover's lays;
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloud do show:
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines:
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Dr. Johnson.

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie:
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth
With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade:
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state:
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair, and Anne the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.
This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:
Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursued him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honours sated, and with cares oppress:
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS

SONNETS BY WARTON.

Written at Wynslade in Hampshire.

Wynslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Can the grey mist with orient purple stain.

Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:

Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

On Bathing.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On early uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'red brim:
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child, [page,
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses ever smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought on themes unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:*
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line:
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after seeing Wilton-House.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

To Mr. Gray.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd:
Can ought my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

Sonnet.

While summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd, [som spreads,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Ep-

* One of the bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

'Mid

'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads;
And Hascombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep—with mind serene
I journey'd blythe. Full pensive I return'd:
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd;
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears:
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Tho' join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame unhonour'd falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

The Old Cheese. King.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With—"'Tis not so; pray give me leave to "speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool!
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, "That the next Tuesday-noon
"would show
"Whether he were the lord at home or no;
"When their good company he would entreat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely "meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
And prays dear Suky, that one day at least
He might appear as master of the feast.
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that "you may see
"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
"Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not "thou appear?
"Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is "here?"
"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not "enough,
"The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough;
"The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat
"Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
"What Teeth or Stomach's strong enough to "feed
"Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed?
"Why must old Pigeons, and they stale, be "drest,
"When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
"This Beer is sour; 'tis musty, thick, and "stale,
"And worse than any thing, except the Ale."
She all this while many excuses made,
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.
Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch—"This e'en shall roll;
"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear; I'll "find
"A Cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."

Then

Then in an entry standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough, on this occasion, smelt—
" I'll try, my joy," she cried, " if I can please
" My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang—" Is't the Old " Cheese, my dear?" [I'll swear,
" No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch;
" I think I've din'd as well as my Lord " Mayor!"

The PILGRIM *and the* PEAS. *A true Story.*
PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt; in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd woundrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel*;
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

" How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,
" You lazy lubber?"
" Odds curse it!" cried the other, " 'tis no *joke*:
" My feet, once hard as any rock,
" Are now as soft as *blubber*.

" Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
" As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
" No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
" For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.
" But, brother sinner, do explain
" How 'tis that you are not in pain;
" What Pow'R hath work'd a wonder for
" *your* toes;
" Whilst *I* just like a snail am crawling,
" Now swearing, now on saints devoutly
" bawling,
" Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
" How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
" Merry, as if that nought had happen'd,
" burn ye?"—
" Why," cried the other, grinning, " you must
" *know*,
" That, just before I ventur'd on my journey,
" To walk a little more at ease,
" I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller.
PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard, [nose:
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
" This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

" No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
" Provided that the razors *shave*,
" It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze;
'Twas a vile razor! then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—" Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
" I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and wine'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and dane'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

" Razors!—a damn'd, confounded dog!—
" Not fit to scrape a hog!" [gun—
Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and be-
" P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
" That

" That people flay themselves out of their
" lives:
" You rascal! for an hour I have been grubbing,
" Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrub-
" bing,
" With razors just like oyster knives.
" Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
" To cry up razors that can't *shave*."
" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a
" knave:
" As for the razors you have bought
" Upon my soul I never thought
" That they would *shave*."
" Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
" What were they made for then, you dog?"
he cries:
" Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile—
" to *sell*."

The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly.

SOMERVILLE.

——" Qui non moderabitur irae,
" Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
" Dum poenas odio per vim festinat inulto." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her;
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to sol's meridian ray;
He fum'd he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spite
Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore.
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace
From insect of so mean a race,
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow.
The nimble fly escap'd by flight,
And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by the unequal strife grows popular and great.

Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good, yet still 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost;
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

The incurious Bencher. SOMERVILLE.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,
Cheering his reins before the fire
(So every true-born Briton should),
Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire.
" Jenny," said he, " 'tis very hard,
" That no man's honour can be spar'd;
" If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
" Or play a game at ombre, such is
" The malice of the world, 'tis said,
" Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
" 'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
" If Madam Doodle would be witty,
" And I am summon'd to the city,
" To play at blindman's-buff or so,
" What won't such hellish malice do?
" If I but catch her in a corner,
" Humph! 'tis your servant, Colonel Horner:
" But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
" I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
" I swear by this dead-doing blade,
" Dreadful examples shall be made.
" What, can't they drink bohea and cream,
" But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
" Other men's business let alone,
" Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

As

As thus he rav'd with all his might
(How insecure from fortune's spite,
Alas, is ev'ry mortal wight!)
To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—;
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner sate
A bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made;
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blust'ring colonel felt a smart;
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skipp'd, and bounc'd about the room:
Then turning short—"Zounds, sir," he cries;
"Pox on him! had the fool no eyes?
"What! let a man be burnt alive?"
"I am not, Sir, inquisitive,"
Replied Sir Gravity, "to know
"Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder?
"Other men's business let alone,
"Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And wrapping round his frieze surtout,
Took up his crabtree and walk'd out.

The officious Messenger. A Tale. Somerville.

Man, of precarious science vain,
Treats other creatures with disdain;
Nor Pug, nor Shock have common sense,
Nor even Poll the least pretence,
Though she prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It seems, is nature's puppet-show;
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can these idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Gresham hall,
Dog Rover shall confute you all;
Shall prove that ev'ry reasoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can dispute;
Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
Or like proud Bentley criticize;
At a moot point, or odd disaster,
Is often wiser than his master.
He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true;
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed.
But to my tale: hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.

Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the setting breed,
Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his grounds he beat,
Not such as in one centre meet;
In those let blund'ring doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down close he sinks and eyes his prey.
Though diff'rent passions tempt his soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies;
The floating net above him flies,
Then dropping, sweeps the flutt'ring prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When surly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport denied,
Still, faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And chearful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods as soon as he:
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring nose would wind it;
If above ground, was sure to find it;
Whimp'ring for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.

But hold—it cannot be denied
That useful talents, misapplied,
May make wild work. It happ'd one day,
Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
New shav'd and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighb'ring knight;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung;
Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest
Or in the field or at the feast.
No Franklin, carving of a chine
At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
Awhile they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds for want of vent
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigested
His lab'ring entrails had infested;
Or last night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol;

The

The cause of this his awkward pain
Let Johnston or let H——th explain;
Whose learned noses may discover
Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect to trace,
And give each point its proper grace:
Th' effect, O lamentable case!
Long had he struggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to restrain.
What should he do? Th' unruly rout
Press'd on; and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The trowsers soon his will obey;
Not so his stubborn drawers; for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch close tied,
His utmost art and pains defied:
He drew his dagger on the spot,
Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the same road just then pass'd by
(Such was the will of destiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good nature shone o'er all his face.
Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming slaughter must ensue,
Off from his hack himself he threw:
Then without ceremony seiz'd
The squire, impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! Master Lobb, who would have
"thought
"The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought?
"Is suicide so slight a fault?
"Rip up thy guts, man? What! go quick
"To hell, outrageous lunatic?
"But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
"With this right hand thy foul intent."
Then grip'd the dagger fast: the squire,
Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas stood,
And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
At last, when both awhile had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the sheath returns the blade;
But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiplied.
Subdued, and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook,
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For in the conflict straining hard,
He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;
Most woefully bedaub'd he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne.
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him, not to fast;
He mus'd awhile, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits:
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and mutt'ring all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution were convenient there:
So fast the plaster'd bird-lime stuck,
The skin came off with ev'ry pluck.
Sorely he gall'd each brawny ham:
Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Not without pain the work achiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then with nice hand and look sedate,
Folds up his draw'rs with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure.
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.
Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd both sweet and clean;
For, O! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves!
With a mole's ear and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably:
But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose?
Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear;
Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal secrets he bestows:
Let him destroy each day a score,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, self-love bribes ev'ry sense,
And all at home is excellence.
The squire, arriv'd in decent plight,
With rev'rence due salutes the knight;
Compliments past, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphean lyre
Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire!
Though this the savage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear
The footmen, loaded with good cheer;
Her ladyship brought up the rear.
Simp'ring she lisps, "Your servant, sir—
"The ways are bad, one can't well stir
"Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
"To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
"She's well, I hope?—Master, they say,
"Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?"

Lobb

Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:
When, O! th' effluvia of his bum
Began amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume!
The flick'ring footman stopp'd his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made awkward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff:
"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
"Dogs in their place are good, I own—
"But in the parlour—foh! he gone!"
Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And fav'rite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out;
By signs expresses his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through mistake, or spite
(Grave authors have not set us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the bush soon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the sav'ry load,
And at his master's elbow stood.
O Lobb! what idioms can express
Thy strange confusion and distress,
When on the floor the draw'rs display'd
The fulsome secret had bewray'd?
No traitor, whett his hand and seal
Produc'd, his dark designs reveal,
E'er look'd with such a hanging face,
As Lobb, half-dead at this disgrace,
Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter shake the room;
Each sash thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his hearts-strings almost break;
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyship began to call
For hartshorn, and her Abigail;
The servants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul mistake,
Trusts to his heels to save his life;
The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

The Devil outwitted. A Tale. SOMERVILLE.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent:
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that ev'ry day
Ran riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thumb'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain;
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast;
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees.
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

The Frog's Choice. SOMERVILLE.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιδώνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κἀκ ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίησιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγεʼ ἔχουσιν.

IN a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their suff'rings grew devout,
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:
A king, th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
Such as might suit their genius best:
A Beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar:

The

The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes,
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content!
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
"Ay, tis a glorious prince indeed!
"By such an active general led,
"The routed mice our arm shall dread,
"Subdued shall quit their claim:
"Old Homer shall recant his lays,
"For us new trophies raise, [fame!"
"Sing our victorious arms, and justify our
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove they pray'rs address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A Stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence. [meat:
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
"And this, by right divine:"
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies:
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice! [curse,
Begone! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
Better bear this, this Stork, than worse."

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd, [eas'd.
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health dis-
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r!

The Oyster. SOMERVILLE.

——In Jus
Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.
HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose:
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.
The parson of the place, good man!
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
"Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.
Give me the oyster then—'tis well"—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And, smiling, gives to each a shell.
"Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat;
God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense;
Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols
For ev'ry slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed.

Epitaph on Miss Basnet, in St. Pancras Church-yard.

Go, spotless Honour and unsullied Truth;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female Sweetness, join'd with manly Sense;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence:

Go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;
Go, saint-ey'd Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.

Ode. THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?
Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share the lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?
O! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

On Time. ANON.

I.

EV'N while the careless, disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Ev'n then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

II.

Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or sooth the sad, inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

III.

Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race!

IV.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever desert shade.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. *Song. Lord* LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. *Song.* WALLER.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 3. *Song. L'Amour Timide.* MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. *Song. Earl of* DORSET.*

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Our

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

§ 5. *Song.* *Lord* Lansdowne.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in court be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that 's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love 's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

§ 6. *Song.* *Sir* Car Scroope.

One night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wretched shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care;
Begone (said he), fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
Why should you waste your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, O ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love!
Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)
Have heard how she has sworn,
A thousand times, that, like to those,
Her flame should ever burn!

But, since she 's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly die;
In this cold bank I 'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.—
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
But never rose again.

§ 7. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
By love and first nature allied,
Together in fondness we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!
For thy faith, which resembled my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!

What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee.

Though the Muses should crown me with art,
Thou honour and fortune should join;
Since thou art denied to my heart
What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewel!
Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind;
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind.
Each morning I'll visit alone
His ashes who lov'd me so well,
And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
"Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewel!"

§ 8. *Song.* Moore.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away!
The grave of thy Colin has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.
All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.
How long, my lov'd Colin, she cried,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly;
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.
Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more;
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore.
While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground!
I hear the kind call, and obey,
O Colin, receive me, she cried:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§ 9. *Song.* Gay.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what 's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what 's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear!
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily, drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.* *Sir* William Jones.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.
Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.
O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.
In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

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§ 11. *Song.*

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain;

With arms across, along the strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the footsteps in the sand
Which a bright nymph had made.

The tide, said he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here imprest;
But time or tide will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey?
Am I some horrid monster grown?
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown?

That bosom soft, that lily skin
(Trust not the fairest outside show)
Contains a marble heart within,
A rock hid under snow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
Her tender feet, from whence there fell
Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
And beautify each shell.

Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
I will no more in vain pursue,
But take my leave for a long night;
Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!

With that he took a running leap,
He took a lover's leap indeed,
And plung'd into the sounding deep,
Where hungry fishes feed.

The melancholy hern stalks by;
Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
The billows toss it o'er and o'er,
His ivory bones lie scattered,
And whiten all the shore.

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§ 12. *Song. Jemmy Dawson.** Shenstone.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive hear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray!
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in that fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
"O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a pray'r for thee
My orisons should never close.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful Stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common, in 1746: and this Ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But tho', dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree;
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For, though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Now, now, she cried, I follow thee!

My death, my death, alone can shew
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due:
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

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§ 13. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* Smart.

Brisk chaunticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night;
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light; [run.
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree!
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the dawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play;
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise:
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream!

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§ 14. *Song.* Sir John Suckling.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

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§ 15. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."
To an arbour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
"Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd),
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?"
Then I follow'd her into the house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse;
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 16. *Song. The Despairing Lover.* Walsh.

Distracted with care,
For Phillis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 17. *Song.*

A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy:
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too, most sweet!
Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends meet!
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobler quite through the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spake she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into despair.
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All coblers, take warning by this cobler's end;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 18. *Song.* Moore.

When Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But oh! how swift they flew!

The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.

But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 19. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.* *Miss* Mary Jones.

On the brow of a hill a young sheperdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;

For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her brown bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd, and implor'd,
And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast;
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she incli'n'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell:
Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns her bread;
The whole village cries shame, when a-milking she goes,
That so little affection is shewn to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,
And a fig for the cows now her sweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
How ye yield up a heart to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all his skill;
But remember The Lass on the brow of the Hill.

---

§ 20. *Song.* Barton Booth, *Esq.*

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or "as the dial to the sun;"
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon!
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies;
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bless'd above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came;
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

---

§ 21. *Song.* Parnell.

My days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love!
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress:
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 22. *Song. May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.* Cunningham.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a Virgin Queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 23. *Song. Sally in our Alley.* Carey.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as choose to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But, when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally:
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed;
But not in our alley.

§ 24. *Song. The true Tar. By the same.*

A knave's a knave,
Tho' ne'er so brave,
Tho' diamonds round him shine;
What tho' he's great,
Takes mighty state,
And thinks himself divine:
His ill-got wealth
Can't give him health,
Or future ills prevent:
An honest tar
Is richer far,
If he enjoys content.

A soul sincere
Scorns fraud or fear,
Within itself secure;
For vice will blast,
But virtue last
While truth and time endure.
Blow high, blow low,
Frown fate or foe,
He scorns to tack about;
But to his trust
Is strictly just,
And nobly stems it out.

§ 25.

§ 25. *Song.* Johnson.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store;
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poet's claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

---

§ 26. *Delia. A Pastoral.* Cunningham.

The gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And, sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
They're, like her bosom, fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

---

§ 27. *Song.* Akenside.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within:

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage controul;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

---

§ 28. *Song. On Young Olinda.*

When innocence and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expression sweet
Is every feature of the face!

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
The flow'r angelic odours breeds:
The fragrant charm of being good
Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

O sacred Virtue! tune my voice
With thy inspiring harmony;
Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
Which fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will last when all things else decay.

---

§ 29. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* Steel.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!

Ye

Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, Love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
Away to Orra, haste away!

---

§ 30. *Song. The Midsummer Wish.* Croxall.

Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat;
Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star's raging heat:

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
Afford a rural, calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And through the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er his purer streams are seen,
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
Where water lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

---

§ 31. *Song.* *Miss* Whateley.

Come, dear Pastora, come away!
And hail the cheerful spring:
Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
And woods with love-notes ring:
Now Phœbus to the west descends,
And sheds a fainter ray;
And, as our rural labour ends,
We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bow'r
With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
The crystal current shade;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breast no soft deceit,
No artful flatt'ry bides:
But truth, scarce known among the great,
O'er ev'ry thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
And all its glittering train;
Be mine the pleasures which adorn
This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each rising care subdue;
Thy presence can each grief remove,
And ev'ry joy renew.
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
Pastora of the plain.

---

§ 32. *Song.*

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night:
Arise, my love, and come away.

---

§ 33. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* Steel.

Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste:
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows' pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel!

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shall view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 34. *Song. Arno's Vale.*
Earl of Middlesex.*

When here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay,
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail!
Adieu, the sweets of Arno's vale!

---

§ 35. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his Love*
Marlow.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

---

§ 36. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*
Sir W. Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

---

§ 37. *Song. Summer.*
Thomas Brerewood, *Esq.*

Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the
breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward
inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake:

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins
to bleat,
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand-in-hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves
give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our
talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural de-
lights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new
charms.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the late Duke of Tuscany of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favourite of the author's.

§ 38.

§ 38. *Song.* Moore.

How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see, [me.
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, [smiles.
And meets me at night with compliance and

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 39. *A Song.* Fitzgerald.

The charms which blooming beaut, shews
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confest,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 40. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 41. *Song.*

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow, [plough!
Hob as great as a prince dancing after the
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, then what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 42. *A Song.* Shenstone.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl!

Not

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

---

§ 43. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss:
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

I take no joy in earthly bliss;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath:
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

---

§ 44. *Song.* *Countess of* Winchelsea.

Would we attain the happiest state
That is design'd us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair:

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honour tempt to pride:
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide:

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant, settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

---

§ 45. *Song.* Bedingfield.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste:

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors', and no doctor's bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 46.

§ 46. *Song.* *Miss* Pilkington.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne

Tumultuous days and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine!
And, pleas'd when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign!

---

§ 47. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.* *Sir* Henry Wotton.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

---

§ 48. *Song.* Hildebrand Jacob, *Esq.*

I envy not the mighty great,
Those pow'rful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.

Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curst ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

---

§ 49. *Song.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independant and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions dis-
Unenvied I'll challenge my part; [play,
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

---

§ 50. *Song.* *Dr.* Darlton.*

Nor on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

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§ 51. *Song.* *A Moral Thought.* *Dr.* Hawkesworth.

Thro' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill
With languid murmurs steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Thro' silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

* In the Masque of Comus.—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

When

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 52. *Song.*

From the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow depress,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

§ 53. *Song. The Blind Boy.* Colley Cibber.*

O say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 54. *Song.* Robert Dodsley.†

How happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in this dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal; [meal.
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern 's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 55. *Song. The Old Man's Wish. Dr.* Pope.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:

* Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.
† In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield.

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway, [wore away,
And grew wiser and better as his strength
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 56. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true),
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die;
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn or souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not press'd;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live!
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 57. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir!
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir.—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

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§ 58. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. Stevens.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round as roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from thence there's no retreating!
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone!
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join:
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 59.

§ 59. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wonted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And ev'ry man expecting
The sea to be their graves!
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear nor wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly
Whene'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

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§ 60. *Song.* Goldsmith.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 61. *Song.* Goldsmith.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 62. *Song.*

Gently touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love:
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 63. *The same parodied.*

Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the Jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale and wine,
O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 64. *Song.* Shakspeare.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 65. *A Dirge.* D'Urfey.

Sleep, sleep, poor youth! sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain blest less happy are.
Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant power enslave,
Or scornful beauty be severe.
Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep.
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.
With all the charms of peace possest,
Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done!

§ 66. *Song.* Garrick.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain:
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow! [snow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread! [head.
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his

§ 67. *Song. The Fairies.*

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come follow Mab, your queen:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice!

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been

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§ 68. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.* Prior.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave; [bute
Where honour and justice most oddly contri-
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on, [begun:
And the hangman completes what the judge had
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post, [no more cross'd.
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known; [own;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale. [ail?
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, [begin;
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorrow, and have been confess'd. [con;
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my ba-
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pooh! pr'ythee, ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies; [Francis:
Rely on the aid you shall have from St.
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest, [rest.
You have only to die; let the church do the
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow; [row.
And things will go better, believe me, to-mor-
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night. [truss'd up;
Tell your beads, says the priest, and be fairly
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat: [treat,
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot; [suit:
But our actions, you know, with our duty must
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

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§ 69. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.* Glover.

It was written by the ingenious Author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them to England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto-Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas till the far greater part

of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight.
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain;
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has play'd an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

---

§ 70. *Song. Captain Death.**

The muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero—'tis brave captain Death!
His ship was the Terrible—dreadful to see!
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain and brave captain Death.
A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course:
The French privateer† and the Terrible met:—
The battle begun—all with horror beset!

* Written as it is said by one of his surviving crew.

† Called the Vengeance.

No

No heart was dismay'd, each as bold as Macbeth;
They fought for old England, and brave captain Death.
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and felt;
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood:
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.
At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd, and soon after his mate;
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from green:
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.
Thus fell the strong Terrible bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold!
The French were the victors, tho' much to their cost,
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And thus says Old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

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§ 71. *Song. The Sea Fight in* XCII.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you 'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun!

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands!
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate!
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate began:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

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§ 72. *Song. Peggy.*† GARRICK.

ONCE more I 'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when, in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

* The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: and the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe. † This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All 's happy when she 's in my sight;
But when she 's gone it 's endless night—
All 's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

---

§ 73. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* Garrick.

Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen; [Green.
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed:
Such signing and sealing 's no part of our bliss;
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux, [clothes;
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
In nothing he 'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

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§ 74. *Song in the Winter's Tale.* Garrick.

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday-suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes; [guise.
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no dis-

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred;
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possest us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

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§ 75. *Song.* Garrick.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favourite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand, [mand:
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at com-
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind, [your mind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

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§ 76. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* Garrick.

To arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakspeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever!

§ 77. *Song in the same.* Garrick.

Thrice happy the nation that Shakspeare has charm'd!
More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praise him.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His Genius calls—you must obey.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with the wren.
Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His Genius calls—you must obey.

§ 78. *Song in the Country Girl.* Garrick.

Tell not me of the roses and lilies
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes
For which silly Corydon dies:
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrows with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang:
We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 79. *Air in Cymon.* Garrick.

You gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
O how it did flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den:
Then so merry was he;
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

§ 80. *Air in Cymon.* Garrick.

Yet a while, sweet sleep, deceive me;
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.
I, a turtle doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 81. *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree.* Garrick.

Behold this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare! was planted by thee;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought there
To root out the natives at prices so dear;
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find.
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

§ 82. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale.

"One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?—
O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him, bare-fac'd on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah; no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
My love he had the truest heart;
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewel, home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay:
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

§ 83. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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§ 84. *Song.* ROWE.

As, on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.
And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!
And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweet shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

---

§ 85. *Song.* PRIOR.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains.
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame.
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest;
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head.
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;

You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

---

§ 86. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me!
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy:
But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

---

§ 87. *Song.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold;
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love:

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold;
They ask no vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gem of India's coast
What wealth, what riches would suffice?
Yet India's shore should never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap must prove:
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

---

§ 88. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
O tell me at noon where they feed!
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 89. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* Shenstone.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love;
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden ev'ry grove:

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And ev'ry shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet?

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
Prove to your equals true, she cried,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will;
To him I give my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 90. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.* Cunningham.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing
(Our hedges so vocal before),
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

---

§ 91. *Song.* Lyttelton.

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

§ 92.

§ 92. *Song.* Lyttelton.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 93. *Song.* Soame Jenyns.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

§ 94. *Song. The Power of Music.* Lisle.

When Orpheus went down to the regions
Which men are forbidden to see, [below,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such power had music in hell!

§ 95. *Song.* Rowe.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow! [pain.
Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his
Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to flow, [woe.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies;
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers, repair, [her your care;
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed, [lieve,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, be-
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side. [haste,
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 96. *Song.*

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?

'Tis

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 97. *Song.* Gilbert Cooper.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 98. *Song.* Percy.

O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou 'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe.
Say, should disease or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 99. *Song.* Mallet.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At *this* thy living bloom must fade;
As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

§ 100. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O then, said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light!

Blessed be the time and season
That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady:
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen through't the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of ev'ry Englishman is counted blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And, like a page, will follow thee where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case!
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in ev'ry place."
My chains and jewels ev'ry one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
Well, in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

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§ 101. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

Now,

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss'd her children small:
God bless you both, my children dear!
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he for debt
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God, with such-like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

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§ 102. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chase.*

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befal:

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
The tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Shew me, said he, whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he:
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy: so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls, said Witherington,
And I a 'squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said;
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these:
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why? my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand:
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I have lost my land!

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And with sir George, and good sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he:
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly,
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news! king James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 't will no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

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§ 103. *Song.* *Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad; it is unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, ver. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of "knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' "by King Edward I. he, at his own costs, "caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth, "where he sumptuously entertained an hun"dred knights, and as many ladies, for three "days; the like whereof was never before in "England; and there began the ROUND TABLE, "(so called by reason that the place wherein "they practised those feats was environed with a "strong wall made in a round form); and upon "the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of "triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it "(with all the company) to Warwick." It may further be added that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners; it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

The First Part.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a lady to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his arms him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He says, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is sick, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayre ladyè.

Now ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer would I lye.

Sir

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his only heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre feere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be youre bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart would rue,
Giff harm should happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fair morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hills Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see.

The ladye is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lop'd from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne.
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soon he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in fayth, I will not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children* bare
So soon in sunder slode.

Then took they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawkbere, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stand;
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.
Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now swear to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Sir Caulines hest,
Till the time that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle annone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle they are gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had been slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off those ringes five
As bright as fire and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away.
Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bold and free.

* Knights.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! sir knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree 's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lily-white hand
Towards that knighte so frec:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And every sweete its sowre:
This found the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The king her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted-forth, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Now, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forth syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge said she:
I pray you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make with thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentill knight
To parte from his ladye;

And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye brighte,
Was had forthe of the towre:
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe;
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never she wolde them nes.

When many a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge prolaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knightes,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then many a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiff and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldain!
Behold these heads I bear with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
Whom a knighte of thine hath shent;
And hee is come to avenge his wrong;
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must breune,

Thy head, syr king, must go with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right faire his meede shall be;

For he shall have my broad lay-lands;
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she saw no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her own true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Said, Ladye, be not affray'd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forth the stranger knighte he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And now the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists so broad:
And now with swordes so sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldàn strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde:
Then woe-begone was that faire ladyè,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldàn strucke a second stroke,
And made the blonde to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldàn strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shrickt loud shrickings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the paine;
Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sword with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they sawe the soldàn falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from off his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for paine and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all waltering in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Down then stepped that faire ladyè,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shrickte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layd her pale cold checke to his,
And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For me thy faithful feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadly swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

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§ 104. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the

rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles; whom Maior the historian blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Stowe's Annals*, p. 159.

WHAN shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkying in the fayre forrest
To hear the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me gan fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff it be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And took theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the grene forrest
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leaned against a tree.

A sworde and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry myselfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake:
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head would breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends so fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill,
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good-morrow, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
"God-morrow, good-fellow," quo he:
Methinks, by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

* Ways, passes, paths.

I seeke

I seeke an outlàwe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
Here at some unsett steven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland:
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwelle by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take I me sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright:

To see how these yeomen together they fought,
Two howres of a summers day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them settled to fly awaye.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both mother and may',
I think it was never means destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe.
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe:
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guys horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde;
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Lett me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other reward Ile have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knew he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him 'gan drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you me so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one;
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He settled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away:
And so did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the backe-syde.

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§ 105. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.*

They were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle or Ingle wood signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them; viz.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdèslee,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
And our forester beat them all three.
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1st. *vol. p.* 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

Mery it was in grene forèst
Among the levès grene,
Whereas men hunt east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne:
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,*
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys children thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truste not els, but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
Theyre he knocked at his owne windòwe
Shortly and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thine owne husbande,
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, said Cloudeslè,
I wold that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe:
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè,
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth she goes,
Evel mote she spede therefoore;
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seven yere before.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley; for so Clough signifies in the North.

She

She went unto the justice-hall,
As fast as she could hye:
Thys night is come unto thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
And so was the sherife also:
Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
Thy mede thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of scarlate and of graine:
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
And couched her downe agayne.

They rysed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haste they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast as they might gone.

Theyre they besette that good yemàn
About on every side:
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That theyther-ward they hyed,

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
Sweet Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, lik a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
He shal be dead that here commeth in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

Cloudeslè bente a wel-good bowe,
That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justice on the brest,
That hys arowe brest in three.

A curse on his harte, said William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better than myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the, Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
Thy boweand thy arrowes the fro.
A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
That my husband concelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therein William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place;
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fair Alfye,
I se we here shall dy.

William openyd a backe wyndow,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle:
Than he was a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smote downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde his stroke,
So fersly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hande and fote,
And in depe dongeon cast.
Now, Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shal I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte,
No man shall come in therat.

Then shalt not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he could hye;
A payre of new gallous there he set up
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy among them asked,
"What meaneth that gallow-tree?"
They sayde, to hang a good yeaman,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swine:
Oft he had seene Cloudesle in the woode,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeslè is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas!

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,
Under the shadowes grene,
And have kept both hym and us in reste,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne:
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerleil wente these good yemen,
In a merry mornynge of Maye,
Here is a FYT* of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

Part the Second.

And when they came to merry Carleil,
And in the mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng:
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam sayd, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong;
The porter herde such noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,
To the justice we must it bryng;
Let us in our message to do
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here cometh none in, sayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged up
Called Wyliyam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary fre,
And if that we stande long without,
Lyk a thefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went it had been so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes seale, he sayde;
For that ye shall come in.
He opened the gate full shortlye;
An euyl openying for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, sayd Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then should we spede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And cast him in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bell,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worst porter to merry Carleile
They have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good yewe bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were sound,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,
A pair of new galowes thei see,
And the justice, with a quest of squyers,
Had judged theyr fere to de.

And Cloudeslè hymselfe lay in a carte,
Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to hym a ladde,
Cloudeslès clothes should he have,
To take the measure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaile, sayde Cloudeslè,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, sayd the justice,
I shall the hange with my hande.
Full well herd this his bretheren two,
There styll as they did stande.

* Part.

Then

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
And saw hys brethren twaine
At a corner of the market-place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudesle,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then bespake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
Brother, se ye marke the justice wel;
Lo! yonder ye may him see:

And at the sherife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had thei dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sheryf fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citizens fast gan flye,
They durst no lenger abyde:
There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslè,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,
His axe fro hys hand he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam saide to his brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
With swordes and bucklers round;
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

There was many a nout-horne in Carleile
And the belles backward did ryng, [blowen,
Many a woman sayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes did wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a full great route:
These yemen dred him full sore,
Of their lyves they stode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
Hys bucler he brast in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! they cryed for wo.

Keepe we the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For so faste they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,
And yf you do by my counseil
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyre heads,
And bade them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To com and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
Theyr foes wer ferr behind.

And when they came to the old Englishe wode,
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plenty.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A second fyt of the wighty yeomen,
Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they heard a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
That ever I sawe thys daye!
For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
Alas! and well-a-way!

Might I have spoke with his dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To shew them what him befell,
My heart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walk'd a little beside,
Lookt under the green-wood linde,
He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
Under this trusti tre:
I wende yesterday, by sweete saynt John,
Thou shoulde me never have see.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares thre;
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me,
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to theyr suppère
Wyth suche meate as they had;:
And thanked God of their fortune
They were both mery and glad.

And when thei had supped well,
Certain wythouten lease,
Cloudeslè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournying
In a nunnery here besyde;
My tow sons shall wyth her go,
And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;
For hym have you no care;
And he shall bring you worde agayn,
How that we all do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they might he,*
Tyll they came to the kyng's pallàce,
Where they would nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace-gate,
Of no man wold they ask no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good syrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
Certayne withouten lease:
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beche the here,
That ye will graunt us grace:
For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our kyng,
Anone that you tell me?
They said, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shall be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commandeth his officers every one,
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
And arrested them all thre:
So may I thryve, said Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to passe,

With such weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pity, then said the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, when I came fyrst into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:

And I never asked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now ask it, madam, said the kynge,
And graunted it shall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
That should have been worth them all three.

Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
Parkes and forests plentè.
But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desire,
Your asking graunted shal be;
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè;
I dare undertake for them
That true men they shal be.

* Hie, hasten.

But,

But, good my lord, speke some mery word,
That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our kyng,
Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.
They had not setten but a whyle
Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.
And whan they came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.
How fareth my justice? sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,
And many an officer mo.
Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng,
Anone thou tell to me?
"Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."
Alas for rewth! then sayd our kynge,
My hart is wonderous sore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had known of thys before;
For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowen all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.
The kyng he opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he red it thro',
And founde how these outlawes had slaine
Thre hundred men and mo:
Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were scant left one.
The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the sergeaunte of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw:
And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by easte or west.
When the kyng this letter had red,
In harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eat no more.
The kyng called hys best archars
To the buttes with him to go:
I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.
The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
And the quenes archers also;
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
With them they thought to go.
There twise or thryse they shote about,
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote those yemen shot
That any pryckeª myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold him never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.
"At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
At such a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countrè.
Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
With his two brethrène:
There they set up two hasell roddes
Full twenty score betwene.
I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
That yonder wand cleveth in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.
I shall assaye, sir, sayd Cloudesly,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudesly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.
Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I see.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mastery.
I have a sonne is seven yeare olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;
And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a broad arow
Shall cleave the apple in two.
Now haste the, then said the king,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hast sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.
And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.
That I have promised, said Wyllyam,
That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a stake:
And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not sterte.
An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent;
Syxe score paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeslè went.
There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe;
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.
He prayed the people that wer there
That they all still wold stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

ª Mark.

Much

Much people prayed for Clondeslé,
That his lyfe saved myght be;
And whan he made him redy to shote,
There was many a weeping ee.

But Clondeslè cleft the apple in twaine,
His sonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kynge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I gere thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countré
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two breathren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be:
And whan he cometh to man's estate,
Shall better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her sore to se;
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To govern my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them courteously;
To some bishop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might be;
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
God send them eternal blysse,
And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

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§ 106. *Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie;
" She was in love; and he she lov'd forsook her,
" And she prov'd mad. She had a song of Willow,
" An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune;
" And she dyed singing it."

A poor soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow! [tree,
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow! [knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

He sighed in his singing, and after each grone,
O willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
My love is turned; untrue she doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c. [mone.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c. [apace;
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c. [his face:
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c. [mones:
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c. [stones.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove:
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
O willow, &c. [hard!
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Let love no more boast him, in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
But what helps complaining? In vain I complain:
O willow, &c. [plain:
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me;
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, &c. [than she.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c. [fleet;
A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

Part the Second.

Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

O love

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A signe of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despaire and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view;
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most
O willow, &c. [sweet."
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my
O willow, &c. [love,
And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her
O willow, &c. [name:
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine eare,
O willow, &c,
It trays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish, then brought me re-
O willow, &c. [liefe,
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false-hearted; plaints end with
O willow, willow, willow! [my breath!
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause
O willow, willow, willow! [of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

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§ 107. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a fair maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of Maye,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin:
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she say'd, when there she came,
Young man, I think y're dying.

He turn'd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corpse a coming:
Laye down, laye downe the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter swellin;
Whilst all her friends cryed out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe.
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

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§ 108. *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related of an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624. fol.

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But among all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest.
A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if he laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd:
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean Holland, which was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he 'd wear:
The poor tinker, amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.
Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on each side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seemed for to swell him no little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.
A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordaine, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must.
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke; where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he 'd set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.
Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joke;

Nay,

Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground:
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.
Then the tinker replied, What! must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 109. *Song. Death's final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled, "The Contention of Ajax "and Ulysses." Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the restoration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is faid to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death,

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 110. *Song.* Smollet.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.
I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Tho' hundred of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate
Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there:
I must submit, for strife is vain;
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 111. *Song. Gilderoy.*

He was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

Gilderoy was a bonnie boy,
Had roses till his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together;
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our daddies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,
And bauldly bear away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been
Ah, what fait cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was so trim a boy:
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

---

§ 112 *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a West-Indian Ballad, founded on a real Fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.* Grainger.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land;
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythesome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true?
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then thro' the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood died the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore;
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her helpless fate scape you!

§ 113.

§ 113. *Song. Gentle River, gentle River. Translated from the Spanish.* Percy.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language, Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

---

§ 114. *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale: imitated from the Spanish.* Percy.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When, all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

* Alla is the Mahomet in name of God.

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend;
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart;
Deep he sigh'd; then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart!

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee;
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go; farewel for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

---

§ 115. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

In summer time when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Somme pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight o'clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin;
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all
Under the greene wood sprave;
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
Thou art welcome, sir, sayde hee:
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset wouldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand,
The next payer of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand."

That is an unready waye, sayd the king,
Thou doest but jest, I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner,
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset
No daynties we will spare:
All daye shalt thou eate and drink of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
And send them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What

What art thou, he sayde, thou fine fellowe?
Of thee I'm in greate feare;
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.
"Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth,
And standeth in midds of thy goode."

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde far and neare?
"I hear no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?"
What, art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou? said the king;
I pray thee tell me trowe.
"I am a barker,* sir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn,
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wold I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange;
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have? our king replied;
Now tell me in this stounde.
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so rounde."

"Here's twenty groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
I would have sworne now, quoth the tannèr,
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, sayde the kynge,
I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I would not beare,
If thou woldst give it mee.

The tanner he took his good cowe-hide,
That of the cowe was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's saddèlle,
That was soe fayrely gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Gyll an my wife,
Shell say I'm a gentilmon."

The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f*** let fall.
Now marrye, good fellowe, said the kinge,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the king's saddèlle,
And his foote in the stirrup was:
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the black cowe-horne,
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe:
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde
"My horse would have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of thy bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner reply'd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pounde."

"Here's twenty groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The kinge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and shrille;
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

* Dealer in bark.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here sayd the kinge,
A coller, he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever than twentye pounde
He had not been so nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
After a coller comes a halter,
And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

"Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou hast shewn to mee,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cowe-hide."

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

---

§ 116. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is, A lady of quality of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flettering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, if hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine:
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'lle use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

---

§ 117. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, Ding, Dong, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader, but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in faire array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell. Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will:* Ding, &c.

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.
I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.
Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,*
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.
And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden
"That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.
In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

---

§ 118. *The old and young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons, in the reigns of her successors.

AN old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.
With an old lady whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
Like an old courtier, &c.
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks:
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose,
Like an old courtier, &c.
With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and every room,
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old falooner, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds:
Like an old courtier, &c.
But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bounti-full mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd:
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.
Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand!
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new study stuft full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone:
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;

* This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

---

§ 119. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the "cause of Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'Estrange.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow:
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manicles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And, for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

---

§ 120. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent Sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie.

When

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and drafts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

---

§ 121. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner,*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no maire on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor due thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah wretched me! I little, little kenu'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed;
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, ere the dewfall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou, barbarous man? then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin:

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve
My luver's blood is on thy spear! [me;
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cuver:
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande luver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaugh-
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon [ter:
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O luvely, luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrowe;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

---

§ 122. *Childe Waters.*

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen; and the son of a king is in the same poem call'd "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed that the word *child* or *chield* is still used in North Briton to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

Childe Waters in his stable stoode,
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save! good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save! and see,
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too straight;
Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare:
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kine,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
That lye by north and southe. [both,

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
To take them mine owne to bee. [both,

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must go with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ride so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will brast.

Hee sayth, Seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?
I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see * me swimme!

* Permit, suffer.

But

But when shee came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme!

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme!

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see!

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-four faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sistèr,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
You have the prettyest page, brothèr,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:
And ever, I pray you Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run thro mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye
That wears so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyre waye:
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye:

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde
Hyre, in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing* of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that she colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let me lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may 'saye† a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:
This done, the night drove on apace,
And, when it was near the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page!
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
She heard her woefull woe,
She sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy stable goe;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe shee made her monànd.‡

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother clayd on a biere!

Peace nowe, hee say'd, good faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye!
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye.

* Defiling. † Essay, attempt. ‡ Moaning, bemoaning.

§ 123. *The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c.——This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the darke evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king, merrily,
Passing thy judgment on me so briefe?
Good faith, said the miller, I mean not to flatter thee; [thiefe;
I guess thee to be but some gentleman
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke. [purse;
Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in thy
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe;
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller, [night.
I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house;
Where they were seething of puddings and souse: [king,
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, Look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face; [shalt lye.
With my son Richard this night thou
Quoth his wife, By my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet its best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say:
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in every degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin:
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave, [quoth shee.
And good brown hempen sheets likewise,
Aye, quoth the good man, and when that is done, [sonne.
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye, [eyes.
Till the tears trickled fast downe from his
Then to their supper, were they set orderlye,
Wit hotbag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellow, I drink to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife,

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth light-
foote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A faire ven'son pastye brought she out pre-
sentlye. [waste:
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no
Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, said the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we do eat of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought
like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's
deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison,
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may
know that:
Never are we without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But pr'ythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for two pence the king should
it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised
secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their beds they past present lie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and
down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd
him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down
on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the
rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them
all, [head:
Doubting the king would have cut off his
But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king was come home from
Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had
taken,
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The Miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I'm de-
termined,
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller our new confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire [squire.
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young

When as the noble lords saw the kinges plea-
santness, [hearts;
They were right joyfull and glad in their
A pursuivante there was sent straight on the
busiuess, [parts.
The which had often times been in those
When he came to the place where they did dwell
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the mes-
senger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and
happiness; [squire!
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe
afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the
least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy
gentleness
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller
say:
Here come expences and charges indeed!
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend
all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things
more.

Tushe! Sir John, quoth his wife, why should
you frett or frown?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee:
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most stately sort rode they unto the
court, [all;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in
his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the king's hall;

The

The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave [traine;
Welcome, sir knighte, quoth he, with your gay ladye;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And soe is the squire of courage so free.
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me?

Quoth our king gentlye, How should I forget thee? [wot.
That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting dishes made the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhoggy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand; [queen of spades,
With the court dames and maids, like to the
The miller's wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight:
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a lowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer,
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge your pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king, merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed me with trayfling dishes so small;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a dayntye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan for to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away—
'Tis meat for your master, good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their pains, did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed:
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee? [head:
Quoth he, Jugg Grumbell, Sir, with the red
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed,
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him, [seer;
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

---

§ 124. *The Witches' Song.*

From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the superstitions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before burnt themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon, James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I HAVE beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake groane;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

4 Witch.

And I h' beene chusing out this scull;
From charnel-houses that were full:
From private grots and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat:
A piper it got, at a church-ale:
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

---

§ 125. *The Fairies Farewel.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet, afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c. In his Poëtica Stromata it is called "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies "Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or "whistled to the tune of The Meadow Brow, "by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune "of Fortune."

Farewell, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanelines
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire,
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence,
Were lost, if it were addle.

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§ 126. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, "Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-cham-"ber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty "Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose Poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

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§ 127. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* Shenstone.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd with thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

---

§ 128. *The Hermit.* Beattie.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
'Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
'For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
'And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
'Yet, if Pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
'Mourn, sweetest companion! man calls thee to mourn:
'O sooth him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
'Full quickly they pass—but they never return!

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
'The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
'But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
'She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
'Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
'The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
'But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
'Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!'

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
'I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
'For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
'Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind Nature the embrio-blossom shall save:
'But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
'O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

---

§ 129. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.* Shenstone.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel:
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine?

I priz'd

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown!
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She's every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe——O may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:

" How the nightingales labour the strain,
" With the notes of his charmer to vie;
" How they vary their accents in vain,
" Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
" O Phillis," he whispers, " more fair,
" More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
" What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
" What is eglantine after a shower?

" Then the lily no longer is white;
" Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
" Then the violets die with despite,
" And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while:
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

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§ 130. *Phœbe. A Pastoral.* Byron.

My time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was spring; but alas, it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear!
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog, I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
" Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, " Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone!
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain? [move:
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion re-
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No,

No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 131. *A Pastoral Ballad.* Rowe.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
(Thus sadly complaining he cried;)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad, like our maidens, in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant—and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave
Is, to shade me with cypress and yew;
And, when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 132. *A Fairy Tale.* Parnell.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.
His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.
He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.
Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
To revel out the night.
His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town:
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.
But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.
Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train, profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.
But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.
Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried:
"What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"
At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.
'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."

"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.
Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."
He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.
The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire:
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.
But now to please the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.
Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To sprawl unneath the roof.
From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.——"
Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.
Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Thro' all the land before!
But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes!
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success:
With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind!
The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.
As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers, as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.
But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him die;
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."
With that sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt.
"Ah, losel vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."
Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung:
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.
The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.
By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.
Chill, dark, alone, adreed he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot;
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.
This tale a Sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head;
And, when the tale was done:
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments, to rise;
And some are born with none.
But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 133.

§ 133. *Song.* THOMSON.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?
But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

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§ 135. *The Barber's Nuptials.*

In Liquorpond-street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided, who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for three-pence he bled, [head.
And would draw for a groat ev'ry tooth in your
What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose, [fell or rose:
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks
For a blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter, [Platter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the old Pewter
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination,
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one whose charms did the Barber enthral,
At the end of Fleet-market, of fish kept a stall,
As red as her cheek was no lobster e'er seen,
Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told, [cold;
In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or
Thus the heart of our Barber love scorch'd like a coal, [pole.
Tho' 'tis very well known he liv'd under the

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion, [sion:
And lied like a lawyer to move her compas-
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deserv'd the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, tho' he scorn'd to disclose [nose.
How many brave fellows he'd took by the

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very back-bone;
Wilkes he gratis had shav'd, for the good of the nation, [ration.
And he held the *Whig* Club in profound vene-

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all;
For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a *caul*.

Indignant she answer'd: "No chin-scraping sot
"Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot;
"No!—to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie:
"Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry:
"Holborn-bridge and Blackfriars my triumphs can tell, [the bell;
"From Billingsgate beauties I've long borne
"Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour— [penny shaver?
"Then d'ye think I'll take up with a two-
"Let dory, or turbot the sov'reign of fish,
"Cheek by jowl with red-herring be serv'd in one dish;
"Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
"When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall bite."

But the Barber persisted (ah, could I relate 'em) [tom;
To ply her with compliments soft as poma-
And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He protested besides, if she'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition;
And to Billingsgate market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume barbers' blocks,
On insensible objects bestow animation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you'd tickle a trout, [hold out:
'Gainst the Barber the Fish-wife no more could
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he caught her:
Without flatt'ry a female's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the Barber once guess'd,
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd;
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the charmer embracing, [bason.
As the wash-ball that dances and froths in his

The flame to allay that their bosoms did so burn, [Holborn,
They set out for the church of St. Andrew in
Where tonsors and trulls countrty Dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace, came from every quarter
The worthies at Rag-fair old caxons who barter, [nobs
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors'
Cut down into majors, queus, scratches, and bobs:

Muscle-mongers and oyster-men, crimps and coalheavers, [cleavers;
And butchers with marrow-bones smiting their
Shrimp-scalders and bug-killers, taylors and tylers, [ding boilers.
Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black pud-

From their voices united such melody flow'd,
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham Court road; [so clear ring,
While St. Andrew's brave bells did so loud and
You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their hearing.

For his fee—when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no cash was forthcoming, he took it in kind:
So the bridegroom dismantled his rev'rence's chin, [and gin.
And the bride entertain'd him with pilchards

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§ 136. *William and Margaret.*

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save:

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain:
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head;
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more.

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§ 137. *Lucy and Colin.*

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace:
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.
Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
A raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round:
I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?
Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!
There bear my corse, ye comrades bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet.
She spoke, she died!—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet—
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.
Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.
From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.
Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

§ 138. *Song.* Dibdin.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy, stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

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§ 139. *The Race Horse. By the same.*

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun, [done!
The confusion but hear!—I'll bet you, sir,—
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest, [touching his breast,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head
Scarcely snuffling the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush; [at bay,
They run him at length, and they have him
And by scent, and by view, cheat a long tedious way: [course,
While, alike born for sports of the field and the
Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse; [breath,
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud, [some blood;
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race; [o'er,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door; [sides goad,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still:
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

§ 140. *Poor Jack. By the same.*

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike:

Though the tempests top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every thing tight,
And under roof'd foresail we'll scud.

Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such, I lay,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and be-
Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch.

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so soft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.

What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

§ 141. *By the same.*

O'er all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part:

Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:

Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave:

For hard and painful is his lot;
Let dangers come, he braves them all:
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall.

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.

Then, trav'ller, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

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§ 142. *By the same.*

What though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine
(Whate'er the bawling bards have sung)
Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipt his darts in wine:

Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless levell'd clowns and kings:
Such power has mighty wine!

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?

Not she, indeed. Her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine;
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a grove
Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own:
But hottest love will soonest cloy,
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.

She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it every sup;

This

This liquor is 'mongst learned elves
Nepenthe call'd; but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe, and its flow'ry brink,
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.

What is there in this soulless loss,
I pray you, so divine!
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our Lethe share,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

---

§ 143. *By the same.*

YANKO he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely eye,
Sweetly on Orra look:

Him see big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood,
Great king! but Yanko say what den
If hé no honest good?

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine:
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world should call;
For nature say, and she say true,
That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man:—be noble—pity him,
That he no honest good:

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine:
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

---

§ 144. *Yanko. By the same.*

DEAR Yanko say, and true he say,
All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and malay,
Through all the world be broder.

In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtue in de bosom.

What harm dere in a shape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
The heart make human creature.

Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty;
For beauty, Yanko say, attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko say, &c.

§ 145. *Let us all be unhappy together. By the same.*

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And, though brisk and merry to-day,
We may all be unhappy to-morrow.

For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honour are given.

But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh, and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:

That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

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§ 146. *The Soldier's Adieu. By the same.*

ADIEU, adieu, my only life!
My honour calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee.

What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving.

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough. With that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee;
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee.

I go assured, my life, adieu;
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

§ 147. *Indian Song. By the same.*

The sun's descending in the wave,
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghosts of dead Yncas, now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.
Oh Sun, my sire,
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa soon shall come;
Cover me with scars,
Nough can controul
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is't to die? to leave this clay,
And breathe an everlasting day,
For robes celestial shake off dust,
Among the blest,
From care to rest,
And emulate the virtues of the just:
Then, Sun, my sire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends! vain world, adieu!
Bliss is for me, but woe for you;
While I, new born, shall go to find
The upper heaven,
You shall be driven
Like scatter'd chaff before false fortune's wind.
Now, Sun, my sire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire!
Illia Moniaco, &c.

§ 148. *By the same.*

Hark the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor!
Pale Death ascends his ebon car
Clad in terrific anger.

A doubtful fate the soldier tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel:
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many, who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can fortune give?
Renown shall tell our story
If we should fall; but, if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true, a doubtful fate, &c.

§ 149. *By the same.*

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier lad
More, far more than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad
Whene'er she heard the loud reveiller.

The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah, too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle.

There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low,
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.

Directed by the fife and drum
To where the work of death was doing;
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin:

Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every sound,
And whisper'd, death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdued,
A mourning train came thronging round her.

The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!

Then heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

§ 150. *Song.* Stephens.

Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
Homer says the celestials love laughing.

This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While nature disorderly lay;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repartee'd, and some old stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:

Sire,

Sire,—Mark how yon matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 't would please all your court;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know;
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his fiat creation took birth;
The cloud-keeping deity smil'd on his throne,
Then announc'd the production was earth.

To honour their sov'reign each god gave a boon:
Apollo presented it light;
The goddess of child-bed dispatch'd us a moon
To silver the shadow of night:

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her man of war; [guide,
Saying, as to these earth-folks, I'll give them a
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up sprung,
In ellipsis each planet advanc'd;
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

Even Jove himself could not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind: [hand,
The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his
And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall. [Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smil'd on the spot;
My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring
Unless prudence prepares its defence;
The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to heav'n.

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with Kindness.* 1617.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and called for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry),
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one; he did: O fie! (quoth he)
This wine was good; now 't runs too near the lee.

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat;
The third said it was old; the fourth too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine do we allude our play; [grave:
Which some will judge too trivial, some too
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us then: good wine may be disgrac'd,
When ev'ry sev'ral mouth hath sundry taste.

§ 2. *Prologue to The Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black Friars,* 1643. Davenant.

Were you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know your happiness;
Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling with such unquestion'd pow'r his wit:
What would I give, that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
Your kind opinion by revealing now
The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow, [you,
And his close murmurs, which, since meant to
I cannot think or mannerly or true!
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;
Let him the sev'ral harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse.
Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,
Twice before witness I have heard him say,
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year, [here:
Y' expect should in two hours be given you
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come,
Ere they had din'd to take up the best room;
There

There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did veil their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Thro' th' hangings peep'd to see how the house did fill.
Good easy judging souls! with what delight
They would expect a gig or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;
Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry'd 'A passing good one I protest!'
Such dull and trumble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,
And trace the winding scenes; taught you t'admit [wit.
What was true sense, not what did sound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to fight, [write.
Made strong and mischievous from what they
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits,* that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 3. *Epilogue to The Cutter of Coleman-street, spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* 1656. Cowley.

Methinks a vision bids me silence break,
[*Without his peruke.*
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-street;
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! what are we? What may this place be?
For I begin my vision now to see
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If 't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.
[*Puts on his Peruke.*
Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before, [no more.
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero.* 1675. Lee.

Good plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are grown
As civil women in this d——d lewd town;
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
'Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:
Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to ruffle,
The genteel fling, the trip, and modish shuffles
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and silks make up your men of sense.
I'm told that some are present here to-day
Who, ere they see, resolve to damn this play,
So much would interest with ill-nature sway.
But, ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the devil;
Then let each critic here all hell inherit,
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.
A bloody fatal play you'll see to-night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thund'ring age,
Pray heaven this thund'ring does not crack the stage:
This play I like not now——
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good,
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood.
Why, what the devil have I to do with Honour?
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i'gad, to me sound oddly,
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannick Love; spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.* 1672. Dryden.

To the Bearer.

Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures [creatures:
We had, for all the world, when human
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to 't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And 'faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in my prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
T'excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

But

But farewel, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own.
Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern,*
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine.†

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§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* 1675. Otway.

Never did rhymer greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone;
Tho' we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason understood;
Whilst some false, flattering minion of the court
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,
Our author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infest the pit,
That would be witty spite of nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,
In quest of you; where if you don't appear,
Cries one—Pugh! D—n me, what do we do here?
Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To the coffee-house, where he about him looks:
Spies friend; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at th' Duke's;
The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I'gad not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late; [that.
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as
Both houses too, so long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score:
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

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§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* 1676. Dryden.

A pretty task! and so I told the fool, [rule:
Who needs would undertake to please by
He thought that if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood,
The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight;
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th' right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry arts;
For you are all silk-weavers‡ in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rous'd; and, clatt'ring sticks, cry, Play, play, play!
Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ah, gens barbare!*
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after-ages will be done;
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best?
For favours cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold;
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

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§ 8. *Epilogue to the first Part of The Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers.* 1677. *Mrs.* Behn.

The banish'd cavaliers! a roving blade!
A popish carnival! a masquerade!
The devil's in't if this will please the nation,
In these our blessed times of reformation,
When conventicling is so much in fashion.
And yet——
That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your passion) 's a disease;
Nor Muse, nor Miss your appetite can please,
You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,
Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,
Damns every thing that maggot disapproves.
With canting rule you would the stage refine,
And to dull method all our sense confine.
With th' insolence of commonwealths you rule,
Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impose without controul.

* Her real character. † The character she represented in the play.
‡ Alluding to the rivalry of the Spital-fields manufactures with those of France.

As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er Bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, these plays will never do.
Ah, Sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high-strain'd scenes of fighting there were writ!
These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to-day?
Then shews his politics, to let you see
Of state affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry——
Pox o' your gentle things! give us more sport;
Damme! I'm sure 'twill never please the court.
Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play
Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they;
Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass
At home behold a more accomplish'd ass;
Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and faces,
And practise all their buffoon'ry grimaces—
See how this huff becomes—this damme stare,
Which they at home may act, because they dare;
But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
O, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could shew
A fop but half so much to th' life as you!

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§ 9. *Epilogue to The Round-Heads, or The Good Old Cause.* 1682. *Spoken by Lady Desbro'.* *Mrs.* Behn.

The vizor's off, and now I dare appear
High for the royal cause, *en cavalier*;
Tho' once as true a Whig as most of you,
Could cant and lye, preach, and dissemble too:
So far you drew me in; but 'faith I'll be
Reveng'd on you for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your ignoramus flock astray;
For, since I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exercise my talent—that's to rail.
Ye race of hypocrites, whose cloak of zeal
Covers the knave that cants for commonweal,
All laws, the church, and state to ruin brings,
And impudently sets a rule on kings:
Ruin, destroy, all's good that you decree,
By your infallible presbytery:
Prosperous at first, in ills you grew so vain,
You thought to play the old game o'er again;
And thus the cheat was put upon the nation,
First with long parliaments, next reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new invasion:
And when you can't prevail by open force,
To cunning tickling tricks you have recourse,
And raise sedition forth without remorse.
"Confound these cursed Tories," then they cry,
[In a preaching tone.
"Those fools, those loyal pimps to monarchy,
"Those that exclude the saints, yet ope the door
"To introduce the Babylonian Whore!
"By sacred Oliver, the nation's mad!
"Beloved, 'twas not so when he was head:
"But then, as I have said it oft before ye,
"A cavalier was but a type of Tory.
"The curs then durst not bark, but all the breed
"Is much increas'd since that good man is dead:
"Yet then they rail'd against the Good Old Cause,
"Rail'd foolishly for loyalty and laws;
"But when the saints had put them to a stand,
"We left them loyalty, and took their land;
"Yea, and the pious work of reformation
"Rewarded was with plunder, sequestration."
Thus cant the faithful; nay, they're so uncivil,
To pray us harmless players to the devil.
When this is all th' exception they can make,
They damn us for our glorious master's sake.
But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?
Our small religion sure can do no harm:
Or if it do, since that's the only thing,
We will reform, when you are true to th' king.

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§ 10. *Epilogue to The Lancashire Witches*; 1682. *Spoken by Mrs. Barry and Teague.* Shadwell.

Mrs. Barry. A skilful mistress uses wondrous art
To keep a peevish crazy lover's heart.
His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,
Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights,
Which the poor creature is content to bear,
Fine mantuas and new petticoats to wear.
And, Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,
The starving players try a thousand ways:
You had a Spanish Friar of intrigue,
And now we have presented you a Teague,
Which with much cost from Ireland we have
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot. [got:
Teague. Now have a care; for, by my shoul's shaulvaation,
Dish vill offend a party in de nation.
Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very beasts;
For all religions laugh at foolish priests.
Teague. By Creesht, I swear, the poet has undone me;
Some simple Tory will make beat upon me.
Mrs. Barry Good Protestants, I hope you will not see
A martyr made of our poor Tony Lee.
Our popes and friars on one side attend,
And yet, alas! the city's not our friend:
The city neither like us nor our wit;
They say their wives learn ogling in the pit:
They 're from the boxes taught to make advances,
To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous ladies some new ways must seek;
For all conspire our playing trade to break.
If the bold poet freely shews his vein,
In every place the snarling fops complain.
Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.

You

You, like the husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful wife can give.
A poet dares not whip this foolish age;
You cannot bear the physic of the stage.

§ 11. *Epilogue to The Duke of Guise*; 1683. *Spoken by Mrs. Cook.* Dryden.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And, 'faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great, nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters,* threw at all.
They took no single aim———
But like bold boys, true to their prince, and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right,
In battle, every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can—
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down 'twere wondrous wise
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, shall I shall I?
A Trimmer cried (that heard me tell the story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith you're too rank a Tory! [cases;
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even—
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you 're for holding all things steady. [brother,
Now, since the weight hangs all on one side;
You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 12. *Prologue to The Emperor of the Moon*; 1675. *Spoken by Mr. Jevern. Mrs.* Behn.

Long, and at vast expence, th' industrious stage
Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age:
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you enjoy'd,
And with magnificence at last were cloy'd:
Our drums and trumpets frighted all the women;
Our fighting scar'd the beaux and billet-doux
So Spark, in an intrigue of quality, [men.
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, A pox upon her!
What a damn'd bustle's here, with love and honour!
In humble comedy we next appear,
No fop, or cuckold, but, slap-dash, we had him here;
We shew'd you all; but you, malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own,
Cry, Damn it—this is such or such a one!
Yet nettled, Plague! what does this scribbler mean,
With his damn'd characters, and plots obscene?
No woman without vizard in the nation
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation——
That's certain, forgetting———
That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spread about the town;
Whilst their feign'd niceness is but cautious fear
Their own intrigues should be unravell'd here.
Our next recourse was dwindling down to farce,
Then, Zounds—what stuff is here! Is wit so scarce?
Well, gentlemen, since none of these has sped,
Gad we have bought a share in the speaking head.
So there you'll save a sice,
You love good husbandry in all but vice.
[*The head rises upon a twisted post, on a bench from under the stage. After* Jevern *speaks to its mouth.*

O!—O!—O!

Stentor. O!—O!—O!

[*After this it sings* Sawny, *laughs, cries God bless the king, in order.*

Stentor *answers,*
Speak louder, Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.
[*He speaks to her, it answers indirectly.*
—Hum——There 'tis again:
Pox of your echo with a northern strain.
Well—this will be but a nine days wonder too;
There 's nothing lasting but the puppet-shew.
What lady's heart so hard, but it would move,
To hear Philander and Irene's love?
Those sisters too, the scandalous wits do say,
Two nameless keeping beaux have made so gay;
But those amours are perfect sympathy,
Their gallants being as mere machines as they.

* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

O! how the city wife, with her own ninny,
Is charm'd with, Come into my coach, Miss Jenny!
But overturning——Fribble cries——Adzigs,
The joggling rogue has murder'd all his kids.
The men of war cry, Pox on't! this is dull;
We're for rough sports—dog Hector, and the bull.
Thus each, in his degree, diversion finds,
Your sports are suited to your mighty minds;
Whilst so much judgment in your choice you shew,
The puppets have more sense than some of you.

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§ 13. *Prologue to The Mistakes, a Play written by Joseph Harris, comedian*; 1690. Dryden.

Enter Mr. Bright.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontis-piece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience; here is honest Mr. Williams just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one. O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures: for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Bright *and* Mr. Bowen.

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I'm in a hopeful way,
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell
To the last drop of claret in my belly. [ye,
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting: [are wanting.
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that 's as long as Cork.*
But for this play—(which 'till I have done, we shew not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers 'light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself. [lustre'd madness:
By this time I 'm something recover'd of my
And now, a word or two, in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You 'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score; [o'er:
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this? you cry: an actor write!—we know it;
But Shakspeare was an actor and a poet..
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?
While Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd?
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here;
So much for that, and the devil take small beer.

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§ 14. *Epilogue to King Arthur, an Opera*; 1691. *Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the Character of Emeline.* Dryden.

I've had to-day a dozen billet-doux,
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street beaux:
Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more,
A Covent Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your meaning.
What if, to shew your styles, I read them here?
Methinks I hear one cry, "O Lord, forbear!
"No, Madam, no; by Heaven that's too severe."
Well then, be safe——
But swear henceforward to renounce all writing,
And take this solemn oath of my inditing,
"As you love ease, and hate campaigns and fighting."
Yet, 'faith, 'tis just to make some few examples:
What if I shew'd you one or two for samples?
Here's one desires my ladyship to meet
[*Pulls out one.*
At the kind couch above, in Brydges street.
O sharping knave! that would have you know
For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open,
[*Pulls out another.*
Because I dreamt last night I had a token;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,
"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop
Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop;
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,
And courts me to the holy bands of marriage:
But with a civil inuendo too,
My overplus of love shall be for you.
[*Reads.*
"Madam, I swear, your looks are so divine,
"When I set up your face shall be my sign.

* The siege of the city of Cork.

"Tho'

"Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
"Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for you.
"But have a care of beaux; they're false, my honey:
"And, which is worse, have not one rag of money."
See how maliciously the rogue would wrong ye.
But I know better things of some among ye.
My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
And trust to the good-nature of the age;
And he that likes the music and the play,
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

§ 15. *Prologue to The Old Bachelor*; 1693. CONGREVE.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former days
Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things (as graces are to feasts),
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.
But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he shew it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter; he'll outgrow it.
Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you)
He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it:
Well, the deuce take me if I ha'n't forgot it.
O Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution.
[*Runs off.*

§ 16. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at Westminster School, at a representation of Mr. Dryden's* CLEOMENES, *the Spartan Hero, at Christmas*, 1695. PRIOR.

Pish! Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 17. *Prologue to The Royal Mischief*; 1696. PRIOR.

Ladies, to you with pleasure we submit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authoress fears:
Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
Freely the praise she may deserve, bestow;
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife would crave)
A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And, from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things step-mothers are.
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And tho' the sister dies the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then, from Libaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heaven and fate should adverse prove,
(For fate and heaven don't always smile on love)
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame:
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 18. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle*; 1699. FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a bottle of wine.*

As stubborn atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fea
Implore your mercy in our suppliant pray'rs.

But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd:
Love and a bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not those some charms?
For love, all mankind to the fair must suc:
And, sirs, the bottle he presents to you. [pass,
Health to the play I toast [*Drinks*]—e'en let it
Sure none sit here that will refuse their glass!
O there's a damning soldier—let me think—
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink.
[*Drinks.*
Come on then; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young author's new commission wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any foes, to make amends, [friends;
He gives his service [*Drinks*]—Sure you now are
No critic here will he provoke to fight;
The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse;
Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

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§ 19. *Prologue to The Constant Couple*; 1700. FARQUHAR.

Poets will think nothing so checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury. [come,
Our spark's half dead to think what medley's
With blended judgments, to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His neighbour i'th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wise if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say—
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no *double entendre*.
'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France, [sense,
But then, so far from beau—why he talks
Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool, that live by 's wits,
That 's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits:
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
And now the modish 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of—honourable whores:
While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move, bove,
Who all your side-box tricks are much a-
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our heads, [told him,
Snaps roap like thread; but when his fortune's
He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play:
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

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§ 20. *Prologue to The Inconstant*; 1702. FARQUHAR.

Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we, the prologue is the grace:
Each act a course; each scene a diff'rent dish:
Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh. [rough;
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper proof.
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin: [join,
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please: [French cheese.
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pollet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage:
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt-cream; stage whims, mere
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh. [trash;
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear;
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

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§ 21. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the Two Houses*; 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world's ta'en up with state affairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis

Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
'What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two diff'rent states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ringson,
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;
All this from emulation for the bays,
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise.
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an Union—*O mort dieu!*
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may shew what union
You feel the danger of united kings.
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue,
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both cursed actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

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§ 22. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance*; 1703.
Centlivre.

Poets like mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain favourites of state;
Invention 's rack'd to please both eye and ear,
But no scene takes without the moving play'r:
Daily we see plays, pamphlets, libels, rhymes
Become the falling-sickness of the times;
So fev'rish is the humour of the town,
It surfeits of a play ere three days run.
At Locket's, Browne's, and at Pontack's inquire
What modish kick-shaws the nice beaux desire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented sal-
Has best pretensions to regale the palate. [lad,
If we present you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge dish serv'd up in china ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your bills of fare.
To please you all we should attempt in vain;
In diff'rent persons diff'rent humours reign.
The soldier 's for the rattling scenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates shedding blood so near.
Courtiers in comedy place their chief delight,
'Cause love 's the proper business of the night.
The clown for past'ral his half-crown bestows,
But t'other house by sad experience knows,
This polish'd town produces few of those.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest ware.
Since various humours are pleas'd various ways,
A critic 's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool, did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a point so hard to gain,
Wit 's sure a most profound unfathom'd main
He that sits judge, the trident ought to sway,
To know who 's greatest fool or wit to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

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§ 23. *Epilogue to The Beau's Duel*; 1703.
Centlivre.

You see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care.
To shew what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; useless tools,
Made men by taylors, and by women, fools:
A fickle, false, a singing, dancing crew,
Nay, now we hear they 've smiling masters too;
Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile was come.
He shew'd five guineas—Wasn't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd.
The statesman smiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe.
And women smile on them they would deceive.
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease;
And smiling lawyers never fail of fees.
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The sick man lives if the physician smiles:
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow.
Poets, with us, this proverb do defy,
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.
[*Going.*
Hold—I forgot—the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—she dedicates it to you all,
And you 're too gen'rous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.

The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.
She 's sure of favour from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not preferr'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a pris'ner, stands with fear half dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you 're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

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§ 24. *Prologue to Love makes a Man*; 1704. Cibber.

Since plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests:
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may tease you,
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please you.
First, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe:
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis*;
For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that 's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake so mix'd, he carries,
He seems a ragout piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for—love:
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we 've scandal, and for beaux, French airs.
To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we 've Dicky and Will Pinkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the play'r.

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§ 25. *Prologue to The Twin Rivals*; 1706. Farquhar

[*An alarm sounded.*

With drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns infested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The siege is laid—there gallant chiefs abound, troops around,
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glitt'ring
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.
In the first act, brisk sallies (miss or hit),
With vollies of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.
The third—feints, mines, and countermines abound;
Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis sharp, carp,
Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness
And desp'rate, though unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah, Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valour makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure?
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

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§ 26. *Prologue to The Basset-Table*; 1706. *Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.* Centlivre.

In all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire,
As you—dear brethren of the upper tier.
Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail; fail.
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will
Your thund'ring plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves but lame. manding,
How often have we known your noise com-
Impose on your inferior masters understanding!
Therefore,

Therefore, dear brethren, since I'm one of you,
Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now let—
The poor pit see how Pinky's voice commands.
Silence—Now rattle all your sticks, and clap your grimy hands.
I greet your love—and let the vainest author show
Half this command on cleaner hands below:
Nay, more to prove your interest, let this play live by you.
So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters;
Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is under locks;
Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-box;
So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons
Make you i' th' lobby starve, when hunger summons;
But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen:
And, thus preferr'd, ne'er fear the world's reproaches,
But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep your coaches.

§ 27. *Prologue to The Busy Body*; 1708. CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days,
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town:
Where wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple clerks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys
At Cupid's-gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate, to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay!
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

§ 28. *Prologue to The Man's bewitch'd*; 1710. CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin;
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown;
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Tho' Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation?
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination!
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humour the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear;
We shew no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of fine gauze hankerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty thousand pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack,
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,
They give her,—subaltern's subsistence for her pay.
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good nature wake,
Tho' here and there a scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Busy Body's sake.

§ 29. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[*A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she is going to speak.*

WHAT's this? a billet doux! from hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.
[*Reads.*

Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo*;

My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery;
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.
Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper flight,
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can write:
Nor can I think it from the middle fell,
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-Lane:
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks:
But since the town has heard your kind commands, sir,
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t'engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on ing,
That swears he'll settle from his joys commence-
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals;
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows thro' his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.
Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his ratler;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That deaf to stories takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays, operas;
Whose fortune's bound for the support of
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd,
And now no more with lawyers' brawls perplex'd;
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

---

§ 30. *Prologue to Cato*; 1713. Pope.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

---

§ 31. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray*; 1715. Rowe.

To-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:

The

The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow:
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home; [come,
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

---

§ 32. *Epilogue to The Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1717. ROWE.

Well, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was—O gad! a nasty heart and blood.*
If the old man had shew'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nantz*.†
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
'Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That l'yburn-tribe of speech-making nonjurors,
Who, in newfangled terms old truths explaining,
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning.
O, would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge ‡ your monarch left behind?
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

---

§ 33. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus. Acted by the Scholars of Bury School, November* 6, 1734.

I have been peeping for these many days
I' th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like dishclout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on;
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy then this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:
Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fix'd in an improper place)
Heaven's great production, man; man's great production, plays.
Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply;
For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire? No; why there you're right:
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.
Are ye for politics? There we cry No,
Where that may light—you easily may know.
Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear;
Suppose a panegyric on the fair.
So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place;
And clearly read consent in ev'ry face.
O fie! consent so soon? that can't be right;
I hate such coming ladies—so good night.

---

§ 34. *Epilogue to The Lying Valet*; 1740. GARRICK.

That I'm a lying rogue you all agree,
And yet, look round the world, and you shall see,
That many more, my betters, *lie* as fast as me.
Against this vice we are all ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to shew my parts,
And not like those, when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause:"
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

A doctor

A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case;
"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you;
"Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will "cure you."
Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying;
The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste and wit:
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her fan)
"How can our sex have any joy in man? me;
"As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive
"And were the race extinct, 'twould never "grieve me!
"Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
"The thought of that's enough to drive one "mad."
Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country shew the least relation.
For instance, now——
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

---

§ 35. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Westminster School in December* 1747. *Spoken by Ignoramus and Musæus.*

Ign. Peace, bookworm! bless me what a clerk have I!
A strange place sure——this university!
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense?
Fine words to hear--but will they turn the pence?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools:
The total this of Ignoramus' skill, [will.
To carve his fortune—place him where you
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.
You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise:
And would I try the loftier ode to raise,
You'll see me soon—a rival for the bays.
Or, I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite:
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways——
And lash my betters——these are thriving ways.
My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Friend?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——
Mus. Orders; how? [know:
Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve;
And if I cou'd not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the
Both universities——are all a jest. [test:
Mus. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.
Ign. Bless me!—what!—not one Ignoramus here?
I stand convicted——what can I say more?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great soe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush--when Learning's by.

---

§ 36. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* Thomson.

Our Bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous woe;
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.
Thus he began:—And you approv'd the strain,
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there—to you, to reason just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure
He hails the rising virtue of your taste. [grac'd,
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear;
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage: [part;
Both shall attend well-pleas'd, well pleas'd de-
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

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§ 37. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-lane, in the Year* 1747. Johnson.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But fore'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

---

§ 38. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff*, 1748. *Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.* Hoadley.

[*Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.*

A plague upon all cowards, still, I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master fool beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and I assome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lie—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough.
But I am old, and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
For Shakspeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.
Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you:
Wights, who with no out-facings will be shamm'd,
Nor into risibility be bamm'd,
Will, tho' she shake their sides, think nature treason,
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason.
Then how shall one, not of the virtuous, speed,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead——
Wit without measure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
'Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat.
I'll in, and say to Hal—I've done the feat.

---

§ 39. *Prologue to Irene*; 1749. Johnson.

Ye glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring Bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.
But truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:

If

If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound:
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust:
Ye fops, be silent; and, ye wits, be just.

---

§ 40. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter*; 1750. *Spoken by Mr. Garrick.* JOHNSON.

Ye patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhyme,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more. [tell
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire,
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

---

§ 41. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September* 5, 1750.

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So (with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprise must cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, havock! and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the * papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap-à-pée* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother † to the cobler's ‡ wife.
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.
Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin;
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk:
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
If want comes on, importance must retreat;
Our first great ruling passion is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fauson, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard. ‡ Mrs. Clive.

§ 42. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry*; 1750.

When vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod* have out *Herod*-ed—within.
[*Pointing to the Green Room.*
O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet† retreat from Bays!‡
The ladies§ too, with every pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candour, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favour hope for this retreat.
If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute.‖
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to *eat*.

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§ 43. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane*, 1750.

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*

I'll do't: by heaven I will—Pray get you gone;
What! all these janglings, and I not make one!
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!
I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things miscarried,
Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets——to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shews, by what he says, poor soul he's vex'd.
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays!
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!——
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was enquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

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§ 44. *Prologue to Gil Blas*; 1751. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* Moore.

Are you all ready? here's your music, here!¶
Author, sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear;
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright——
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! Surely, friend—don't hope for our compliance;
Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But, harkye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honour?—then we'll damn you, let me die.

* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry. ‡ Mr. Garrick. § Mrs. Cibber, &c.
‖ A child, said to be but four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument. ¶ Blowing his cat-call.

Shan't

Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word.
Damn him, or, by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye,
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good nature to be quiet——
Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and [jokes,
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks.
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—[rit.
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spi-
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram
So, if you like it, save it; if not, damn it. [it:

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§ 45. *Prologue to Taste*; 1752. *Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye.—
'Tis said, this night, a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
'Before you buy, be sure to understand;'
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones purchase only what they know!
Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
Just warm when single, and when married cold.
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own,
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome:
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush——
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve;
If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewel to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!
Then set *us* up—and knock the *poet* down.

---

§ 46. *Prologue to Cato. Acted in* 1753 *by the Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby, for the Benefit of the Orphans of the late Usher. Written by one of the Scholars, aged* 16.

NO Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Would not e'en Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say, then? what excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.
As when some peasant, who, to treat his lord, [board
Brings out his little stock, and decks his
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-night,
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence every critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands; and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

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§ 47. *Prologue to The Fairies*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

[*Enter—interrupting the band of music.*

A MOMENT stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.
[*To the audience.*
Don't frown, my friends [*to the band*]; you shall soon melt again;
But, if not *there* is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio!*
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*.

A Persian

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate!
So, curious I sometimes steal forth, *incog.*
To hear what critics croak of me, King *Log.*
Three night ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête,*
Which fix'd at once our English opera's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome;
The other born abroad, but here his home:
And first the *English forcigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman:*
" An English opera! 'tis not to be borne;
" I both my country and their music scorn.
" O, damn their Ally Croakers, and their
" Early-horn!
" *Signior si—bat sons—vors recitativo:*
" *Il tutto, é bestiale e cativo.*"
This said I made my *exit* full of terrors;
And now ask pardon for the followiug errors:
Excuse us, first, for foolishly supposing,
Your countrymen could please you in composing;
An opera too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakspearelli:
This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take—you'll all abuse
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it;
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall choose it.
Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our singers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an opera?—'tis the strangest plan!
Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast inspire,
Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors are his own;
If thro' the clouds appear some glimmering rays,
They're sparks he caught from his great master's blaze!

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§ 48. *Prologue to Virginia*; 1754. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within—
So thinks our bard, who stiff in classic knowledge,
Preserves too much the buckram of the college.
" Lord, Sir," said I, " an audience must be woo'd,
" And, lady-like, with flattery pursued,
" They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude
" Authors should learn to dance, as well as write—"
" Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a sight!
" Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn
" by night.
" Your modern prologues, and such whims as these,
" The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to Sophocles."
" I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,
" Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."
" He had; but why?" replied the bard, in rage:
" Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage,
" But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!
" Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
" Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
" Here, take my play, I meant it for instruction;
" If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
" E'en let that nonsense be your own production."
Off went the poet—It is now expedient
I speak as manager, and your obedient——
I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,
Discard sirloins, and get you maccaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.
If novelties can please, to-night we've two—
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favours show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice* yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

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§ 49. *Epilogue to the same*; 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink, think.
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin——
[To the upper Gallery.
Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

Though

Though twelve pence seat you there, so near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.
Says John to Tom (aye—there they sit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather):
"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
"That old Vergeenus should have struck his child;
"I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;
"And duck'd that Apius too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,
[*To the middle gallery.*
And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.
Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.
May I approach unto the boxes, pray—
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.
Our author hopes this fickle goddess Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

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§ 50. *Prologue to Barbarossa*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK, *in the Character of a Country Boy.*

MEASTER! measter!
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play.
The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:
He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, mester, come, or all will fall to sheame;
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.
La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t'other.
[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full, in all my days!—
Your servant, Sirs—what do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I; [why:
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!
First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation;
A round big mon—he ate a p'laguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't? he ate a great sea-toad?
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pe*:
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.
I left toad-eater, then I serv'd a lord, [word.
And they're they pronis'd—but ne'er kept their
While 'mong the great this gleaming work the trade is, [ladies.
They mind no more poor servants—than their
A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad, [maid.
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought I
She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her geare so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks shew all for nothing, now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece:
But should you find that all our swans are geese,
'Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

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§ 51. *Epilogue to the same*; 1755. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

[*Enter—speaking without.*
'PSHAW! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in lingnum Greeum.
I'll do't, by all the gods! (you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!
[*To the audience.*
Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you (let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low! damn'd low, but save the fellow's
Let the poor devil eat; allow him that, [play:
And give a meal to *measter, mon*, and *cat*:

But

But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all controul!——nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion:
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears; yet operas I adore!
Always prepar'd *to die—to sleep—no more!*
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants them all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see;
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me,
Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think——
The reason 's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on——
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton,
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,
Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A farce or two——and Woodward's pantomimes.

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§. 52. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life passes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail? *[To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[He staggers forward, and then stops.
But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel——
Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, 'faith—save flip and fighting.
I must away—I must——
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?—
Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—A vast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show? *Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I read your printed hand.
First let's refresh a bit—for, 'faith, I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum—*[takes some tobacco]* and then I'll read it.
[He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.
"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—
"Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called *Sarah*—"
I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.
"To which will be added—a new mask—"
Zounds! why a mask? We tailors hate grimaces:
Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
"Bri-tan-nia."——O, Britannia!——good again——
Huzza, boys!—By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there. [part.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! *[Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics
And like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

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§. 53. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1766; and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.

[She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.]

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards——
Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—O! a multitude of sins.
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted,
The only one he never had committed.
Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head,
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was dead.
In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.

What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey, [shabby.
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite
Then such a train, and such expence, to wit;
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.
Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards,
Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitals*.
I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, 'faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste:
Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't in honour, break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
The mayor should send such housewives in the stocks. [beast,
Give you a guinea! Z——ds! replied the
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
Think what a guinea a-head might set before ye—
Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner.
I trust, by art and more polite address,
You fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good*.

---

§ 54. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio*; 1756. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men; kindly welcome, ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head. [vine,
From this same head, this fountain-head di-
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne, [vein,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young,
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale: [smack?
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him, [him.
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come; [sack at home.
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw!—
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure? [Lord."
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—upon my word!
"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, believe me." [me."
"In this—eh, Jack!—the devil can't deceive
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakspeare? Shakspeare!—O, there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little Perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years,* lay by, forsaken:
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste,
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

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§ 55. *Prologue to the Apprentice*; 1756. *Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

Behold a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

Whose

Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks—the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we show;
'Tis English—English, Sirs, from top to toe
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat! [street.
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a wollen-draper.
Here Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with doubled fist: [list!"
Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacconist.
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!
Nor young attornies have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood; [try's good!
And (strange reverse!)—die for their coun-
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye—
Look round—you'll find some spouting youths among ye.
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop [shop;
To bring them back to reason—and their
To raise an harmless laugh, was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.
Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:
Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
What'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

---

§ 56. *Epilogue to the Same*; 1756. *Spoken by Mrs Clive.* SMART.

[*Enters, reading the play-bill.*

A very pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade;
O pit, have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to seal Lardella's bier!
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to laugh.
I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row, [show,
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! thinks she's more than Zara.
She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy-chase,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something——touching the Lord Hamlet.
A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries,
Who for the stage, too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory;
And, while she 's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home?"
In short, there 's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous, [los.
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othel-
O little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice by me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings!
Young men, beware and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain:
Be timely wise; for, O! be sure of this:—
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

---

§ 57. *Epilogue to the Reprisal*; 1757. *Spoken by Miss Macklin.*

A ye—now I can with pleasure look around.
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground.
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay:

Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
To bootless longings I had fell a martyr;
But, Heaven be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore—
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruize 'twere pity he should founder.
[*To the gallery.*
Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
No gulf but that which horrid yawns below.
[*To the pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He craves not mercy, but he claims applause,
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the house.*
And hollow groans portend th' approaching storm;
[*To the gallery.*
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
[*To the pit.*
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

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§ 58. *Prologue to the Author*; 1757. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires, at least, no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen,
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries—"'Twill please the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since sops will frown, where humble traders smile

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist in moral lay
Has thus address'd the writers of his day:
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their wares;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass.
Forth from the throng the grey beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
"This the respect to rev'rend age you show,
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are fet astride;
"Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
"Have you no pity for the pretty creature!
"To your own baby can you be unkind?
"Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claim'd:
"'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd!
"Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!
"They might as well have carried him, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass—Then what a noise!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent fire, these words provoke:
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
"Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all."

---

§ 59. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by Mr Shuter, at one of his Benefits.* FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor——
(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance;
A tale?—no, truth! mum—I'm just come from France.
From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter;
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water.
'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;

They

They who chooſe it for phyſic may drink of the ſea,
But only to think on 't is phyſic for me
When I firſt went on board, Lord! I heard ſuch a racket,
Such babbling and ſquabbling, 'fore and aft, thro' the packet;
The paſſengers bawling, the ſailors yo-ho-ing,
The ſhip along daſhing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some ſick, and ſome ſwearing, ſome ſinging, ſome ſhrieking,
Sails hoiſting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ſhip!—but the tars, never minding our caſes,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowſers, and grinn'd in our faces. [ſhore,
We made Calais ſoon, and were ſoon ſet on
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod before.
The ſcene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more yo, yo-ho. [no!
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom,
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaiſance;
With cringes and ſcrapes we were welcom'd to France:
Ah, Monſeer Angloy—they cried—*be on ven nu, Tres umble ſervant, Sir, we glad to ſee you.*
I ne'er met ſuch figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcaſe like flies in the ſhambles:
To be crowded amongſt them at firſt I was loth,
For fear they ſhould ſeize me, and ſouſe me for broth.
At laſt, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then ſeen but my ſtrut and my ſtare!)
Wee, wee, I cried, *wee* then—and put on a ſword;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd ſo before in my life:
I ſhould ſee wonders there, I was told by *Monſeer*, [queer;
So I did, I ſaw things that were wonderful
Queer ſtreets and queer houſes, with people much queerer.
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I ſoon had enough of their *pallovouſee*;
It's a fine phraſe to ſome folks, but nonſenſe to me. [ſhow,
All folks there are dreſs'd in a toy ſhop-like
A hodge-podging habit, 'twixt fidler and beau,
Such hats, and ſuch heads too, ſuch coats and ſuch ſkirts— [ſkirts.
They ſold me ſome ruffles—but I found the
Then, as to their dinners, their ſoups, and their ſtewings,
One ounce of meat ſerves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a ſlice of roaſt beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricaſee'd frog:
Out of window I toſs'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down ſtairs I jump'd, and ran into the ſtreet.
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To ſtay where I found it was taſte to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever;
I'm for beef, and King George, and old England for ever!

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§ 60. *Epilogue to the Minor*; 1760.

NEAR the mad manſions of Moorfields I'll bawl; [all,
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and
Shut up your ſhops and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befell,
I knew the mother and her daughter well:
Poor, it is true they were, but never wanted;
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cried.
Child. Mother, you cry!——
Mother. O child! I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? Why, Providence an't dead! [ſay
With reaſon good this child the truth might
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee Foote! O, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will ſoon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove?
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may ſit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the houſe for Satan's benefit.—
O! what you ſnivel?—Well, do ſo no more—
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I pleaſe—I'll give it to the poor.

---

§ 61. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe*; 1760.
GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread ſorcereſs, her name Romance,
O'er Britain's iſle her wayward ſpells ſhe caſt,
And Common Senſe in magic chain bound faſt.
In mad ſublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their ſole delight,
Each fair a maid diſtreſs'd, each ſwain a knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates ſee
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-à-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his ſword Cervantes drew,
A truſty Spaniſh blade, Toledo true:

Her

Her talismans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
But Novel for our buck, and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.
Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her—
And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor Honour!
'Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
'Now for our author—but without a joke.
'Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
'Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
'Where, lying store of faults, they 'd fain heap more,
'I now declare it, as a serious truth,
'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
'Caught and deluded by our harlot plays——
'Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!
'Exert your favour to a young beginner;
'Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner.'*

§ 62. *Prologue to All in the Wrong*; 1761. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Foote.

To-night, be it known to box, gall'ries, and pit,
Will be open the original warehouse of wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe [Rowe:
To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is shown, [own;
For we promise to mangle no works but our
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry;
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving souls, [bowls;
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and
Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short we 're undone,
Unless you' re contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall
A party should n't choose to catch cold at Vauxhall; [thick,
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick, [in June,
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune; [Drury:
We hope you will call at our warehouse in
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloth, Irish linens, and French *pet en-l'airs*.
If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made; [ly in debt,
If, from dealings too large, we plunge deep-
And a *whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Tho' insolvents, we're honest, and give up our all.

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Liar*, 1761; *between Miss Grantham and old Wilding.*

M. Gr. Hold, Sir! Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great,
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word, [sword;
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you—nay, even Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loth;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour
Leave us possession of our modest No! [show:

O. Wild. O freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative:

*These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

Provided

Provided ever, that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.
M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.
O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.
M. Gr. But take a character from many more.
O. Wild. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

---

§ 64. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex*; 1761. MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cearments of the awful tomb,
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.
Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace, to-night,
A tale to which you've listen'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athen's eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise!
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!
When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.
On the same theme tho' rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.
If there soft pity pour her plenteous store,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more should you from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man;
Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

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§. 65. *Prologue to the School for Lovers*, 1762. *Written and Spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes pople vain—the maxim's true,
We all confess it, and not over new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve-months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard—tho' twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time,
May stride, with seven-leagued boots, from shore to shore,
And nobly, by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain' sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene—But here I stopt him short—
"Not change your scenes?" said I—"I'm sorry for 't:
"My constant friends above, around, below,
"Have English tastes, and love both change and show:
"Without such aid even Shakspeare would be flat,
"Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
"What eager transport starts from ev'ry eye,
"When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!
"When tin cascades, like falling waters, gleam,
"Or through the canvas bursts the real stream?
"While thirsty Islington laments, in vain,
"Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-lane.
"Lord, Sir!" said I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
"I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—"What will the critics say?"
"As usual, Sir—abuse you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?—"He's a charming man! [it means;
"A charming piece!—one scarce knows what
"But that's no matter—when there's such sweet scenes!"
Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set you hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we'll act it—as *you* please.

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§ 66. *Prologue upon Prologues, to The Duce is in Him. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.
And, egad, it will do for any other play as well as this. BAYES.

AN old trite proverb let me quote—
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I shew it, had I any,
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece has none,
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,

May

May cheat you once—Will that device.
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer—
But there indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.
To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit:
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three pence, boil'd and roasted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip——
"Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray—"
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
All star'd and rose. the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.
These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
Wit in a prologue's out of season.
Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
And here my simile's so fit,
For prologues are but ghosts of wit;
Which mean to shew their art and skill,
And scratch you to their author's will.
In short, for reasons great and small,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and ghosts!—a paltry trade—
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word—give your commands,
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine these culprits! [*holding up his hands*]
bind 'em tight:
Nor girl can scratch, nor fools can write.

---

§ 67. *Epilogue to Elvira*; 1763. GARRICK.

LADIES and gentlemen—'tis so ill-bred—
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with phrensy-rolling eye,
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry,
At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull:
In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
A little lively nonsense taken warm,
On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.
The town hates epilogues—It is not true,
I answer'd that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—
[*To Pit, Boxes, and First Gallery.*
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.
[*To the upper Gall.*
Madam, the critics say—to you they 're civil,
Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil.
Out of this house, sir, and to you alone,
They'll smile, cry Bravo! Charming!—Here they groan:
A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig:
But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tête-à tête* their enmity they smother:
"Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming creature!
"What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each feature!"
"You flatter me."—"'Pon honour, no."—
"You do—
"My friend—my dear—sincerely yours—— adieu!"
But when at routs, the dear friends change their tone;
I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
To give all tragedy without one joke?
They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd
To purge the passions, purify the mind:
To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
With physic always give a sugar-plum.
I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes:
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in, to make up weight.
With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,
To be denied at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake break 'em;
Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

---

§ 68. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel*; 1764. FOOTE.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?
With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
Is there none such?—Not one:—then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.
At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts*;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily;

* George Faulkner, Bookseller,

He

He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;
In *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale;
With wits and lords this man was much delighted, [knighted.
And once (it has been said) was near being
One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all new the man.
Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
"The case you put I fully understand;
"The thing is plain from *Cocos*'s reports,
"For rules of poetry a' n't rules of courts:
"A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."—
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

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§ 69. *Prologue spoken by Mr Love on the opening of the new Theatre on Richmond Green*; 1765. GARRICK.

THE ship now launch'd with necessaries stor'd,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight on board,
All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heaven from tempests, rocks, and privateers,
Preserve the Richmond!——Give her, boys, three cheers! [*Three huzzas behind.*
Queen Mab, our Shakspeare says, and I believe him, [him:
In sleep haunts each vain mortal, to deceive
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment seizes,
We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she pleases. [you'll see,
Look round this house, and various proofs
Strong glaring proofs that Mab has been with me.
She caught me napping, knew where I was vain,
And tickled ev'ry fibre of my brain:
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'rds my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and shelves,
And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves.
"What are you scribbling there?—Quick, let me see——
"Poh! leave this nonsense, and along with me!"
I, grinning, bow'd—"Bright star of Lilliput!
"Shall I not crowd you in your hazel-nut?
She smil'd; and shewing me a large-siz'd hamper, [scamper."
"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll
I for this frolic wanting quick digestion,
Sent to my tongue, post haste, another question.
But, crack! she went, before that I could ask it;
She in her stage—I, Falstaff, in the basket:
She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of laughter,
To see me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:
And I laugh'd too—Could you of laughing fail,
To see a minnow towing of a whale? [At last we rested on a hill hard by,
With a sweet vale to feast the glutton eye—.
"I'll shew you more," she said, "to charm and move us;" [drove us:
And to the gardens, quick as thought, she
Then, pointing to the shade—"There, there they are,
"Of this most happy isle the happiest pair!"
O, may those virtuous raptures never cease,
Nor public cares disturb their private peace;
She sigh'd—and like the lightning was she seen
To drive her chariot o'er this fav'rite green;
Straight to this spot—where she infus'd such things [kings.
Might turn the heads of twenty playhouse
But fear dispersing all my golden dream,
And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;
With wild surprise, I cast my eyes about,
Delusion ends—and now I wake to doubt:
O, may the dream be realis'd by you!
Your smiles or frowns can make this false or true.

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§ 70. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing, acted by Command of their Majesties, 1765. Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK, *being his first Appearance after his Return from Italy.*

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
To face this awful court, once more I come:
Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.
I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-sceptr'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod:
A very nine-pin I, my stage life through;
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To

To prove it is, permit me to repeat [ſtreet:
What late I heard, in paſſing through the
A youth of parts, with ladies by his ſide,
Thus cock'd his glaſs, and thro' it ſhot my pride:
"'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumſy fellow,
"He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello!"
"O yes, for comic ſcenes, Sir John—no further:
"He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and murther!"
Worn in the ſervice, you my faults will ſpare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelſea penſioner, who, rich in ſcars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' paſt the ſervice, may the young ones teach
To march—preſent—to fire—and mount the breach. [grieve
Should the drum beat to arms, at firſt he'll
For wooden leg, loſt eye, and armleſs ſleeve,
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and ſwells his cheſt: [beſt."
"Tis for my king; and, zounds! I'll do my

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§ 71. *Prologue to the Clandeſtine Marriage*; 1766. GARRICK.

POETS and Painters, who from nature draw
Their beſt and richeſt ſtores, have made this law;
That each ſhould neighbourly aſſiſt his brother,
And ſteal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchleſs Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from the canvas to the ſtage is brought;
And who ſo fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pict'ur'd morals and mankind?
But not the ſame their characters and ſcenes;
Both labour for one end by diff'rent means;
Each, as it ſuits him, takes a ſep'rate road,
Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode;
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more ſubſtantial gold!
And honour'd trade from int'reſt turns aſide,
To hazard happineſs for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he who ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage,
Can ſcarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor ſave—
The art and artiſt ſhare one common grave.
O let me drop one tributary tear, [bier*!
On poor Jack Falſtaff's grave, and Juliet's
You to their worth muſt teſtimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the ſcenes of life will ſhift away,
The ſtrong impreſſions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known; [own.
They'll boaſt of Quins and Cibbers of their
The greateſt glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd, by you.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Taylors*; 1767. GARRICK.

THIS night we add ſome heroes to our ſtore,
Who never were as heroes ſeen before;
No bluſt'ring Romans, Trojans, Greeks, ſhall rage; [ſtage,
No knights arm'd *cap à pié*, ſhall crowd our
Nor ſhall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,
Oppoſing ſword to ſword, and ſhield to ſhield:
With other inſtruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles ſhall, and ſhears to ſhears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And ſlip-ſhod ſlide to war—No lions' glare,
No eye-balls flaſhing fire ſhall make you ſtare;
Each outſide ſhall belie the ſtuff within:
A Roman ſpirit in each Taylor's ſkin——
A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Caſſius, ſhall you ſee,
And the ninth part of Brutus ſtrut in me;
What though no ſwords we drew, no daggers ſhake
Yet can our warriors a quietus make [ſhake
With a bare bodkin.—Now be dumb ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *taylors*!
But theſe are heroes tragic, you will cry;
O, very tragic! and I'll tell you why——
But theſe are heroes tragic, you will cry;
Should female artiſts with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join;
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
Not to be ſooth'd again by ſix pence more:
What horrors would enſue!—Firſt you, ye beaux,
At once loſe all exiſtence with your clothes!
And you, ye fair, where would be your de fence?
This is no golden age of innocence! [fence?
Such drunken Bacchanals the Graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked ſtreet:
Beauty is weak, and paſſion bold and ſtrong—
O then—but modeſty reſtrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a ſkilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy:
Tho' cloſe, yet eaſy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not ſcanty; without buckram, full.

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§ 73. *Epilogue to the Engliſh Merchant*; 1767. GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton [*Mrs. Abington*] *in a paſſion*; *Spatter* [*Mr. King*] *following*.

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!

Spatter. Attend to reaſon!

L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty treaſon!
Hear reaſon, blockhead! Reaſon! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's your view, [you.—

Spatter. Humbly to ſerve the tuneful nine in

L. Alton. I renounce ſuch things; [ſtrings:
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, ſweeps the
My mind is diſcord all!—I ſcorn, deteſt
All human kind—you more than all the reſt.

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

Spatter.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but weigh the matter. [Spatter!
L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate you, Myself and ev'ry thing.
Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.
L. Alton. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?
Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.
L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death you've stung 'em, ['em.
That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among
Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is, Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and
There will be danger. [ladies.
L. Alton. And there shall be pay—
Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honest way.
[*Smiles, and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my lord beat you—
Spatter. Let them laugh that win:
For all my bruises here 's gold beaters skin;
[*Chinking the purse.*
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!
Spatter. Ma'am?
L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!
Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath: [death.
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,
Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's breast:
And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.
I'll make them miserable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can trust my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be severe and bold!
Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse of gold.
Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all. [*Exit Spatter.*

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
His precious mischief makes the storm subside!
My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride!
Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar pas-
Love, pity, tenderness, are only made [sion.
For Poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.
Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
And some are better bred—who live with us.
How low lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,
To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
No pleasure like a *vartuous tête-à-tête!*
Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather, [gether:
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm to-
Now view their stock, now in their nursery prattle,
For ever with their children or their cattle.
Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;
They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;
"Their custom always in the afternoon—"
He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!
Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins;
She sips and smirks—"Next week's our wedding-day,
"Married seven years!—and every hour more gay? [*Yawns.*
"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing lies,
"Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathize!"
[*Yawns.*
The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;
He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls;
The children join, which so delight these ninnies,
The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.
—What means this qualm?—Why, sure, while I'm despising,
That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!
O no!—Contempt is struggling to burst out—
I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rout.*
[*Exit hastily.*

---

§ 74. *Epilogue to Zenobia*; 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington.* GARRICK.

She peeps through the curtain.

How do you all, good folks?—In tears, for certain;
I'll only take a peep behind the curtain:
You 're all so full of tragedy and sadness,
For me to come among you would be madness!
This is no time for giggling—when you 've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.
[*She enters upon their clapping.*
This is so good! to call me out so soon—
The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon;
She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she, I am sure you'll all be sorry for 't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The Comic Muse, whose ev'ry smile is grace,
And her stage sister, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case;
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of their diff'rence a true state.

Melpomene

Melpomene complains, when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em, [wring 'em—
Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may
Some flippant hussey, like myself, comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
"Hey! Presto! pass!"—all topsy-turvy see,
For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue;
'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue;
O, shame upon you!—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.
What says our comic goddess?—With reproaches,
She vows her sister tragedy encroaches!
And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous disposition!
For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,
Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie!
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry. [ther,
Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smo-
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with t'other.
What can be done?—sad work behind the scenes!
There comic female scold with tragic queens;
Each party diff'rent ways the foe assails, [nails.
These shake the daggers, those prepare their
'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
What is your will?—I read it in your faces
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiss, and friends, and burn their cases.

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§ 75. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage*; 1768. GARRICK.

THE curtain dropt—my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror* was my last
Could I in such a scene my exit make,
When ev'ry real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.
I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd;
In acted passion, tears may SEEM to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth show."
Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:
Weed out the poison, but be English still!
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd—on small desert bestow'd:
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

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§ 76. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man*; 1768. JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same:
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and bear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss. [coat,"
"This day the pow'der'd curls and golden
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;" [cries,
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of all-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

---

§ 77. *Prologue to False Delicacy*; 1768. *Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

I'M vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd —that's worse—— [curse.
To deal with stubborn scribblers—there's the
Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts.
Is quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts:
You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me—nay, no simpering;
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?
Why this is comical, perhaps you'll say.

* The last scene of Lady Macbeth.

Resolving

Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat plump,
New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus bit-
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"—
"You may; but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
"You'll not keep up that dignity of belly."
Still he preach'd on—"Bards of former age
"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
"Spread out their wit with fascinating art,
"And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart:
"But, happy change; in these more moral days,
"You cannot sport with virtue, even in plays;
"On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
"And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."
Thus did he prance and swell.—The man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,
That you'll protect his Muse because she's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!
No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes;
Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pre-
In three hours time you'll bring him to his senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him.
Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no dan-
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

---

§ 78. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentelfolks
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful jokes,
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare,
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Lichfield great fair;
Such crowds of fine ladies serenading and singing—
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it—as well as I'm able.
First, something, in lingo of schools call'd an ode:
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of old Drury,
By my brother *Martin* (for whose sake, d'ye hear?)
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakspeare*;
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The procession, 'twas said, would have been a fine train,
But could not move forward—O la—for the rain!
Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine——
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, 'squires,
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the show,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by Sam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd *pashapees*;
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plum pudding to aught I e'er bit on.
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry tree.
To bed I must go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid like my betters, no less than a guinea,
For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the cramp.
Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great smarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet brother *Martin*.
He spoke, 'till poor Scrub was just fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry,
Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,
He's a second to none but the Warwickshire wag.
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before.
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude more.
I live but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favours have ever out-run my slight merit.

---

§ 79. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom to top,
Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand—I mean hop:
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to grumble,
Be whatever you please, I am still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too.
What's common to man, must be common to you.
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favour again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mount-

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

Amongst

Amongſt the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would ſlay ten, while the foot could ſlay one. [ſent,
So when doctors on wheels with diſpatches are
Mortality bills riſe a thouſand per cent. [fin'd;
But think not to phyſic that quackery's con-
All the world is a ſtage, and the quacks are mankind:
There's trade, law, and ſtate quacks: nay, would we but ſearch,
We ſhould find—Heaven bleſs us!—ſome quacks in the church! [race,
The ſtiff band and ſtiff bob of the Methodiſt
Give the balſam of life and the tincture of grace;
And their poor wretched patients think much good is done 'em,
Tho' bliſters and cauſtics are ever upon 'em.
As for laws and the ſtate, if quackery's a curſe,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make worſe,
We ſhould point out the quack from the regular brother; [to'ther!
They are wiſer than I who can tell one from
Can the ſtage, with its bills, puffs, and patients ſtand trial? [Royal?
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,
Cauſe many wry faces, and ſcarce will go down.
Nay, an audience ſometimes will in quack'ry delight, [one night.
And ſweat down an author ſome pounds in
To return to our quack—ſhould he, help'd by the weather,
Raiſe laughter and kind perſpiration together;
Should his noſtrums of hip and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deſerve, I aſſure ye:
'Tis eaſy to ſet up a chariot in town,
And eaſier ſtill is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not ſtop his wheels, or his chariot tip over. [would be,
Fix him well, I beſeech you; the worſt on't
Should you overturn him, you may overſet me.

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§ 80. *Epilogue to the Duelliſt*; 1773. *Spoken by Miſs Barſanti.*

So, men of valour! you diſlike our play:
Nothing againſt it do the ladies ſay.
To own they're pleas'd the critics ever loth,
Mutter, "A Duelliſt, with ſcarce an oath!
"'Tis like his hat that was without a feather;
"Duels and dammes always go together."
Old ſinners, loving the licentious joke, [ſtroke;
May think there wants too, here and there, a
Round oaths and double meanings ſtrew'd between,
With them the virtues of the comic ſcene,
And yet the town in gen'ral is ſo nice,
It holds theſe virtues as a kind of vice:
From the teeth outwards chaſte, their hands before 'em,
Like reps, even demi-reps, are all decorum.
Tho' groſs their thoughts, ſo delicate their hearing, [ing,
They think the very ſtage ſhould fine for ſwear-
Our author therefore ſcrupled to employ
Your vulgar Damme, ſir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyers' Latin.
So much refin'd the ſcene ſince former days,
When Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherly wrote plays,
"The ſtage ſo looſely did Aſtrea tread,
"She fairly put all characters to bed."
Tho' now no bard would venture to depoſit
A macaroni in a lady's cloſet;
Leſt the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and ſtars alone" ſee what they 're doing.
In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the ſtruggling actreſs to the trial.
Bleſs me! I ſhudder even now to think,
How near myſelf may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more ſafe the female ſtation
Secure as our ſad ſolemn ſituation!
No rakiſh forward ſpark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muſe herſelf's grown quite a prude!
No wonder, then, if in ſo pure an age
No Congreves write for as demure a ſtage!

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§ 81. *Prologue to the School for Rakes*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King.* Garrick.

The ſcribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
To ſweep the ſtage with Prologues, fix on me.
A female repreſentative I come.
And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
To ſweep the critic cobwebs from the room.
Critics, like ſpiders, into corners creep,
And at new plays their bloody revels keep:
With ſome ſmall venom cloſe in ambuſh lie,
Ready to ſeize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and heedleſs ſoon become their prey,
But the ſtrong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd ſpiders, play the very devil!
Fearing ſome danger I will lay before ye
A ſhort, true, recent, tragi-comic ſtory.
As late I ſaunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there.
Two ſparks came up; one whiſper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then aſk'd me, with a ſneer—
Thus ſtanding, ſtaring—with a ſwaggering ſwing,
"You've writ a farce?"—"Yes, Sir, a fooliſh thing:"
"Damn'd fooliſh—You'd better mind your acting, King.
"'Tis ten to one—I ſpeak it for your ſake,
"That this ſame farce will prove—your wit's laſt Stake."—
"I ſcribble for amuſement, boaſt no pow'rs."—
"Write for your own amuſement, not for ours."

Thus

Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd---I bow'd---but ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:
"Pray, Sir,---this School for Rakes---the women's play——
"When do you give it us?"—"Next Saturday.
"I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."
"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
"Then they 're so ugly, all the female wits---
"I'll damn her play---to throw her into fits.
"Had I my will, those flattern sluttish dames---
"They all should see the bottom of the Thames."
If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
[*Looking about the House.*
Don't shew your spite; for, if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one---I speak it for *your* sake,
This School for Rakes will prove *your* Wit's last Stake:
As you [*To the Pit*] save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.
Protect her and her brat—the truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

---

§ 82. *Prologue to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.* GARRICK.

FROM London, your honours, to Stratford I'm come: [Tom;
I'm a waiter, your honours: you know bustling
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before ye,
Till supper is ready, I'll tell ye a story.
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook, two houses of fame, [by name:
Well known on that road, the two Magpyes
The one of long standing, the other a newone;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the true one.
Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger, [stronger.
May boast that our liquor is clearer and
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both and will stick to the best.
A race we have had for your pastime and laughter; [ping after.
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hop-
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and sweet;
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade: [no,
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No,
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono,
Each Magpye, your honours, will pick at his brother, [each other.
And their natures were always to crib from
Young landlords and old ones are taught by their calling [ing
To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestall-
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but grant 'em,
I'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam. [foul,
Let's return to the punch—I hope from my
That now the old Magpye may sell you a bowl.
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to drive, [five:
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling,
In this town of Stratford we'll have each ingredient,
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment [*Bell rings*] A coming, a coming, a coming!

---

§ 83. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale*; 1774. GARRICK.

Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes.

Enter Mr. Palmer in the Character of Christmas.

GO on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.
To the Audience.
Behold a personage, well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honour'd——Christmas is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;
Holly and ivy round me honours spread,
And my retinue shew—I'm not ill-fed;
Minc'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side,
'Tis no fop's weapon, 't will be often drawn:
This turban for my head—is collar'd brawn.
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry; [merry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of doors!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,
Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen,
Take care, my children, that you well behave
You, Sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:
That critic there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin——
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, madam, at this time so cross appear you? [band near you.
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your hus-
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you do:
Should hear my tale—you've something else to

Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum-porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest hearty grinners.
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring, [ring:
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change--Be merry but not wise.

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§ 84. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of Fame.* GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine election speeches,
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:
And Drury Misses here, "in tawdry pride,
"Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."
To frowsy bow'rs they reel through midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps.
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager must have his *fête champêtre.*
How is the weather?--Pretty clear and bright.
Looking about.
A storm's the devil on champêtre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:
He means a show as brilliant as at Cox's,
Laugh *for* the pit, and may be *at* the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding day.
Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion— [question.
Is't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That's the
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flowr's, and wrapp'd in fancied cloaks, [*Oaks.*
And on the breast was written—*Maid o' the*
The actors crowded round—the girls caress'd it: [and bless'd it;
Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd
The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and dress'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse:
As you 're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praise it:
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

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§ 85. *Occasional Prologue, upon Mr. Lacy's first Appearance in the Character of Alexander.* GARRICK.

IN Macedon when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd;
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there),
Publish'd a thousand fibs——as they do here,
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,
How he did things—which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,
His mighty soul ne'er knew the smallest fear:
Tho' laurel-crown'd our pale young monarch comes [drums;
Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and
Would give up all his victories, false or true,
To gain one greater conquest— that of you.
"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and strong, [wrong."
"He's quite a boy! to play that part is
"Madam, he's six feet high, and cannot be too young."
"He looks so modest, hardly speaks a word.
"Can he with proper spirit draw his sword?
"A face so smooth where neither rage nor pride
"Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides.*—Tis,
In English thus: Trust not to looks, they'll cheat us: [us?
Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he'd beat
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one who seem'd all meekness, kick'd down
Miss B—, all delicacy, nerve, and fear, [stairs,
Elop'd last week with a horse grenadier!
And our advent'rer, tho' so mild and civil,
If you once rouse him, plays the very devil!
"Indeed!" cries madam, "Sir, I'm much your debtor; [better."
"I should be glad to know the young man
Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,
In fields less dang'rous tried his unknown powr's,
Like a young swimmer, whom his fears command;
In shallow streams first ventur'd from the land,
Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he stems,
Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.
E'en now he starts to hear the torrent roar,
While his pale fates stand frighted on the shore!
Soon will he leap the precipice—Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

§ 86.

§ 86. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, Monsieur and Signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian shore;
From squeaking monarchs and chromatic queens,
And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,
Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the sway,
Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.—All hail the consecrated earth,*
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare birth!
Gave that great master of the scenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can deem the stage,
The worthless fav'rite of an idle age? [join'd,
Or judge that pleasure, with instruction
Can foil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breast inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethian fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this Temple to the muses rise.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Plac'd by your favour, not by right divine,
Th'unworthy high priest of the sacred nine,
Not a tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

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§ 87. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie; [high;
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers;
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?—"O, damme?" cries a buck, [luck:
Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you're in
"Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the watch, [catch.
"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing! [thing!"
"Bon Ton is life, my boy: Bon Ton's the
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madame Fussock, warm from Spitalfields.
"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
"And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!
"'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
"At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons!
"'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
"To dance *cowtillions* all in silks and satins!"
"Vulgar!"—cries Miss—"Observe, in higher life, [wife:
"The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd
"The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade
"Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade!
"'Tis plays and puppet-shows—'tis something new;
"'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu!*
"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason,
"'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season!
"A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;
"A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice:
"To visit friends—you never wish to see;
"Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree:
"Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd and curl'd——
"This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"
"True," says my Lord, "and thou, my only son, [Ton!
"Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon
"Who toils for learning at a public school,
"And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
"French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jaser!* prate, chatter!
"Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter! [pegs
"Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English
"Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.
"Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league, [intrigue;
"Seduce men's daughters, with their wives
"In sightly semicircles round your nails
"Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:
"But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
"Nothing but nonsense e'er give laughter birth,
"That vulgar way the vuglar shew their mirth.
"Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
"Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
"Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
"The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"

* Shakspeare was born in Warwickshire.

Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, ſcribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,
And various other ſhapes, 'twill raiſe to view:
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careleſs tints,
Hits off a ſketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoiſſeurs allow his rough draughts ſtrike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to ſee 'em, and to like 'em.

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§ 88. *Prologue to the Rivals*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following and giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT's here?—a vile cramp hand! I cannot ſee
Without my ſpectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again.
[*Gives money.*
Serj. The ſcrawl improves—[*more*]O come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—ſure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet—and a fee!
Att. Yea, Sir! tho' *you*, without reward, I know,
[So, ſo!
Would gladly plead the muſes' cauſe—*Serj.*
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath ſhould fall
On me.—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att. Some ſons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet—
Serj. And fifty ſons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worſe, who with a decent ſprig
Of bays adorns his legal waſte of wig.
Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on ſigns
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl! [unfurl
Yet tell your client that, in adverſe days,
'This wig is warmer than a buſh of bays.
Att. Do you then, Sir, my client's place ſupply,
Profuſe of robe, and prodigal of tye——
Do you, with all thoſe bluſhing powers of face,
And wonted baſhful heſitating grace,
Riſe in the court, and flouriſh on the caſe.
[*Exit.*
Serj. For practice then ſuppoſe—this brief will ſhew it—
Me, Serjeant Woodward—counſel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or damn'd in *equity*—eſcape by *flaw*;
But *judgment* given—*your ſentence* muſt remain;
No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-lane!*
Yet when ſo kind you ſeem, 'tis paſt diſpute
We gain ſome favour, if not *coſts of ſuit*.
No ſpleen is here! I ſee no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [portation,
Sad elſe our plight!—where frowns are tranſ-
A hiſs the gallows—and a groan damnation!
But ſuch the public candour, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.—
No newſman from *our* ſeſſion is diſmiſs'd,
Nor wit, nor critic, *we* ſcratch off the liſt;
His faults can never hurt another's eaſe,
His crime at worſt—a *bad attempt* to pleaſe:
Thus, all reſpecting he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *ſtand* or *fall*.

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§ 89. *Epilogue to the ſame*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for *you*—I heard our poet ſay,
He'd try to coax ſome *moral* from his play;
'One moral's plain,' cried I, 'without more fuſs;
'Man's ſocial happineſs all reſts on us:
'Thro' all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
'*Love* gilds the *ſcene*, and *women* guide the *plot*.
'From ev'ry rank obedience is our due:
'D' ye doubt?—the world's great ſtage ſhall prove it true.'
The cit, well ſkill'd to ſhun domeſtic ſtrife,
Will ſup abroad; but firſt—he'll aſk his *wife*.
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the ſame;
But then—he'll juſt *ſtep home to tell his dame*.
The *ſurly 'ſquire* at noon reſolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night, the vanquiſh'd victor ſays,
Ah, Kate! *you women have ſuch coxing ways!*
The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bachus calls on love for aid:
Then with each toaſt he ſees fair bumpers ſwim,
And kiſſes Chloe on the ſparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that ſtatſemen, great and wiſe,
Will *ſometimes* counſel with a lady's eyes;
The ſervile ſuitors watch her various face,
She ſmiles preferment—or ſhe frowns diſgrace,
Curtſies a penſion here—there nods a place.
Nor with leſs awe, in ſcenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *miſtreſs*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The pooreſt peaſant of the pooreſt ſoil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one ſmall ſpark to cheer his world of night;
Dear ſpark! that oft, thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring *tar*—who not for *years* has preſs'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of reſt,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Suſan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatſwain whiſtles in a ſofter tone.
The *ſoldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's ſmile;
But ere the battle, ſhould he liſt her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour ſteel'd to fear,
Droops on a ſigh, and ſickens at a tear!
But ye more cautious—ye nice judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—*ye* view with deep regret
Our conqueſts marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,

Till

Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from *gallantry* would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 90. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

YE wedded critics,* who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? does our plot in *nature* fail?
May we not boast that many a *modern* wife
Would lose her own to save a *husband*'s life?
Would gladly die——O monstrous and ill bred! [head!
There's not a husband here but shakes his
But you, my gall'ry friends†—come, what say you? [too!
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles
Above there—hey, lads!‡ You'll not treat us so— [*No!*
You side with *us*?—They grin and grumble,
Yet hold—tho' these plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *boxes!*
Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-natur'd sneer?
What, then, you think there is no such idiot here?
There are, no doubt, tho' rare to find, I know,
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow;
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying;
Her chair is waiting—but my Lord is dying:
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points, and new brocade;
"For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
"Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
"So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,
"You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout,
"The doctor said he might hold out till three,
"But I ha' n't spirits for the *Coterie!*"
Now change the scene—place madam in the fever,
My lord for comfort at the *Sçavoir Vivre*;
His valet enters—shakes his meagre head—
"Chapeau, what news?"—"Ah! Sir, my lady's dead!"
"The duce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days sick!——
"Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate!)—eleven 's a nick."
But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light [night;
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-
Shew beauteous martyrs, who would each prefer,
To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;
Domestic heroines, who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.
Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind,
Were not alone to *Edward*'s days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 91. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And, smit with novels full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.
The comic sister in hysteric fit,
You'd swear has lost her memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd she 's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another—
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess'd, [breast,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd
She made to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Hither they come—again they breathe, they live;
And virtue's meed through every age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien, [scene.
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard (our hopes may rise too high— [try)—
'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame.
His no French play—tame, polish'd, dull by rule: [peare's school.
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shak-

* To the Pit. † First Gallery. ‡ Upper Gallery.

Inſpir'd by him, he ſhews in glaring light
A nation ſtruggling with tyrannic might;
Oppreſſion ruſhing on with giant ſtrides;
A deep conſpiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare ſtrike the blow,
A tablature of honour, guilt and woe.
If on his canvas nature's colours ſhine,
You'll praiſe the hand that trac'd the juſt deſign.

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§ 92. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June 1776.*

A VETERAN ſee! whoſe laſt act on the ſtage
Entreats your ſmiles for ſickneſs and for age;
Their cauſe I plead---plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be leſs,
When I am gone, to patronize diſtreſs,
That hope obtain'd the wiſh'd-for end ſecures,
To ſoothe their cares who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celeſtial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæſar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himſelf, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirſt in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Beliſarius tax the pitying ſtreet
With *date obolum* to all they meet? [gore;
Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
Stabb'd many, poiſon'd ſome, beheaded more?
Who numbers ſlew in battle on this plain---
Sha'n't I, the ſlayer, try to feed the ſlain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who ſlew me, and the men I ſlew:
I muſt, I will this happy project ſeize,
That thoſe too old to die may live with eaſe.
Suppoſe the babes I ſmother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or ſickneſs, loſe their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worſe than all be
ſerv'd--- [ſtarv'd?
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd
Matrons half raviſh'd for your recreation,
In age ſhould never want ſome conſolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature loſt,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghoſt,
With griſly beard, pale cheek, ſtalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let 'em ſay---you did it.
To you, ye gods!* I make my laſt appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wiſdoms to our ſcheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghoſts may dine?
Olympus ſhakes!---that omen all ſecures;
May ev'ry joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 93. *Prologue to the Capuchin; 1776. Spoken by Mr. Foote.* Colman.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry ſcene
Diſcover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his chriſt'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air
"Glancing from Watling-ſtreet to Groſvenor-ſquare.
"He bodies forth a light ideal train,
"And turns to ſhape the phantoms of his brain:
"Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon loaded with his goods, convey'd [trade,
To the ſame ſpot his whole dead ſtock in
Originals and copies---ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, ſquire and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All aſk a likeneſs---taken from the life.
Behold the canvaſs on the eaſel ſtand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and bruſhes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the painter's ſkill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon load unpack'd, his ancient ſtore
Furniſh'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæſars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To repreſent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a ſplendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and ſpread his fame;
The countrymen of taſte admire and ſtare,
"My lady's leer! Sir John's majeſtic air!
"Miſs Dimple's languiſh too!---extremely like!
"And in the ſtyle and manner of Vandyke!
"O this new limner's pictures always ſtrike!"
Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or little,
"The very man, or woman to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in ſome points agree,
And, thus good Sirs, you often deal by me.
When by the royal licenſe and protection,
I ſhew my ſmall academy's collection,
The connoiſſeur takes out his glaſs to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topſy-turvy my whole compoſition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
But ſtill the copy's ſo exact, you ſay:
Alas! the ſame thing happens ev'ry day!

* To the Upper Gallery.

How

How many a modish well dress'd fop you meet,
Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street;
In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,
'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
As honest Crispin understands his trade,
On the true human scale his lasts are made,
The measure of each sex and age to hit,
And ev'ry shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
My warehouse thus, for nature's walks supplies
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size.
Sit still, and try them, Sirs, I long to please ye--
How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:
But if well-made--I wish you health to wear it.

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§ 94. *Prologue to the Contract*; 1776. *Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it call'd?—I cannot say
I much admire the title of his play:
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with evil,
Since Faustus sign'd his contract with---the Devil.
Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,
Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, factors,
Pimps, poets, placemen, managers and factors,
Bawds, bankrupts, bookfellers, are all contractors;
All lye, and swear, and cheat, t' increase their store,
Then die, and go---where Faustus went before.
While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,
No wonder it should taint the marriage bed:
Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;
For what are contracts, what is wedlock now?
Garrick, who long was married to the town,
At length, a fashionable husband grown,
Forsakes his spouse, base man! for truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wondrous well;
Though now he slights her, breaks from her by force,
And nought will serve him but a full divorce.
But, be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may---wed again:
Her faithless fav'rite gone, the lady's free
To choose another, and may smile---on me:
To the Lame Lover may resign her charms,
And, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promise to be constant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty---ev'ry other night:
My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
But stand by her, whilst I've *one* leg to stand on.
I'll make a solemn *contract*, play or pay,
And hope we shall not part this many a day.
Our brother scribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a foolish kind of contract here;
He promises, and ten to one you 're bit,
To furnish fable, sentiment, and wit.
I've seen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chancellor, issued my decree;
'T has pass'd the seals, they 're going to rehearse it.--
But you 're the House of Peers, and may reverse it.

---

§ 95. *Prologue to the Spleen or Islington Spa. Spoken by Mr. King*; 1776. GARRICK.

THOUGH prologues now as blackberries are plenty,
And, like them, mawkish too--nineteen in twenty;
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And prologue! prologue! still your honours roar;
Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on—
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, speaker---all are dead and gone.
These reasons have some weight, and stop the rout;
You clap---I smile---and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleasure use me:
Should I tip off---I hope you'll then excuse me.
So much for prologues---and now enter Farce:
Shall I a scene, I lately heard, rehearse?
The place, the Park; the *dramatis personæ*,
Two female wits with each a macaroni;
"Pr'ythee, Lord Flimsey, what's this thing at Drury---
"This Spleen?"——"'Tis low, damn'd low, Ma'am, I'll assure you."
"*C'est vrai, my Lord!*---We now feel no fu.ie evil,
"Never are haunted with a vaporish devil.
"In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain:
"You rattle it away with, Seven's the main!
"In upper life we have no spleen or gall;
"And as for other life---it is no life at all."
What can I say in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who shall business drop,
Quitting at once his old accustom'd shop,
In fancy through a course of pleasures run,
Retiring to his seat at Islington;
And, of false dreams of happiness brim-full,
Be at his villa miserably dull?
Would not he Islington's fine air forego,
Could he again be chok'd in Butcher-row;
In shewing cloth renew his former pleasure
Surpass'd by none---but that of clipping measure?
The master of this shop, too, seeks repose,*
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.
Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
O no! he'll sigh for Drury; and seek peace in riot.
Nature of yore prevail'd through human kind;
To low and middle life she's now confin'd:

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage.

'Twas

'Twas there the choiceſt dramatiſts have
fought her; [peare caught her.
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonſon, Shak-
Then let our gleaning bard with ſafety come,
To pick up ſtraws dropt from their harveſt
home.

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§ 96. *Prologue introduced in the Prelude of New Brooms. Spoken by Mr. King, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre*; 1776. GARRICK.

SCRIBBLERS are ſportſmen; and as ſportſmen are,
Some hit, ſome miſs, ſome poach, and ſome
beat fair,
This wounds a ſtraggling bird; that often tries
But never kills, he ſhoots and ſhuts both eyes:
Like our train'd-bands, the mark he never hits;
He ſcorns to ſee the murder he commits:
Some will whole covies take, nineteen in
twenty; [plenty;
And then you ſmack your lips---for game is
In ſhort, by you their merits muſt be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!
Another ſimile we mean to broach---
A new one too!---the ſtage is a ſtage-coach---
A ſtage-coach! why?---I'll tell you, if you
aſk it---
*Here ſome take places, and ſome mount the
† aſket.
Our cattle too, that draw the ſtage along,
Are of all ſorts and ſizes---weak and ſtrong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, briſk, tame,
blind, lame, fat, lean, old, and young!
If, as we are jogging on, we ſometimes ſtop,
Some ſcold within, and ſome aſleep will
drop, [o'top.
While ſailors and their doxies ſing and roar
The coachman manager will ſometimes pleaſe
ye--- [ſqueeze ye,
But ſhould he ſtuff the coach too full, and
You then begin to ſwear--"Zounds! ſhut the
door; [more---
"We're cramm'd already---here's no room for
"You're ſo damn'd fat! A little farther, Sir---
"Your elbow's in my ſtomach---I can't ſtir!"
Hoit! Hoit! the coachman then drives on
apace,
And, ſmack! with other ſtages runs a race,
Through thick and thin we daſh, now up, now
down, [town;
Now raiſe a duſt, now rattling through the
Now firſt, now laſt, now jolted, crack! we fall---
Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
Your late old coachman, tho' oft ſplaſh'd by
dirt,
And out in many a ſtorm, retires unhurt;
Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
And now to other hands reſigns the reins.
But the new partners of the old machine,
Hoping you'll find it ſnug, and tight, and clean,
Vow that with much civility they'll treat you,
Will drive you well, and pleaſantly will ſeat
you.
The road is not all turnpike---and what worſe is,
They can't inſure your watches, or your purſes;
But they'll inſure you, that their beſt en-
deavour
Shall not be wanting to obtain your favour:
Which gain'd---Gee up! the old ſtage will
run for ever!

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§ 97. *Epilogue to the Runaway*; 1776. GARRICK.

POST haſte from Italy arrives my lover!
Shall I to you, good friends, my fears diſ-
cover? [mangle.
Should foreign modes his virtues mar and
And *cara ſpoſa* prove---Sir Dingle Dangle;
No ſooner join'd than ſeparate we go;
Abroad---we never ſhall each other know,
At home---I mope above---he'll pick his
teeth below.
In ſweet domeſtic chat we ne'er ſhall mingle.
And wedded tho' I am, ſhall ſtill live ſingle.
However modiſh, I deteſt this plan;
For me no mawkiſh creature, weak and wan;
He muſt be Engliſh---and an Engliſh *man*.
To nature and his country falſe and blind,
Should Belville dare to twiſt his form and
mind,
I will diſcard him---and, to Britain true,
A Britain chooſe---and may be one of you——
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jeſt;
Freemen, in love or war, ſhould ne'er be preſs'd.
If you would know my utmoſt expectation,
'Tis one unſpoil'd by travell'd education;
With knowledge, taſte, much kindneſs, and
ſome whim, [him.
Good ſenſe to govern me---and let me govern
Great love of me muſt keep his heart from
roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.
If in theſe times I ſhould be bleſs'd by fate
With ſuch a phœnix, ſuch a matchleſs mate,
I will by kindneſs, and ſome ſmall diſcerning,
Take care that Hymen's torch continues
burning. [down,
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch thrown
Juſt makes a ſmoke, then ſtinks throughout
the town!
No married Puritan, I'll follow pleaſure,
And even the faſhion---but in moderate mea-
I will of opera ecſtacies partake, [ſure;
Tho' I take ſnuff to keep myſelf awake:
No rampant plumes ſhall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head ſhall ſtrange vageries ſpring,
To ſhew the ſoil can teem with ev'ry thing;
No fruits, roots, greens, ſhall fill the ample
A kitchen-garden to adorn my face! [ſpace,
No rocks ſhall there be ſeen, no windmill,
fountain; [mountain!
Nor curls, like guns ſet round to guard the
O learn, ye fair, if this ſame madneſs ſpreads,
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!

* Boxes. † Gallery.

Be

Be not miſled by ſtrange fantaſtic Art,
But in your dreſs let Nature take ſome part:
Her ſkill alone a laſting pow'r inſures,
And beſt can ornament ſuch charms as yours.

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§ 98. *Epilogue to Semiramis*; 1776. SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D ſtill, like Aſia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jeſts deride the tragic ſcene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whoſe down-caſt eyes
The Muſe has drawn her nobleſt ſacrifice!
Whoſe gentle boſoms, *Pity's altars*—bear
The cryſtal incenſe of each falling tear!—
There lives the poet's praiſe!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits ſpeak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder ſpirits love th' accuſtom'd jeſt
Which chaſes ſorrow from the vulgar breaſt,
Still hearts refin'd their ſadden'd tints retain—
The ſigh is pleaſure! and the jeſt is pain!
Scarce have they ſmiles to honour grace or wit,
Tho' Roſcius ſpoke the verſe himſelf had writ!
Thus through the time when vernal fruits receive [eve;
The grateful ſhow'rs that hang on April's
Tho' ev'ry coarſer ſtem of foreſt birth [earth,
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to
Ne'er does the gentle *roſe* revive ſo ſoon—
But bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the muſe one ſimple moral teach,
From ſcenes like theſe, which all who heard might reach!
Thou child of ſympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who with Aſſyria's queen haſt wept thy part—
Go ſearch where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief:
Thy lip ſtill conſcious of the recent ſigh,
The graceful tear ſtill ling'ring in thy eye—
Go—and on real miſery beſtow
The bleſt effuſion of fictitious woe!—
So ſhall our Muſe, ſupreme of all the Nine,
Deſerve indeed the title of—*divine!*
Virtue ſhall own her favour'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a ſiſter's love!

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§ 99. *Prologue, ſpoken by Mr. Palmer, on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, May 15, 1777.* COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thouſand arts, vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain ſeem great,
And ev'ry playhouſe grows a mighty ſtate.
To fancied heights howe'er mock monarchs ſoar,
A manager 's a trader—nothing more——
You (whom they court) their cuſtomers—and then,
We play'rs—poor devils!—are their journeymen.

While two great warehouſes, for winter uſe
Eight months huge bales of merchandize produce,
Out with the ſwallow comes our ſummer Bay'r,
To ſhew his taffeta and luteſtring plays;
A choice aſſortment of ſlight goods prepares,
The ſmalleſt haberdaſher of ſmall wares.
In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector—
A mighty ſchemer—like our new director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!—
To draw the ſun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilſt leſs vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.
A playhouſe quidnunc—and no quidnunc's wiſer——
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiſer,
Cries, "Hey! what's here! In th' Hay-market a play,
"To ſweat the public in the midſt of May?
"Give me freſh air!"—then goes and pouts alone
In country lodgings——by the two-mile ſtone:
There ſits, and chews the cud of his diſguſt,
Broil'd in the ſun, and blinded by the duſt.
"Dearee," ſays Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
"To th' Hay-market to-night and ſee the ſhow." [fool:
"Pſha, woman!" cries old Inkle, "you're a
"We'll walk to Hornſey, and enjoy the cool.
So ſaid, to finiſh the domeſtic ſtrife
Forth waddle the fat ſpouſe, and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming weather!"
Now with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd cits their turtle feaſts begin,
And plunge full nuckle deep, through thick and thin:
Throw down fiſh, fleſh, fowl, paſtry, cuſtard, jelly,
And make a ſalmagundy of their belly. [mer!
"More China-pepper! punch, another rum-
"So cool and pleaſant—eating in the ſummer!"
To ancient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Muſt make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old *hay-maker*, long here employ'd,
The ſun-ſhine of your ſmiles who ſtill enjoy'd;
The fields which long he mow'd will not forſake, [rake:
Nor quite forego the ſcythe, the fork, and
But take the field, even in the hotteſt day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

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§ 100. *Prologue to the Spaniſh Barber*; 1777. COLMAN.

ONCE more from Ludgate hill behold Paul Prig! [wig!
The ſame ſpruce air, you ſee, ſame coat, ſame
A mercer ſmart and dapper all allow,
As ever at ſhop-door ſhot off a bow.

This

This summer—for I love a little prance—
This summer, gentle folks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions—and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
At Calais, in the diligence took places;
Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—
Their fav'rite colour is the Frenchqueen's hair:
They 're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day;
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there;
A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.
Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
We mean to shew—'tis true, it is but slight:
But then, for summer wear, you know that's right.
A *little weaver*, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shewn—
But pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own.
I brought it over—nay, if it miscarries, [Paris."
He'll cry, "'Tis none of mine—it came from
But should you like it, he'll soon let you know,
'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
'T had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards, and beaux,
Who smuggle thence their learning and their clothes;
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich wings.
If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

"If Mrs B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the curtain.—
"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
"But, by ourselves, [*sips.*] our praise we can't refuse it.
"Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star."— [beware,
"Yes, Ma'am—A certain Lord had best
"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square;
"For should he Lady W. find willing—
"Wormwood is bitter."—"O! that's me—the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging; [wagging.
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that 's ink—is spilt for you.

---

§ 101. *Prologue to the School for Scandal*; 1777. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you, [you?
Needs there a school this modish art to teach
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours [pers;
Distress our fair-ones, let them read the pa-
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing, [freshing!
"Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how re-
"Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! [*sips.*
"Last night Lord L. [*sips.*] was caught with Lady D.
"For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile!* [*sips.*

---

§ 102. *Epilogue to the same*; 1777. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazel.* COLMAN.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies and my vows,
To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard!—the pye-bald Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?

Save

Save money—when I just knew how to *waste* it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'squire)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main!—dear sound!—that must expire,
Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
"Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushion'd *tête*,
"That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
"The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean—
"Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen! [throat
"And you, ye knockers, that with brazen
"The welcome visitor's approach denote—
"Farewell! all *quality* of high renown,
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town,
"Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,
"And Lady Teazel's occupation 's o'er."
All this I told our Bard—he smil'd, and said 'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
"Blest were the fair, like you her faults who stopp'd, [dropp'd!
"And clos'd her follies when the curtain
"No more in vice or error to engage,
"Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

---

§ 103. *Prologue to A Word to the Wise, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family*; 1777. JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage.*
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear!
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflections bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

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§ 104. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury*; 1777. SHERIDAN.

TOO long the Muse, attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear;
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.
A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (tho' nobly worth the classic song)
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them long;
Too great for pity, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.
Other the scene, where sadly stand confest
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow, [vow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes?
On kindred ground our Bard his fabric built,
And plac'd a mirror there for private guilt;
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;
Honour attempting passion to reprove, [love!
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd
Yet view not, critics, with severe regard
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To sooth his suff'rings, or demand to share;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While, at his death, nor friends nor mother's
Fell on the track of his deserted bier! [tear
So pleads the tale† that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes,
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive;
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

---

§ 105. *Prologue to Bonduca*; 1778. GARRICK.

TO *modern* Britons let the old appear
This night, to rouse 'em for this anxious year;

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned, from the violence of party.
† Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

[To

To raiſe that ſpirit, which of yore when rais'd,
Made even Romans tremble while they prais'd:
To rouſe that ſpirit, which through every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' hiſtorian's page;
That dauntleſs ſpirit, which on Creſſy's plain
Ruſh'd from the heart through ev'ry Britiſh vein:
Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous hoſt to dare,
Whilſt Edward's valour ſhone the guiding ſtar,
Whoſe beams diſpers'd the darkneſs of de-ſpair.
Whate'er the craft or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory roſe:
To the mind's eye let the fifth Harry riſe,
And in that viſion boaſting France deſpiſe;
Then turn to later deeds your fires have wrought, [fought.
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlb'rough
Shall Chatham die and be forgot?*—O no!
Warm from its ſource let grateful ſorrow flow;
His matchleſs ardour fir'd each fear-ſtruck mind, [pin'd;
His genius ſoar'd when Britons droop'd and
Whilſt each State Atlas ſunk beneath the load,
His heart, unſhook, with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on *his* ſhoulders fix'd the tottering ſtate;
His ſtrength the monſters of the land defied,
To raiſe his country's glory was his pride,
And for her ſervice, as he liv'd, he died.
O for his powers, thoſe feelings to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart!
Now, while the angry trumpet ſounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, "To arms, to arms!"
Then would his native ſtrength each Briton know,
And ſcorn the threats of an invading foe:
Hatching and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with envy on our happy ſoil;
When miſchief's on the wing ſhe cries for war,
Inſults diſtreſs, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakſpeare ſung—and well this land he knew, [us rue,
O hear his voice! that nought ſhall make
"If England to itſelf do reſt but true."

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§ 106. *Prologue to the Princeſs of Parma*; 1778. CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things.
You all can tell how ſoon the dreary ſcene
Affects your wives and daughters with the ſpleen.
Madam begins—"My dear, theſe odious rains
"Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
"In fifty places it came in laſt night——
"This vile old crazy manſion's ſuch a fright!
"What's to be done?"—"In very truth, my love,
"I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This ſaid, if as it chance that gentle ſpouſe
Bears but a ſecond int'reſt in the houſe,
The bill is paſs'd—no ſooner ſaid than done—
Up ſprings the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond ſtars, and golden pins,
A thouſand freakiſh wants, a thouſand ſighs,
A thouſand poutings, and ten thouſand lies;
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleaſure's gale,
Our madam comes, her goſlings at her tail;
Away they ſcamper to preſent their faces
At Johnſon's citadel, for ſide-box places.
He to their joint and ſupplicating moan
Preſents a face of braſs, a heart of ſtone;
Or, monarch-like, while their addreſs is ſtating,
Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the diſappointed fleet
Anchors in Taviſtock's fantaſtic ſtreet;
There under Folly's colours gaily rides,
Where Humour points, or veering paſſion guides.
In vain the ſteward racks, and tenants rave,
Money ſhe wants, and money ſhe will have.
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-ſquare to Ludgate-hill.
The 'ſquire, exhauſted, in deſponding plight,
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the ſight,
Or at the *Mount* with ſome old *ſnarler* chimes,
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the ſcene!—If then we fetch you down
Amuſements which endear the ſmoky town,
And through the peaſant's poor but uſeful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous diſſipated age,
Sure there 's ſome merit in our rural ſtage.†
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

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§ 107. *Epilogue to Percy*; 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will ſpeak—I hope my dreſs and air
Announce the man of faſhion, not the play'r.
Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the ſcenes,
Yet I have ruſh'd through heroes, kings, and queens;
Reſolv'd, in pity to this poliſh'd age,
To drive theſe ballad heroes from the ſtage——
"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
"Earl Percy took his way;
"The child may rue that is unborn,
"The hunting of that day."
A pretty baſis truly, for a maudlin play!
What! ſhall a ſcribbling, ſenſeleſs woman dare
To offer to your taſtes ſuch taſtleſs fare?
Is Douglas or is Percy, fir'd with paſſion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to daſh on,
Fit company for modern ſtill-life men of faſhion?
Such madneſs will our hearts but ſlightly graze;
We 've no ſuch frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old ſtories, thoſe ſtrange fellows [lous—
Married for love, could of their wives be jea-

* Lord Chatham died May 11, 1778.

† This Prologue was ſpoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarſh, in Northamptonſhire.

[Nay,

Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!
Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
One bed too—so preposterously join'd!
From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're refin'd.
Old songs their happiness at home record,
From home they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd— [my lord.
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind
'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asunder: [der.
Now tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonNay, death itself could not their hearts divide, [pride;
They mix'd their love with monumental
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.
But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
Why scour their rusty armours? What's the use?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To see us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise, [should use!
Good Heaven! how much court-plaister we
We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

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§ 108. *Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood*; 1779. SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen, by Heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the scenes.*
Forth let me come—a poetaster true,
As lean as envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage;
For sense or history, we 've none but these,
The law of liberty and wit they seize;
In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write:
But O, your partial favour is the cause,
Who feed their follies with such full applause;
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim;
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the Muse's toils eternal strife.
What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse;
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there, a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
A moral essay now is all her care;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
A scene she now projects, and now a dish; [fish.
Here's Act the first—and here—Remove with
Now while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,
That, soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles mix.
Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong;
When, dire mishap! tho' neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her Muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r:
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake; [cake.
And Aristole's only sav'd—to wrap plum-
Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen:
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause,
Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred
A female hand did ample trophies rear, [bier
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd there.

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§ 109. *Prologue to the Fathers*; 1779. GARRICK.

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land;
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected,
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise;
Our claim's superior—we his spirit raise;
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the author? Need I name the wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye,
Suppose these characters, various as they are
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair, [bar.
For and against the author pleading at your

First

First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm— [from harm;
"Brave gen'rous Britons! shield this play
"My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed, [bleed;"
"Tho' with my Sophy blest—my heart will
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
"Courage my master!" Partridge cries, "don't fear: [frown,
"Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice
"Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down."
Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read.
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart gilding— [Fielding."*
"He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this
"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, Sirs, I pray; [play."
"Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan
"What words!" cries Parson Adams; "fie, fie! disown 'em!
"Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: ['em?
"If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere
"If thus they preach, the dev'l alone should hear 'em."
Now Slipslop enters---"Tho' this *scriv'ning* vagrant
"*Slated* my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,
"Yet, like black *Thello*, I'd bear scorns and
"Slip into poverty to th' very hips, [whips,
"T' *exult* this play---may it *decrease* in favour,
"And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!
Squire Western, reeling with October mellow,
"Tally-o-boys!---Yoicks!---Critics, hunt the fellow!
"Damn 'em! these wits are *varmint* not worth breeding: [ing?"
"What good e'er came of writing and of read-
Next comes, brimfull of spite and politics,
His sister Western---and thus deeply speaks:
"Wits are arm'd pow'rs; like France attack the foe; [blow."
"Negotiate till they sleep--then strike the
Allworthy, last, pleads to your noblest passions:
"Ye gen'rous leaders of the tastes and fashions,
"Departed Genius left his orphan play
"To your kind care---what the dead wills, obey:
"O then respect the father's fond bequest,
"And make his widow smile, his spirit rest!"

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§ 110. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture*; 1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-Road, and dash through Grosvenor-gate.
Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off-heel insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd matrons misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"Howdo, howdo?"
With gen'ral questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late!
"Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
"An't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you down?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay:
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
Another still remains you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and hark—a noble Muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench——
"A noble author?" Yes, Sir, but the play's not French;
Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in ourselves: [speak
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King:
Or should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country gentlemen. [finger, actor;
Straight all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes,
A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, tho' 't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account.
And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch:
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign it was sure to please:

* The late Henry Fielding, Esq. author of the play.

Beaux,

Beaux, wits applaud, as fashion should command,
And misses laugh—to seem to understand——
So from each clime our soil may something ain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from Spain;
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatt'ring smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines:
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause: [higher
While you too judge, whose smiles are honours
Than verse should gain, but where those eyes inspire.
But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen withdraw:
Then they may vote with envy never ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution 's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

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§ 111. *Epilogue to the Same*; 1780.
JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk;
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours.
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix on *me*.
Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho!
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of question, the division calm,
With "Hear her! hear her! Mrs. Speaker,
Ma'am!
"O order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley Common
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon*'s head;
Love was the watch-word, till the morning fife
Rous'd the tame Major and his warlike wife.
Look to the stage—to-night's example draws
A female Dramatist to grace the cause——
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man!
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures like ourselves.
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and fret,
And they *coquet, good gods, how they coquet!*
They too are coy, and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is a coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.
Yes, ladies, yes, *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your—cushions—were it told;
Part *your combined curls, and freeze*—pomatum.
At griefs and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not* speak;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest;
And then let monsters, if they dare, *protest*.

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§ 112. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity*; 1782.
COLMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 't was never play'd.
There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a piece,
Patch'd up from France, or stolen from Rome or Greece, [fleece.
Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden
There scholars simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride:
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth—
Shakspeare's the same—great nature's hand in both!
Give me a tale the passions to controul,
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul!"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where pleasure courts, and honour comes betwixt!
Such are the scenes that we this night renew,
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to view. [prevail,
Once we half-paus'd—and, while cold fears
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes, [tale;
The shade of *Lillo* to our fancy rose:
Check thy weak hand, it said, or seem'd to say—
Nor of its manly vigour rob my play!
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *hear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror takes no lesson from the schools.
Speak

Speak to their *boſoms*, to their *feelings* truſt,
You'll find their ſentence *generous* and *juſt*.

§ 113. *Prologue to the Birth-Day, Aug.* 12, 1783. COLMAN.

WHEN fate on ſome tremendous act ſeems bent,
And nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and prodigies convulſe the earth,
That heaves and ſtruggles with the fatal birth,
In happier hours are laviſh *bleſſings* given,
And pour'd in floods to mark the hand of Heaven.
In a long ſeries of bright glories dreſt,
Britons muſt hail *this day* ſupremely bleſt.
Firſt on this day, in liberty's great cauſe,
A Brunſwick came to guard our rights and laws:
On this great day, our glorious annals tell,
By Britiſh arms the pride of Cuba fell;
For then, the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havanna ſaw his fate, and felt her own:
The ſelf ſame day, the ſame auſpicious morn,
Our elder hope, our *Prince*, our George was born:
Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!
What captive treaſures crowd the palace-gate!
What double joys the royal parents claim,
Of home-felt happineſs and public fame!
Long, very long, great GEORGE! protect the land,
Thy race, like arrows in a giant's hand!
For ſtill tho' blights may nip ſome infant roſe,
And kill the budding beauty ere it blows,
Indulgent Heaven prolongs th' illuſtrious line,
Branching like th' olive, cluſt'ring like the vine:
Long, very long, thy courſe of glory run,
A bright example to thy royal ſon!
Forming that ſon to grace, like thee, the throne,
And make his father's virtues all his own!

§ 114. *Prologue to The Election of the Managers*; 1784. COLMAN.

"CURST be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
"That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
"Gives virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
"Or from the ſoft-eyed virgin ſteals a tear!"
Thus ſung ſweet Pope, the vigorous child of ſatire; [nature.
Our Bayes leſs genius boaſts, not leſs good
No poiſon'd ſhaft he darts with partial aim,
Folly and vice are fair and general game;
No tale he echoes, on no ſcandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.
Yet ſome, with critic noſe, and eye too keen,
Scent double meanings out, and blaſt each ſcene: [lamp,
While ſquint ſuſpicion holds her treacherous
Fear moulds baſe coin, and malice give the ſtamp.
Falſehood's vile gloſs converts the very Bible
To *ſcandalum magnatum*, and libel. [told,
Thus once, when ſick, Sir Gripus, as we're
In grievous uſury grown rich and old,
Bought a good book that, on a chriſtian plan,
Inculcates The Whole Duty of a Man.
To every ſin a ſinner's name he tack'd,
And through the pariſh all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbours in the margin. ['ſquire;
Pride, was my lord, and drunkenneſs, the
My lady, vanity and looſe deſire;
Hardneſs of heart no miſery regarding,
Was overſeer—luxury, churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and, carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer—gluttony, the parſon.
'Tis ſaid, when winds the troubled deep deform, [ſtorm:
Pour copious ſtreams of oil, 'twill lay the
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humour's balm [calm!
Make cenſure mild, ſcorn kind, and anger
Some wholeſome bitter if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices,
In this day's conteſt, where, in colours new,
Three play-houſe candidates are brought to view
Our little Bayes encounters ſome diſgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his caſe—
He can be choſen for no other place.

§ 115. *Prologue to Two to One*; 1784. COLMAN.

TO-NIGHT, as heralds tell, a virgin muſe,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer, ſues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, ſcarce of age,
Takes his firſt flight, half fledg'd, upon the ſtage.
Within this little round the parent bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he ſtrove to raiſe his eager throat,
Your kind applauſe made muſic of his note.
But now, with beating heart and anxious eye,
He ſees his vent'rous youngling ſtrive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and fain would plume his wings. [vain!
How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how
'Tis you muſt hear, and, hearing, judge the ſtrain,
Your equal juſtice ſinks or lifts his name;
Your frown's a ſentence, your applauſe is fame.
If humour warms his ſcenes with genial fire,
They 'll ev'n redeem the errors of his ſire;
Nor ſhall *his* lead—dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with caſe and truth,
Pleas'd with his ſpirit, you 'll forgive his youth.
Should ſire and ſon be both with dullneſs curſt.
"And Dunce the ſecond follow Dunce the firſt," [mock,
The ſhallow ſtripling's vain attempt you 'll
And damn him for *a Chip of the old Block*.

§ 116.

§ 116. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of Mr. Henderson*; 1785. MURPHY.

ERE fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs and Belvidera's tears,
Will you permit a true, a recent grief
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?
How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press!
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!
In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed;
You will indulge our grief:—those crowded rows
Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow, drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *whom* she lost, this truth convey:
Her father's worth made each good man his friend;
Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives, to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.
Him we all mourn, his friends still heave the sigh,
And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's call;
A judgment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science, friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year—
This no feign'd grief—no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muses' flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.
A void our scene has felt:—with Shakspeare's page
Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learn'd ear.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who, in Iago's part,
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart!
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit—he 'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderson the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
But I forbear—that effort was his last!
The Muse there saw his zeal, tho' rack'd with pain,
While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She sought the bed where, pale and wan, he lay,
And vainly tried to chase disease away;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful throng,
With sullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Through the dim vaulted ailes she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last requiem o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.
In faithful verse, there, near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell;
That he, who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous, and just;
By *talents* form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd to dignify his days.

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§ 117. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a Rod in his Hand.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write, and parsons preach in vain,
When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster — Ticklebreech by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, tho' nought but simple wood,
With wonders strange to mention is endued.
If to that part of man we all deride
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied,
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils and sweats, and bends beneath the weight
Of places, pensions, sinecures and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he 'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honour for his guide:
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe.
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts;
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew:
"Twenty more—kill 'em; twenty more—kill 'em too!"
When in the field his looks, his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away:
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.
Next, to the male coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;

Who

Who plies his glaſs and grinning cries, "Sir Peter,
"There's a fine girl! Gad's curſe! a charming creature!
"What eyes, what lips! and then her ſhape and gait!
"She muſt be mine, egad, at any rate,"
This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do aſſure him ne'er was known to fail;
He 'll own its charms ſurpaſs his ſalts and drops,
For into men it changes fools and ſops;
Makes 'em look wiſe, ſay little, and do more;
All which, I 'm ſure, they never did before.
In good queen Beſs's happy golden reign,
The Britiſh fair their virtues did maintain;
But, ſhame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The ſex is now ſo bad to want correction——
But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus expreſs her fear:
"Lord; ſure the filthy fellow does not mean
"To turn us up; he won't be ſo obſcene:
"I'll go this inſtant, and aſk Mr. Rich,
"How he dares ſuffer this rude Tickle-breech—"
Ladies, be calm, this needleſs rage ſuſpend,
And take good counſel as from friend to friend:
If you would ſhun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on ſabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed,
Be virtuous all, be Britiſh dames indeed.
And now, my pupils, what you have learnt this night
Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;
Be you to them the ſame indulgent tutor,
And come next year to ſee your friend *Ned Shuter*.

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§ 118. *Prologue to Mahomet.*

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counſels ſhaken, and what ſtates undone;
What helliſh fury wings th' enthuſiaſt's rage,
And makes the trouble dearth one tragic ſtage;
What blaſphemies impoſture dares advance,
And build what terrors on weak ignorance;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a pandæmonium of our minds;
Our Gallic bard, fired with theſe glorious views,
Firſt to this cruſade led the tragic muſe;
Her pow'r through France his charming numbers bore,
But France was deaf—for all her prieſts were ſore.
On Engliſh ground ſhe makes a firmer ſtand,
And hopes to ſuffer by no hoſtile hand.
No clergy here uſurp the free-born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enſlave mankind;
Religion here bids Perſecution ceaſe,
Without, all order, and within, all peace;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, tho' pious, find no entrance there.
Religion, to be ſacred, muſt be free;
Men will ſuſpect—where bigots keep the key.
Hooded and train'd like hawks th' enthuſiaſts fly,
And the prieſt's victims in their pounces die.
Like whelps born blind, by mother-church they 're bred,
Nor wake to ſight, to know themſelves miſled:
Murder's the game—and to the ſport unpreſt,
Proud of the ſin, and in the duty bleſt,
The layman's but the blood-hound of the prieſt.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'ſt ſuch themes advance,
To prieſt-rid Spain repair, or ſlaviſh France:
For Judas' hire there do the devil's taſk,
And trick up ſlavery in religion's maſk.
England, ſtill free, no ſurer means requires
To ſink their ſottiſh ſouls, and damp their martial fires.
Britons, theſe numbers to yourſelves owe;
Voltaire hath ſtrength to ſhoot in Shakſpeare's bow:
Fame led him at his Hippocrene to drink,
And taught to write with nature, as to think:
With Engliſh freedom, Engliſh wit he knew,
And from the unexhauſted ſtream profuſely drew.
Cheriſh the noble bard yourſelves have made,
Nor let the frauds of France ſteal all our trade:
Now of each prize the winner has the wearing,
E'en ſend our Engliſh ſtage a-privateering:
With your commiſſion we 'll all our ſails unfold,
And from their loads of droſs import ſome gold.

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§ 119. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.*

LLOYD.

The Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis paſſion, pathos, character, ſublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir Death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl!
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Ah!* and *Oh!*
But peace! The gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends,
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakſpeare

Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And, borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.
But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon other's land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do justice on him—as on fools before—[more.
And give to blockheads past one blockhead

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§ 120. *Prologue to Runnamede.*

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won:
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old:
Wonders were wrought by nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.
Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot liv'd the hero died in vain.
Dark night descended o'er the human day,
And wip'd the glory of the world away:
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were
Then in the vast abyss for ever lost. [tost,
Virtue from fame disjoin'd began to plain
Her votaries few and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.
The bard arose; and, full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:
The world applaud what the v approv'd before,
Virtue and fame took sep'rate paths no more.
Hence to the bard, interpreter of heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors;
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant tho' in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom, [tomb.
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the
While here the Muses warbled from the shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that 's music to the British ear:
A name that 's worshipp'd in the British sphere,
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.
Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to sight;
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.
Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
If, while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

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§ 121. *Prologue to the Heiress.* FITZPATRICK.

AS sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,
So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
Array'd in smiles, the Epilogue appears.
She of that house the lively emblem still,
Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they will;
Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
From all the follies of these fruitful times;
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull—
Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—
In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
The legal judges of dramatic wit,
Confining still, with dignified decorum,
Their observations—to the play before 'em.
Now when each batchelor a helpmate lacks,
(That sweet exemption from a double tax)
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more,
To all those comforts he conferr'd before;
To smooth the rough laborious road to fame,
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name!
As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
The imperfections of a homely bride,
This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects:
Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's glass,
The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass:
The modern suitor grasps his fair-one's hand,
O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
His heart felt pangs through groves of—timber vents,
And runs distracted for—her three per cents.
Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
The lady's portion paid in sterling wit?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town;
A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown:
O may a verdict given in your applause
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,

Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her *Heiress* of the public favour!

§ 122. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-mother.* Rowe.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear;
If a sad story of a maid's despair
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
This day the poet does his arts employ,
The soft accesses of your souls to try.
Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
Who scorns his human nature to confess,
And, striving to be more than man, is less.
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labours crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their own:
Those tears their art, not weakness, has confest,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor dance,
Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active France;
Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air:
Majestic tragedy should once again
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene;
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please the more.
What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age should do,
And famous Greek and Latin beauties shew:
Shakspeare, whose genius, to itself a law,
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,
And copied all but woman that he saw.
Those ancient heroines your concern should move,
Their grief and anger much, but most their love:
For in th' account of ev'ry age we find
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
To pity always, and to love inclin'd.
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit;
Reform your sense, and teach the men t' obey:
They 'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way,
Be but what those before to Otway were:
O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

§ 123. *Epilogue to the same.* Rowe.

The spleen and vapours, and this doleful play,
Have mortified me to that height to-day,
That I am almost in the mortal mind
To die indeed and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart:
(Last favours will admit of no partage,
I bar all sharing, but upon the stage)
To one who can with one alone be blest,
The peaceful monarch of a single breast:
To one——But, oh! how hard 'twill be to find,
That Phœnix in your fickle, changing kind!
New loves, new interests, and religions new,
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.
Your sickly fancies loath what you possess,
And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.
Some, weary of their peace and quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shown;
Whilst from the envied height the wise get safely down.
We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,
Since all our pains and care to please is lost.
Music in vain supports with friendly aid
Her sister Poetry's declining head:
Shew but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other house in shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our crowds alone.
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,
For sense is still the same, and ne'er can change.
Yet even in that you vary as the rest,
And ev'ry day new notions are profest.
Nay, there 's a wit* has found, as I am told,
New ways to heaven, despairing of the old:
He swears he 'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,
Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,
Since all the faithful may expect translation.
What think you of the project? I'm for trying,
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying,
Preserve my youth and vigour for the stage,
And be translated in a good old age.

§ 124. *Prologue to the Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.* Addison.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd author could with ease
A young and inexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops were all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shews
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;

* Argill.

Rough

Rough country-knights are found of ev'ry
Of every fashion gentle fops appear; [shire,
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the street:
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
——Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play; [new,
And, that there may be something gay and
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd, she comes from France.
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger; [stranger.
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the

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§ 125. *Epilogue to the same.* STEELE.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factious rage,
For liberty against each other wage,
From foreign insults save this English stage.
No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.
The songs (themselves confess) from Rome they bring, [sing.
And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they
Husbands, take care, the danger may come nigher,
The women say their eunuch is a friar.
But is it not a serious ill to see
Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected joy to sit,
Suspend their native taste of manly wit;
Neglect their comic humour, tragic rage,
For known defects of nature and of age?
Arise! for shame! ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!
Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
At your command, with justice die away;
Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear
You should such very Tramontanes appear,
The nations, which contemn you, to revere.
Let Anna's soil be known for all its charms;
As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:
Let those derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn you, who would your favour find,
And English be the language of mankind.

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§ 126. *Epilogue to the Gamester.* CENTLIVRE.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become,
For his offences past, a pendulum,
Does, ere he dies, bespeak the learned throng,
Then, like the swan, expires in a song;
So I (tho' doubtful long which knot to choose,
Whether the hangman's, or the marriage noose),
Condemn'd, good people, as you see, for life,
To play that tedious, juggling game, a wife,
Have but one word of good advice to say,
Before the doleful cart draws quite away.

You roaring boys, who know the midnight cares
Of rattling tatts, ye sons of hopes and fears;
Who labour hard to bring your ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You're fortune's sporting footballs at the best,
Few are his joys, and small the gamester's rest:
Suppose then fortune only rules the dice,
And on the square you play; yet who, that's
Would to the credit of a faithless main [wise,
Trust his good dad's hard-gotten hoarded gain?
But then such vultures round a table wait,
And hov'ring watch the bubble's sickly state;
The young fond gambler, covetous of more,
Like Æsop's dog, loses his certain store.
Then the spunge, squeez'd by all, grows dry—and now,
Completely wretched, turns a sharper too;
These fools, for want of bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the square:
So whores the wealth from numerous cullys they glean,
Still spend on bullies, and grow poor again.
This itch for play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid drawn the ladies in:
A thousand guineas for basset prevails,
A bait, when cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the fair-one can't the debt defray
In sterling coin, does sterling beauty pay.

In vain we labour to divert your care,
Nor song nor dance can bribe your presence here,
You fly this place like an infectious air;
To yonder happy quarter of the town
You crowd, and your own fav'rite stage disown;
We're like old mistresses, you love the vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst plenty thus to starve.

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§ 127. *Prologue to Tancred and Sigismunda.* THOMSON.

BOLD is the man, who in this nicer age
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.

Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land:
Before your light the fairy people fade;
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,
The playhouse posse clattering from afar;
The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now e'en the Senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme:
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams——nay, similes are gone.
What shall we then? to please you how devise!
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes.
Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakspeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime; to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven:
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe;
The pomp of verse, and golden lines of Rowe!
We to your hearts apply; let them attend:
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise:
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

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§ 128. *Epilogue to the Fame.* THOMSON.

CRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome moral stuff;
Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!
But, bless me!—hold—what sounds are these I hear?—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear!
[*The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape, from which Sigismunda, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:*
Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tears from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuiting, light, and vain.
Hence from the pure, unsullied beams, that play
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines—Away!
Britons to you, from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwelt the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid, to rise again to fame:
To you I come; to freedom's noblest seat;
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.
In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and you then rose my bright'ning star
With social ray——The arts are ne'er at war.
O! as your fire and genius stronger blaze;
As yours are gen'rous freedom's bolder lays;
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearse.
When thro' five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe,
O keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

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§ 129. *Epilogue to Zara.* AARON HILL.

HERE, take a surfeit, sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains that plague those Turkish fellows:
Where love and death joined hands, their darts confounding!
Save us, good heaven! from this new way of wounding!
Curs'd climate!—where, to cards, a lone-left woman
Has only one of her black guards to summon!
Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:
And that cold treat is all the game she plays at!
For—should she once some abler hand be trying,
Poignard's the word! and the first deal is—dying!
'Slife! should the bloody whim get round in Britain,
Where women's freedom has such heights to sit on;
Daggers, provok'd, would bring on desolation,
And murder'd belles unpeople half the nation!
Fain would I hope this play to move compassion—
And live to hunt suspicion out of fashion.—
Four motives strongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers.
First then—A woman will or won't—depend on 't: [on 't.
If she will do 't, she will—and there 's an end
But, if she won't—since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
Next, He who bids his dear do what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eases:
For—not to feel your suff'rings, is the same
As not to suffer—All the difference—name.
Thirdly—The jealous husband wrongs his honour;
No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon her:

And

And the malicious world will still be guessing,
Who oft dines out dislikes her own cook's dressing.
Fourthly, and lastly—to conclude my lecture, [her.
If you would fix th' inconstant wife—respect
She who perceives her virtues over-rated,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated:
And, borrowing from her pride the good wife's seeming,
Grow really such—to merit your esteeming.

§ 130. *Prologue to the Bankrupt.* FOOTE.

FOR wit's keen satire, and this laughing stage,
What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt age?
For not confin'd to commerce is the curse,
The head is near as empty as the purse;
Equally sunk our credit and our wit,
Nor is the sage more solvent than the cit:
All these—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent first to look at home?
You, gentle Sirs, have given me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle song;
But, if exhausted, I give notes to-day—
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,
I must turn bankrupt too, and hop away:
Unless, indeed, I modishly apply
For leave to sell my works by lottery. ['em,
Tho' few will favour, where's no cash to free
Poor hopes, that way to part with my museum!
My old friend Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,
And sell by auction all my stock in trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt perhaps the tardy town to buy;
His winning manner, and his soft address,
To other sales of mine have given success.
But, after all, my ever-honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends,
I've fought some battles, gain'd some victories
And little thought a culprit to appear [here,
Before this house; but if resolv'd you go
To find me guilty, or to make me so,
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.
But still, I will not steal, I will not beg,
Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg;
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And stew my cabbage by my only fire.
Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown,
E'en as your justice be your candour shown,
And, when you touch my honour, don't forget your own.

§ 131. *Epilogue to the Toy-Shop.* R. DODSLEY.

WELL, heaven be prais'd! this dull, grave sermon's done, [one).
(For 'faith our author might have call'd it
I wonder who the dev'l he thought to please!
Is this a time of day for things like these?
Good sense and honest satire now offend;
We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend;
And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,
The next wise age will all be—fiddlers' sons.
And did he think plain truth would favour find?
Ah, 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!
To please, he ought to have a song or dance,
The tune from Italy, the caper France:
These, these might charm—But hope to do't with sense,
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, tho' we told him—'Faith, 'twill never do—
Pho! never fear, he cried, tho' grave, 'tis new:
The whim perhaps may please, if not the wit,
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit:
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead:
"Ye gen'rous few! to you our author sues,
"His first essay with candour to excuse:
"'T has faults, he owns; but, if they are but small, [all."
"He hopes your kind applause will hide them

§ 132. *Prologue to Mr. Andrews' Comedy of Better Late than Never. Duke of* LEEDS.

CUSTOM commands a prologue to each play,
But custom hath not told us what to say:
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find
How to conciliate the public mind.
The bashful bard—the modest muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears,
That now, perhaps, you 'll scarce vouchsafe to stay
To hear both their apology—and play.
No! Better sure on him at once to call,
With—'Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at all?
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling pen!
Zounds! bards will crowd us soon, like—gentlemen."
Something like this, I heard a friend once say,
Who wish'd (poor soul) to hear a new launch'd play:
Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
With only one grave auditor behind,
Ere the third act had struggled to its end,
In reel'd three critics, each the author's friend—
On praise determin'd—wit confirm'd by wine:
Each And! and If! was chaste—correct—damn'd fine!
To taste so mark'd my friend of course gave way; [to the play;
But squeez'd, thump'd, kick'd—still listen'd
Till by repeated plaudits grown so sure,
Nor flesh nor blood could bear one comment more. [need,
Such boist'rous friends they surely cannot
Who wish by merit only to succeed.
To-night we offer to the public view
A character, you'll own perhaps, is new:
From Doctor's Commons we the model draw,
A promising eleve of civil law;
And civil sure that law which can provide
Or (should need be) release you from a bride.

I have

Thrice bleſs'd the manſion, who, in ſpite of ills,
Alive or dead, you ſtill can have your wills.
Much could I offer in our author's cauſe;
Nay, prove his firſt great object—your applauſe:
But, leſt dull friendſhip ſhould his genius wrong,
I'll ſtop—before the prologue grows too long,
And, *Better Late than Never*, hold my tongue.

§ 133. *Epilogue to the ſame.* ANDREWS.

THE drama done, and all its int'reſt over,
Content the huſband, and ſecure the lover;
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
Would have me re-aſſume the wig and gown,
To plead his gooſe-quill cauſe before the town.
"Lord, Sir," ſays I, "ſome better counſel bring,
"For females in a wig are not the thing.
"Your bearded Barriſter, if ſmartly made, is
"A furer advocate among the ladies."
"Madam," he cried, "or periwigg'd, or bare,
"So you but talk, I never need deſpair."
Suppoſe, ye fair, as I'm ſo ſmooth a prater,
I take a line more conſonant to nature;
Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainſt the men with female weapon arm.
Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the foibles of the ſofter ſex,
Laugh'd at their dreſs, their well ſhap'd cork, their feathers,
Their ſteady bloom, unchanging in all weathers;
Swore locks were grey, that ſeem'd a comely brown,
And, tho' all paid for, deem'd them not their own.
Why not retort? avenge th' inſulted fair,
And ſhew theſe men what wondrous things they are,
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!
I only ſhew what moſt you like—yourſelves.
How! tremble at a woman! ſhame betide!
Tho' I look fierce, like you—I'm all outſide:
Yet e'er my efforts your attention call
To that dear portrait which ſhould hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a beau,
The Band-box Billy of ſome years ago.
Sweet image of mamma in ev'ry feature;
The youth came forth, a moſt delicious creature,
With full dreſs'd ſkirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
Stiff ſtock, long ſword ſtill dangling in the way,
He ſometimes ventur'd to a firſt-night play:
Tripp'd through the lobby, moſt completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!
Thus he diſcours'd: "Sir Dilberry, ods ſo,
"Dear, dear good lack! have you a place below?
"Dem it, don't crowd ſo, fellow!—O, how ſhocking!
"He 's ſpoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my ſtocking."
Such was the ſmart our grandmammas would praiſe,
Rather unlike the ſmart of preſent days:
For I defy all hiſtory to ſhew
One thing in nature like a modern beau;
Hat ſlouch'd, ſhort ſtick, knee-trappings, that bring back
The memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack;
Eternal boots, and collar you'd ſuppoſe
Cut in kind contact with his buckſhip's noſe.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the doxies
He ſtorms the lobby, and aſſails the boxes;
With gait and manner—ſomething in this way,
Proves his rare taſte, and deſcants on the play—
"Here, box-keeper! why don't the raſcal come?
"Halloo—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
"What's this?—The farce—Macbeth—an opera?—O!
"Came out laſt ſeaſon—ſtupid ſtuff—damn'd low:
"Zounds, let 's be off!"—"Z——ds, be a little calmer!"
"Who 's that—the Jordan?"—"No, you fool—R. Palmer."
Thus ſome are found, by ev'ry act revealing
Perfect indifference to ſenſe and feeling.
To ſuch our play not ſues—but you, ye fair,
Ye wife, whom nature form'd with happier care,
Whoſe tender boſoms, tho' by paſſions rent,
Feel the ſoft virtues in their full extent,
Cheriſh our author's plan, which aims to prove,
Life's beſt exertions ſpring from virtuous love.

§ 134. *Verſes written to be ſpoken by Mrs. Siddons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.* ROGERS.

YES, 'tis the pulſe of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myſelf again,
Still in this nether world! no ſeraph yet!
Nor walks my ſpirit when the ſun is ſet.
With troubled ſtep to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died laſt—by poiſon or the ſword;
And blanch each honeſt cheek with deeds of night,
Done here ſo oft by dim and doubtful light.
To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the ſpell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—ſcarce reſtrains her own!
Can ſhe, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to the grateful is the part aſſign'd?
Ah, no! ſhe ſcorns the trappings of her art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart.
But, ladies, ſay, muſt I alone unmaſk:
Is here no other actreſs, let me aſk?
Believe me, thoſe, who beſt the heart diſſect,
Know every woman ſtudies ſtage effect:
She moulds her manners to the part ſhe fills,
As inſtinct teaches, or as humour wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First,

First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
When the red coral rings its silver bells!
To play in pantomime is then the rage
Along the carpet's many colour'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,
Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever!
A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps and wigs and sober notions!
A romp! that *longest* of *perpetual motions*?
——Till tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor MAN.
Too soon a flirt; approach her and she flies,
Frowns when pursued, and when entreated sighs!
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd.
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd!
Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a-day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set PORTLAND-PLACE on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, tho' seen by all;
And when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.
Last the grey dowager in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;
Boasts how the fires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile;
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin, "nodding to its fall!"
Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit,
Then most an actress when she least suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot:
Full oft with energy that scorns controul,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent passions start!

But she, whose first best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage—thro' ev'ry shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous, or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd!
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows,
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

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§ 135. *Verses to the Memory of Mr.* GARRICK. *Spoken as a Monody by Mrs.* YATES, *at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.*

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plantive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line?
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!
The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse;
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place:
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.
Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, tho' barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low.
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme,
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure:
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought:
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own,
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frowns that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!—like th' electric fire
But strike the frame, and, as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blend with air.
Where then, while sunk in cold decay h lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes;
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust-
'Tis yours.
And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which, many a distan night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just
What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mar beneath. [re-
For these, when sculpture's votive toil sha
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine
As Fancy oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb:
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tea
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desi relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief
With looks that speak—He never shall retur
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'ren dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bus

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